

The Smart Screen Magazine

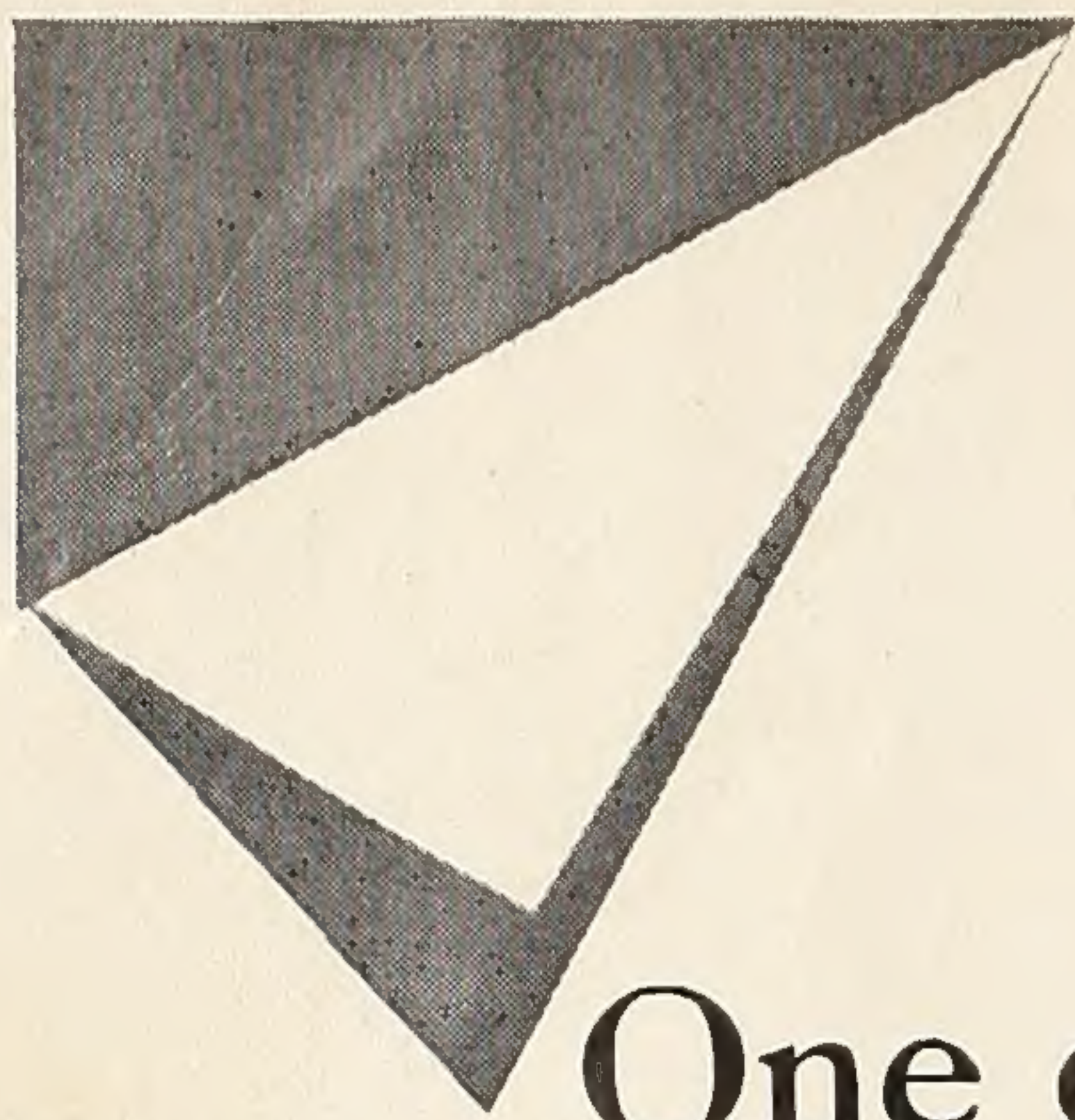
SCREENLAND

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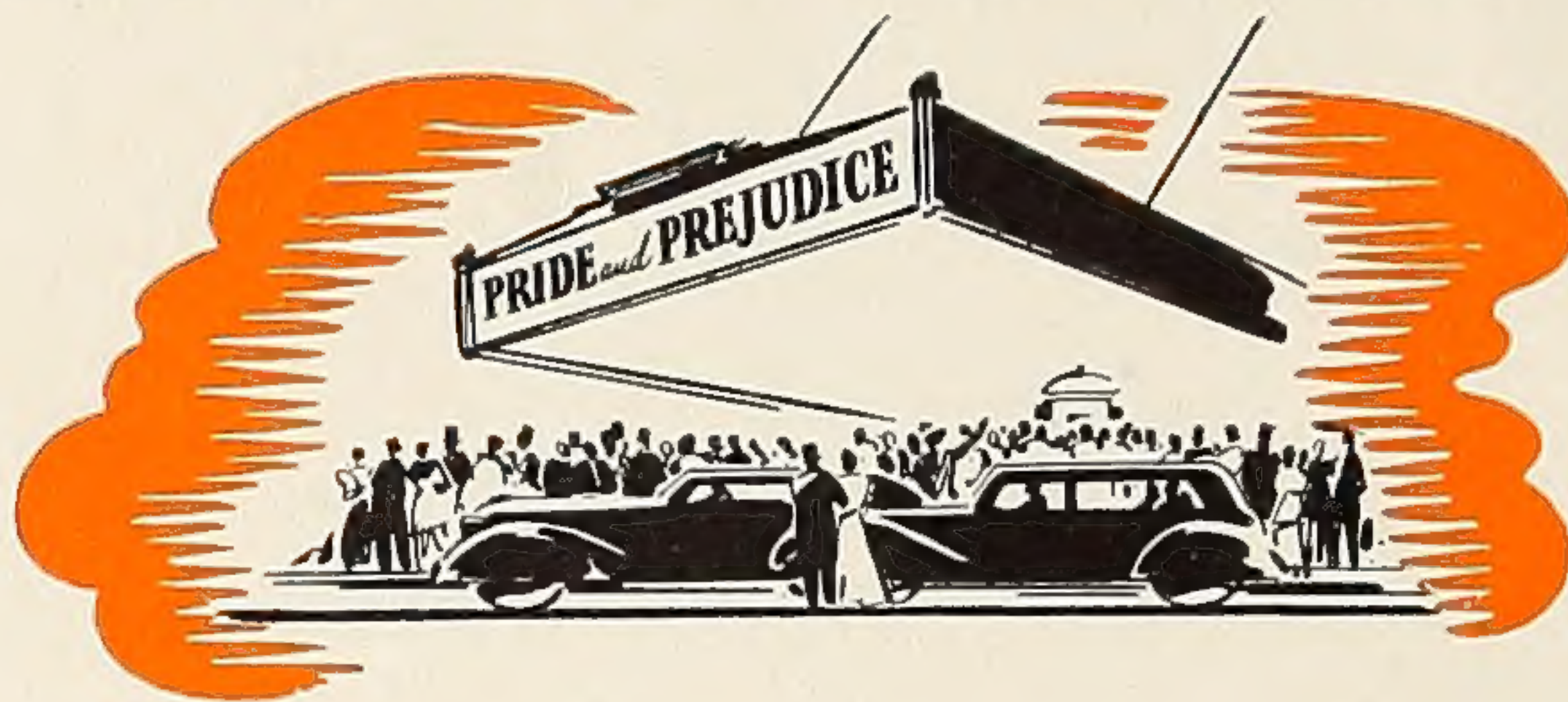
A DATE WITH
MICKEY ROONEY

Linda Darnell

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• Peppermint candy stripes in a new cotton beach frock with shirtwaist top, flaring "ballerina" skirt.

Her "Ballerina" Beach Suit held His Glance —but Her Smile ran away with His Heart!



**Never, never neglect your precious smile!
Help guard its charm with Ipana and massage!**

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"Pink Tooth Brush" a warning signal

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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

JUL -3 1940

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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A MESSAGE TO YOU FROM FAMED AUTHOR LOUIS BROMFIELD!

In our next issue, watch for a smash feature in which Bromfield, one of America's most popular authors, speaks his mind about the movies in relation to YOU, the public! From an entirely new angle, the noted writer of such best-sellers as "The Rains Came" and "Night In Bombay" discusses subjects pertinent to Hollywood and to the nation's picture-goers. A distinguished feature which also packs a punch, it's not to be missed.

HOW TO RAISE A BOY IN HOLLYWOOD!

Frankly, says Jackie Cooper's mother, it's a full-time job! Of keen interest to every parent—as well as to teen-age girls and boys who never miss a Jackie Cooper picture—is this revealing and very human confessional of a young and successful mother who found that the tried-and-true methods of bringing up a son don't always work in hectic Hollywood. She tells why, in her own story—exclusive to readers of The Smart Screen Magazine.

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

**Remember—September
SCREENLAND**

ON SALE AUGUST 2

August, 1940

Vol. XLI, No. 4

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Completely NEW
Practical Guide
to Popular-Priced
FASHIONS

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clothes - conscious
American women!***

Clothes... Accessories... Gadgets



An exciting new fashion section for

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

First-aid for busy budgets of well-dressed young women!
Emphasizing "good buys" in fashions that give you a lift!

WE sent style scouts scurrying far and near . . . sat down for long talks with fashion experts in Hollywood, in New York, in sorority houses and offices . . . consulted the nation's leading stores. *And here it is!* SCREENLAND gives you this birthday present to make its 20th anniversary a real jubilee. *An utterly fascinating new fashion section!* Replete with *the smart, the young, the wearable* in fashion! Selected with an eye on Miss and Mrs. American young woman's income! Packed with absorbing fashion news! *Right styles! Good values! a careful, sensible way of style guidance!* Everything you should know about new clothes, smart accessories, gadgets. Complete details on prices and stores. Here, at last, is a fashion service that functions for both your appearance and pocketbook! It works two ways!

The Smartest in Screen Reading and Pictures! The Last Word in Fashions!
Keep Your Eye Peeled for SCREENLAND'S New Fashion Guides!
Starting in September Issue — On Sale August 2nd Everywhere 10c
See Special Subscription Offer on page 96!

Hot

from Hollywood

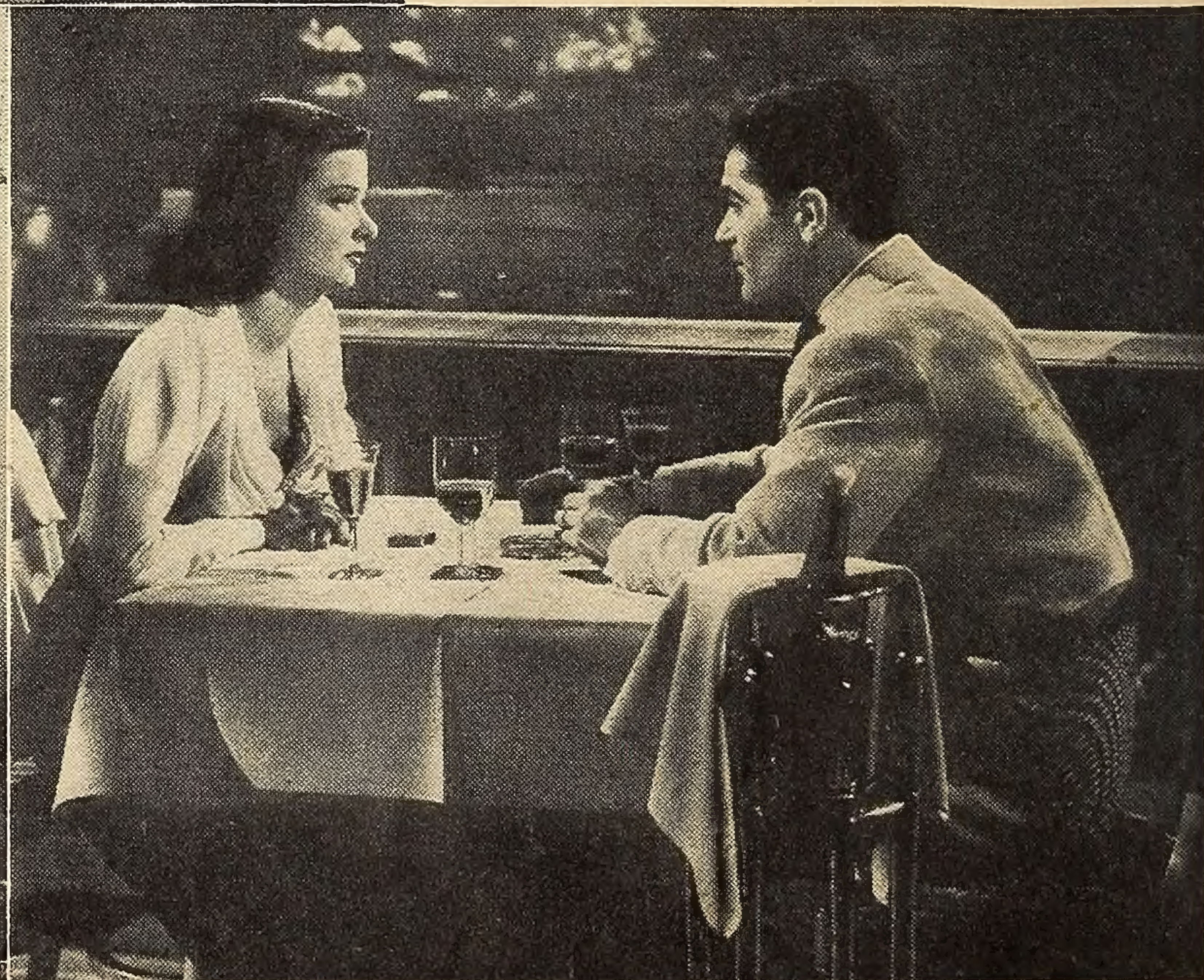
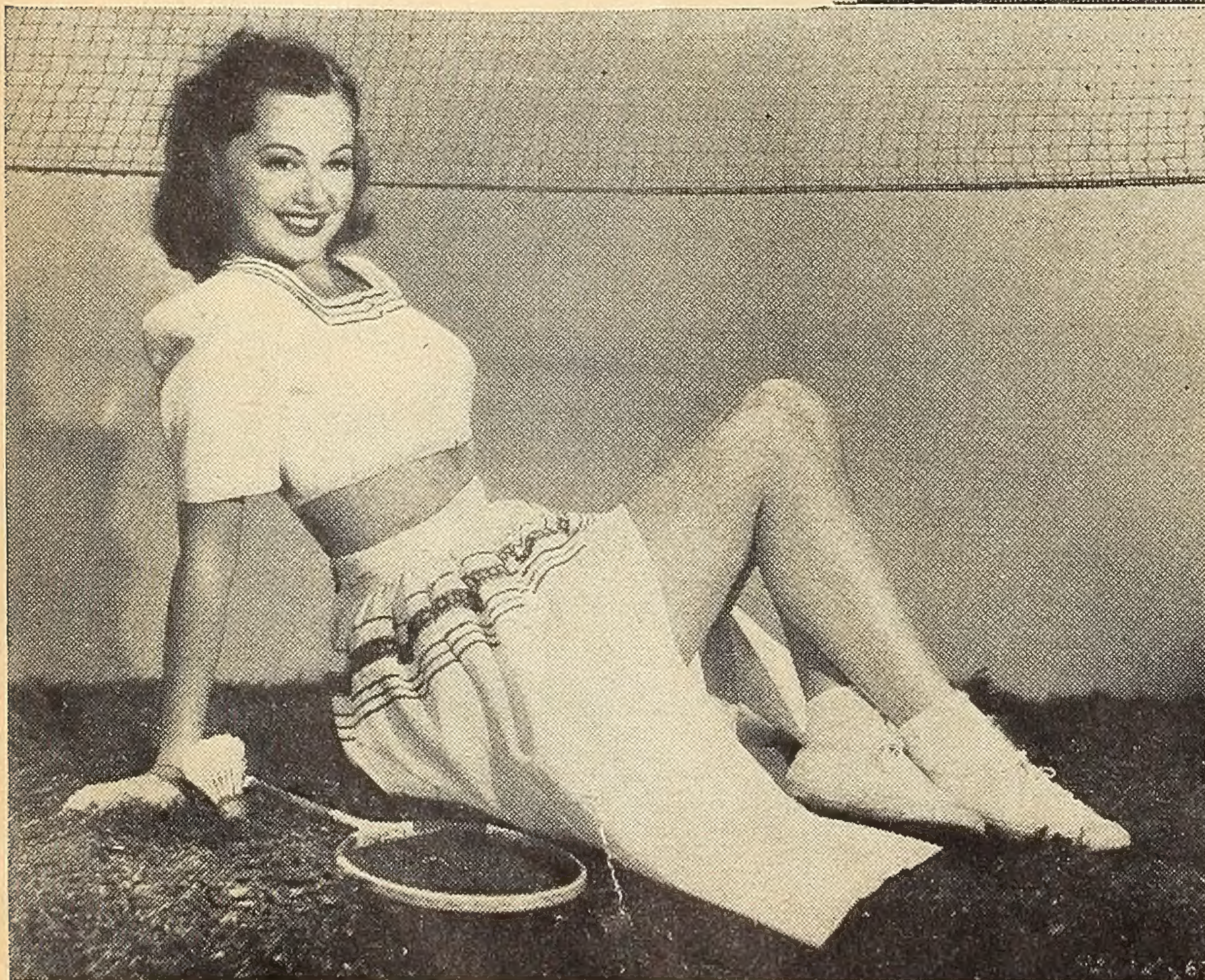
IT'S BEING whispered that Joan Crawford has had a change of heart in regard to her favorite crooner. Until very recently, as everyone knows, her uncontested favorite was Bing Crosby. On the set, when Joan was in the mood to be crooned to, Bing was her choice. You'll never guess who has slowly edged crooner Crosby from first favor in her heart—it's none other than Tony Martin! Joan is vitally Martin-conscious once more; this time it's Tony instead of Charles. It may not mean anything but it should be reported that just recently she came all the way down to a local radio station and sat goggle-eyed with interest through hours of boring rehearsals of the radio show that Tony broadcast from here. The number of tête-à-tête dinners he has enjoyed at Joan's home can't be verified, but it is definitely known he has been repeatedly asked. You can read into these facts any conclusions you wish. By the time Tony has finished the musical he is to make at M-G-M the situation between these two may be much more clear.


BET Garbo had the surprise of her life the other day when she furtively sneaked in and out of a couple of shops on the strip without anyone as much as giving her a tumble. . . . That beautiful blonde girl stranded in an old jalopy with a flat tire way out on Santa Monica Boulevard the other night was none other than Ilona Massey. She was on her way to a fraternity dance as an honored guest when the buggy broke down. . . . A new giggle around town concerns the one and only time that Hedda Hopper and Elsa Maxwell ever got together. It was at the Edward Robinsons', where they hung side by side on the drawing room wall. They were both represented in Baron de Meyer's showing of his famous photographic studies.

KAY FRANCIS should have charged a peep-hole fee for her very unusual appearance at the Beverly Hills Hotel the other evening. She could have collected a neat sum for charity without as much as lifting a finger. Kay made a great hit with everyone who secretly peeked through the closed doors of the Garden room to watch her, and I know that I will never again be tempted to snicker when I hear about our glamor girls giving, not only their money, but their time to worthy wartime causes. There was Kay, in full evening regalia, diamonds sparkling against her dark hair, back-breakingly bent over a whizzing sewing machine, stitching away in a most professional style, on very weary looking material. She was never more serious in her life, and she worked with a vengeance. Dressed and ready for her evening party early, instead of twitting away her time Kay slipped, unnoticed, into the Red Cross sewing room and was helping, after hours, as best she could. She sews there regularly twice a week without fail.



It's obvious that Anne Nagle, above, has no trouble keeping step with Hollywood. Watch for Anne in "A Modern Monte Cristo." Left, Henry Fonda and Gene Tierney in "The Return of Frank James," the action of which starts with the death of Jesse James and furnishes the film's revenge motive. Gene's a newcomer from the Broadway hit, "The Male Animal." Lower left, Wanda McKay wearing a white piqué three-piece play dress, ideal for badminton. Below, Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer in a scene for "I Married A Nazi."





If you're a ghost
then I want to be
haunted!

The two stars of "The Cat and
the Canary" find love and
laughter in a haunted house!

BOB HOPE

PAULETTE GODDARD in

"THE GHOST BREAKERS"

A Paramount Picture with

**RICHARD CARLSON · PAUL LUKAS
ANTHONY QUINN · WILLIE BEST**

Directed by **GEORGE MARSHALL** • Screen Play by **Walter DeLeon** • Based on a Play by **Paul Dickey** and **Charles W. Goddard**



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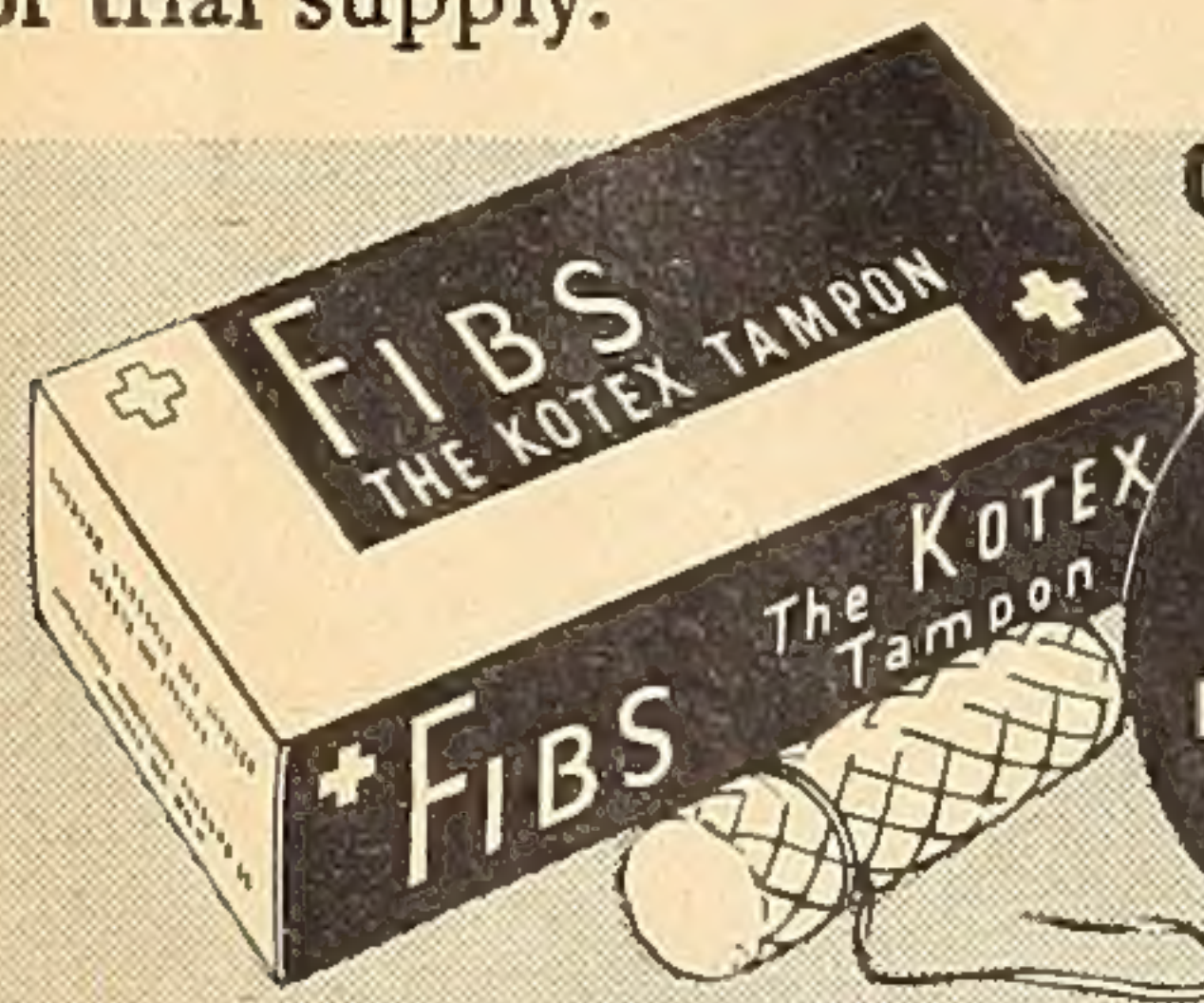
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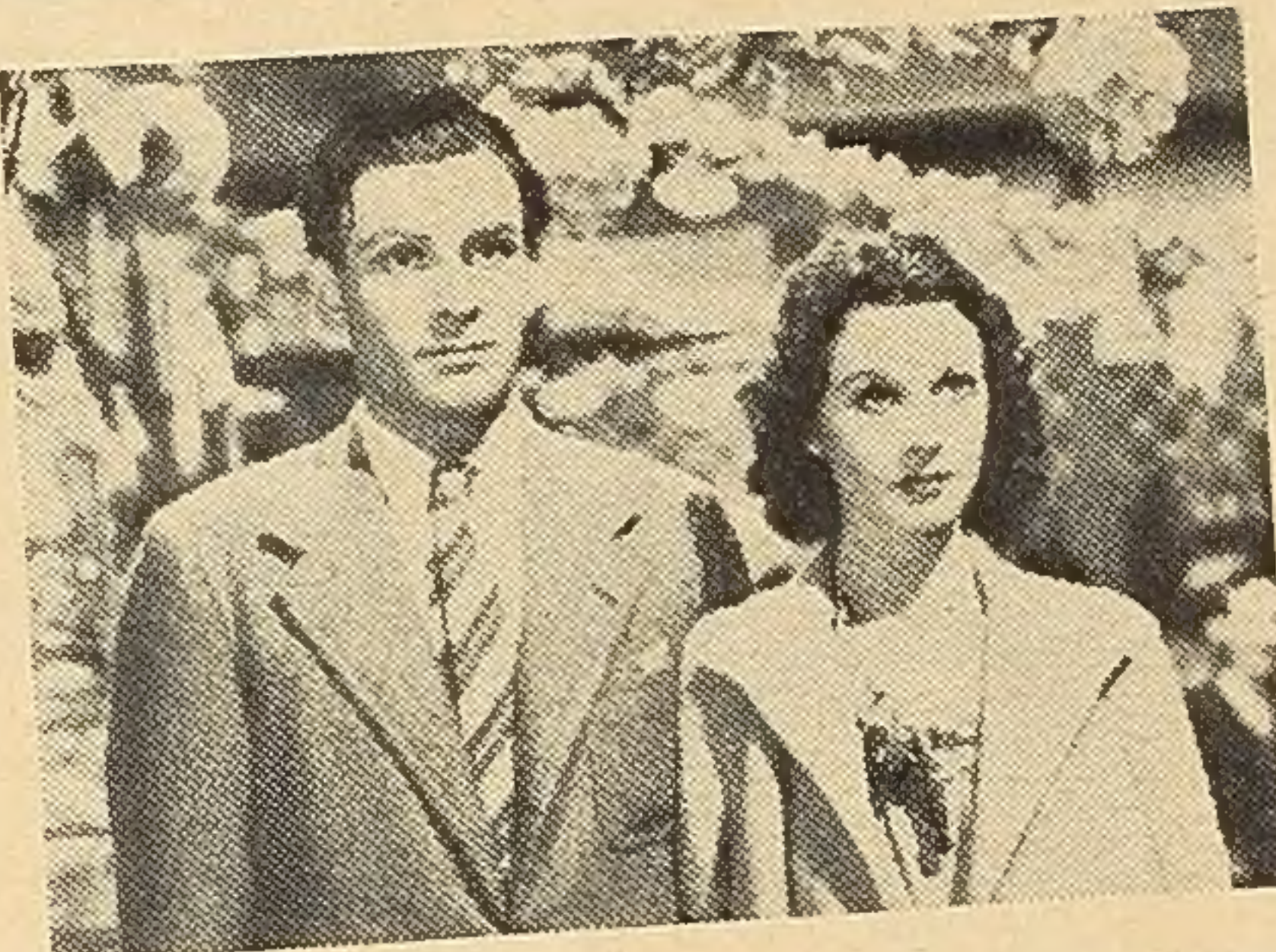
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Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53



Flight Angels—Warners
This picture about airline hostesses has Virginia Bruce as a stewardess who marries crack pilot Dennis Morgan after he's grounded because of failing eyesight, and Jane Wyman, the dizzy blonde engaged to co-pilot Wayne Morris, who avoids matrimony as though it were a plague. This goofy romance and the hair-pulling scenes give the film a breezy, comic touch and relieve the gloom of Morgan's plight. Wyman emerges as a grand comedienne.



21 Days Together—Columbia
Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier have come a long way since making this film in England a few years back. Their work, while good, can't compare with recent performances. Their clipped British speech and the length of Vivien's skirts keep reminding you that it's an old film. In self-defense, Olivier kills a man and a derelict's found guilty. Olivier's about to confess, but keeps his secret when he hears that the vagrant has died of a heart attack.



The Saint Takes Over—RKO-Radio
The newest of the "Saint" series is a fast-moving "whodunit" combining good humor with suspense and thrills. George Sanders (*The Saint*) tries to clear up the mystery behind the dismissal of a friend, who's been framed by a gang, from the detective force. When members of the gang are murdered, the *Inspector* is suspected, but Sanders, in his daring manner clears him and points to Wendy Barrie, who's been avenging her brother's death.

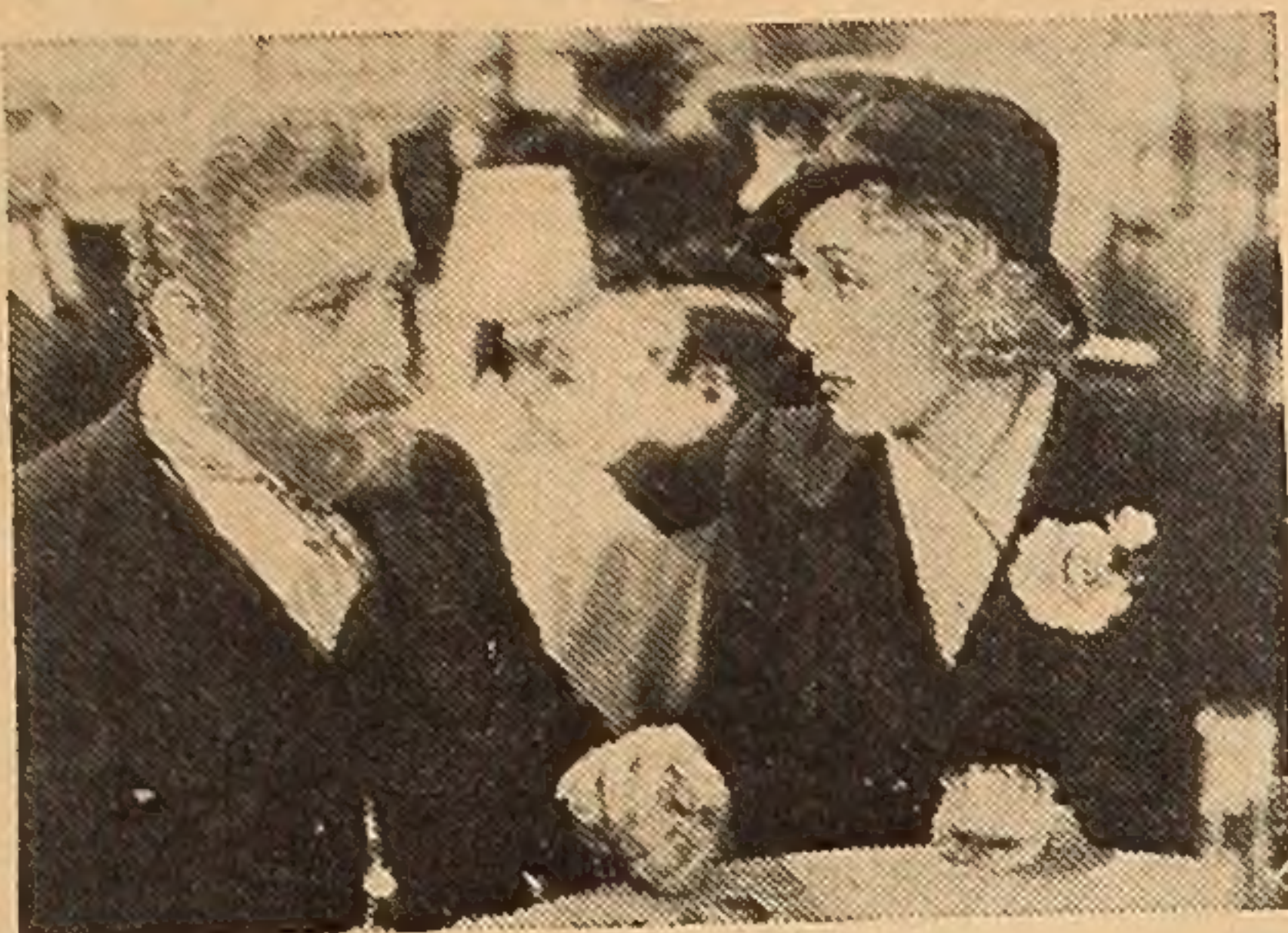


I Was An Adventuress—20th Century-Fox
In this film about jewel thieves, Zorina plays the rôle of *Countess Tanya* who renounces a thieving career when she falls in love with one of her victims, Richard Greene; but her former associates, Erich von Stroheim and Peter Lorre, continue to hound her. It's an old story, but its fine cast makes it entertaining. Greene has little to do, but he is handsome and his femme fans will swoon. Zorina's swan ballet is a thing of beauty.



Women in War—Republic
Elsie Janis, sweetheart of the A.E.F. of World War No. 1, heads cast of this war drama which ties up with today's news headlines. It tells of the work and courage of a group of nurses, headed by Elsie, who hides the fact that one of the girls, Wendy Barrie, is her daughter. Wendy is fine as the embittered girl who unwillingly joins the service; Patric Knowles is good as the aviator she loves. The hysteria, heroics of war and bombings seem real, but story's unconvincing.

Tagging the Talkies



The Way of All Flesh—Paramount
Akim Tamiroff plays the rôle which won the 1928 Academy Award for Emil Jannings—a scrupulously honest bank clerk and quiet family man who's robbed of \$100,000 in securities entrusted to him when he's lured by Muriel Angelus. Because of his disgrace, he doesn't return to his family, preferring to have them believe he was killed. Tamiroff all but lives the part of *Paul Kriza* and Gladys George is capable as his faithful wife.



Gangs of Chicago—Republic
A crime melodrama in which *Matty Burns* (Lloyd Nolan) becomes a criminal lawyer in order to be able to beat the law through his legal knowledge and avenge the killing of his father by the coppers. It's a good gangster film with plenty of action, and gives an inside slant on how the gangs operate. The strong supporting cast includes Barton MacLane, gang leader, Lola Lane, who loves *Matty*, and Ray Middleton, *Matty's* friend.



Ski Patrol—Universal

This film, which stresses the futility of war, has the effect of a long newsreel. In fact, the opening scenes are newsreel shots of the Olympic Winter Sports. The story deals with Finland's struggle against Russia. It shows how a brave Finnish ski patrol holds a strategic mountain top against all odds, and a heroic slide down the mountain side to blast the enemy. Skiing scenes are thrilling. Luli Desti and Philip Dorn are in cast.

More Women prefer Mum— Saves Time...Clothes...Charm!



Mum is the first choice with nurses. Quick to use, on duty or off. Safe, sure, dependable!



Leading favorite with business girls, gentle Mum won't harm fabrics or irritate skin.



Wives, girls in love, make Mum a *daily* habit. Mum guards charm—*popularity*!



Mum Every Day Guards Against Underarm Odor!

TODAY, when there are so many deodorants—how significant to every girl that *more women choose Mum*! In homes, in offices, in hospitals, in schools... Mum is used by millions of women. For nowadays, it isn't enough to be pretty and smart. A girl must be *dainty*, too... nice to be around at *any minute of the day or evening*!

Don't expect your bath alone to give you that *lasting* charm! A bath may remove *past* perspiration, but *Mum* after your bath prevents risk of *future* odor.

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QUICK! Mum takes only 30 seconds—can be used before or *after* you're dressed.

SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. *So safe* that it can be used even after underarm shaving!

SURE! If you want to be popular—make a *daily* habit of Mum. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

* * *

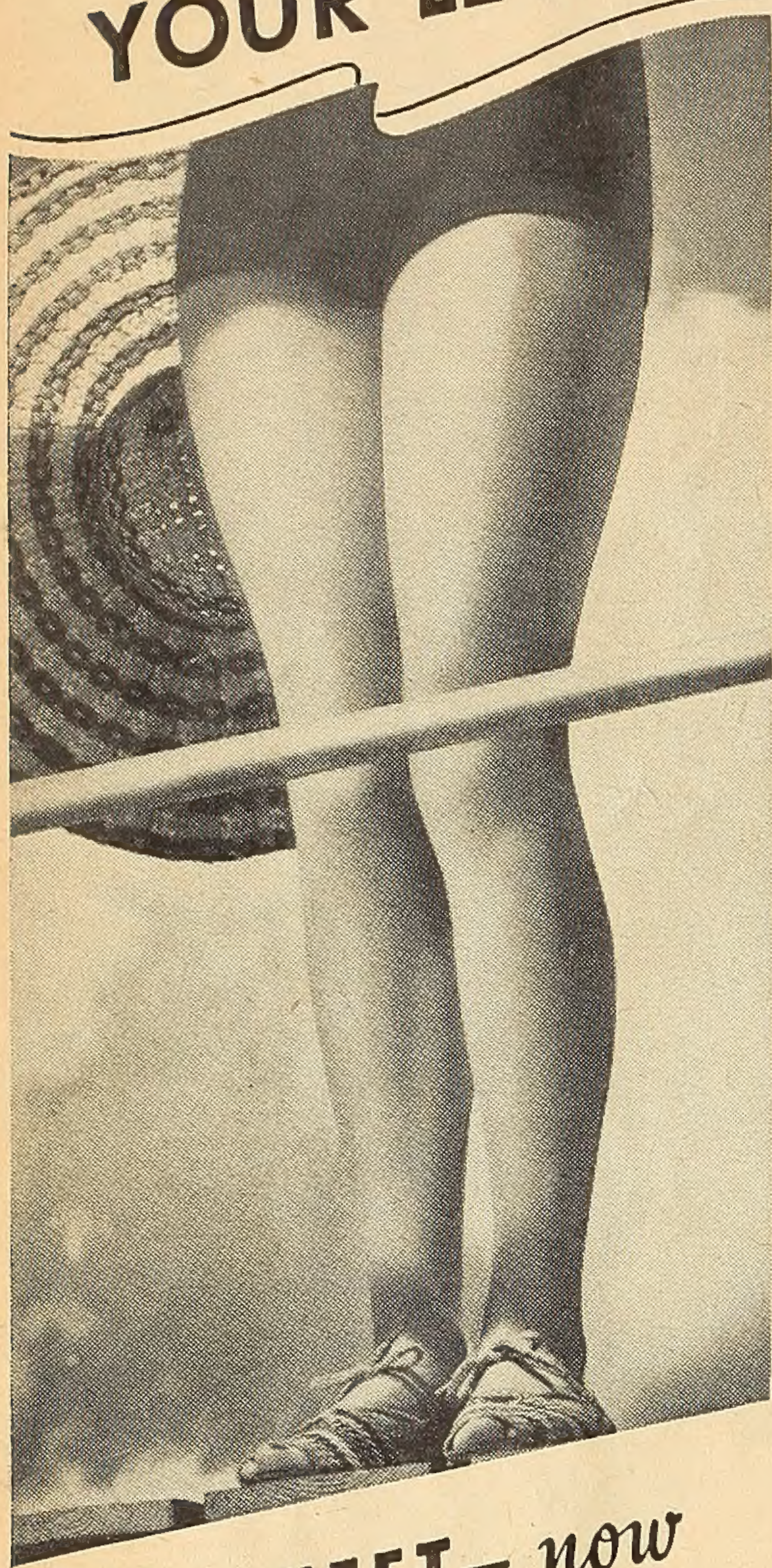
MUM FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—
More women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is safe, gentle... guards against unpleasantness.



MUM

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EVERYBODY
LOOKS AT
YOUR LEGS!



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PLEASANTLY SCENTED

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Say good-bye to pointed, sharp-edged stubs of hair that feel unpleasant and may cause stocking runs. NEET also does away with the danger of cuts or razor-scraped skin. Help keep your arms and legs alluring with NEET! At drug and department stores. Generous trial size at all ten-cent stores.

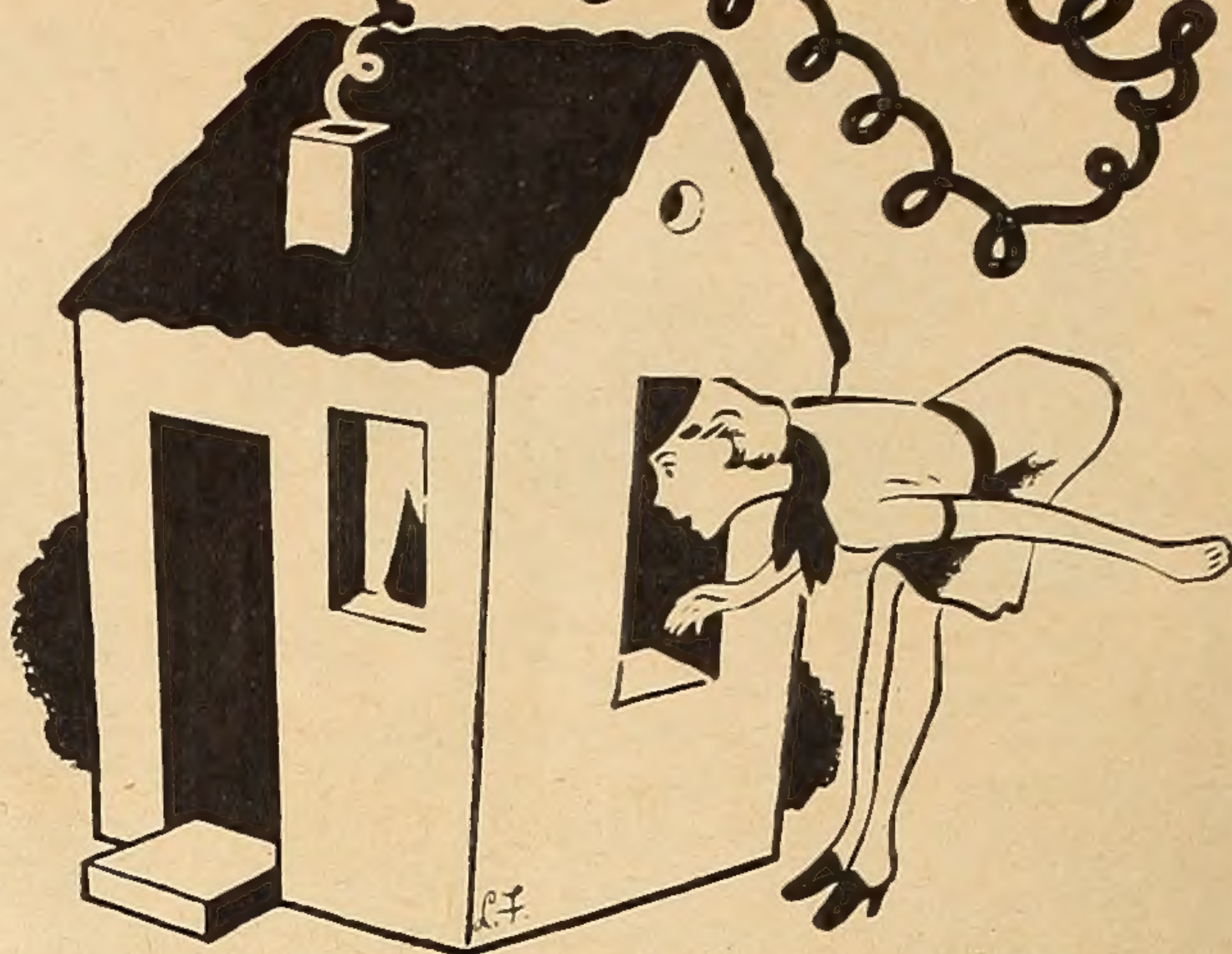
Just
Rinse Off Ugly Hair
GET NEET TODAY!



By
Betty
Boone

Inside the Stars' Homes

For warm weather entertaining, Ida Lupino (Mrs. Louis Hayward) gives you "different" dishes



YOUNG Mrs. Louis Hayward (Ida Lupino) describes her home as "rambling American furnished in English country-house style."

It's in a Brentwood canyon, on a hill with a glorious view of the sea—oh yes, Catalina Island, too!—in the distance, and nearer views of green valleys and wooded hills. A brick terrace is built around three sides of the "little high house" and groups of colorful garden furniture are arranged on it, interspersed with potted flowers. There's a cool green lawn with an olive and a pepper tree and many low flower beds, and one lavishly blooming camellia for guests to covet as they lounge on the terraces these warm days.

Ida, in pale blue slacks that heightened

the blue of her eyes, a scarlet handkerchief repeating the shade of her lipstick, a ribbon tying back her curls so that she looked about fifteen, was arranging flowers in her living room when Eric, the houseman, admitted me.

"Oh, it's you *already!*" she cried, with a lack of enthusiasm not too flattering. "I wanted to get these flowers arranged before you got here!" Ida is intense, terribly intense. The world went to pieces before our eyes because I was ahead of schedule.

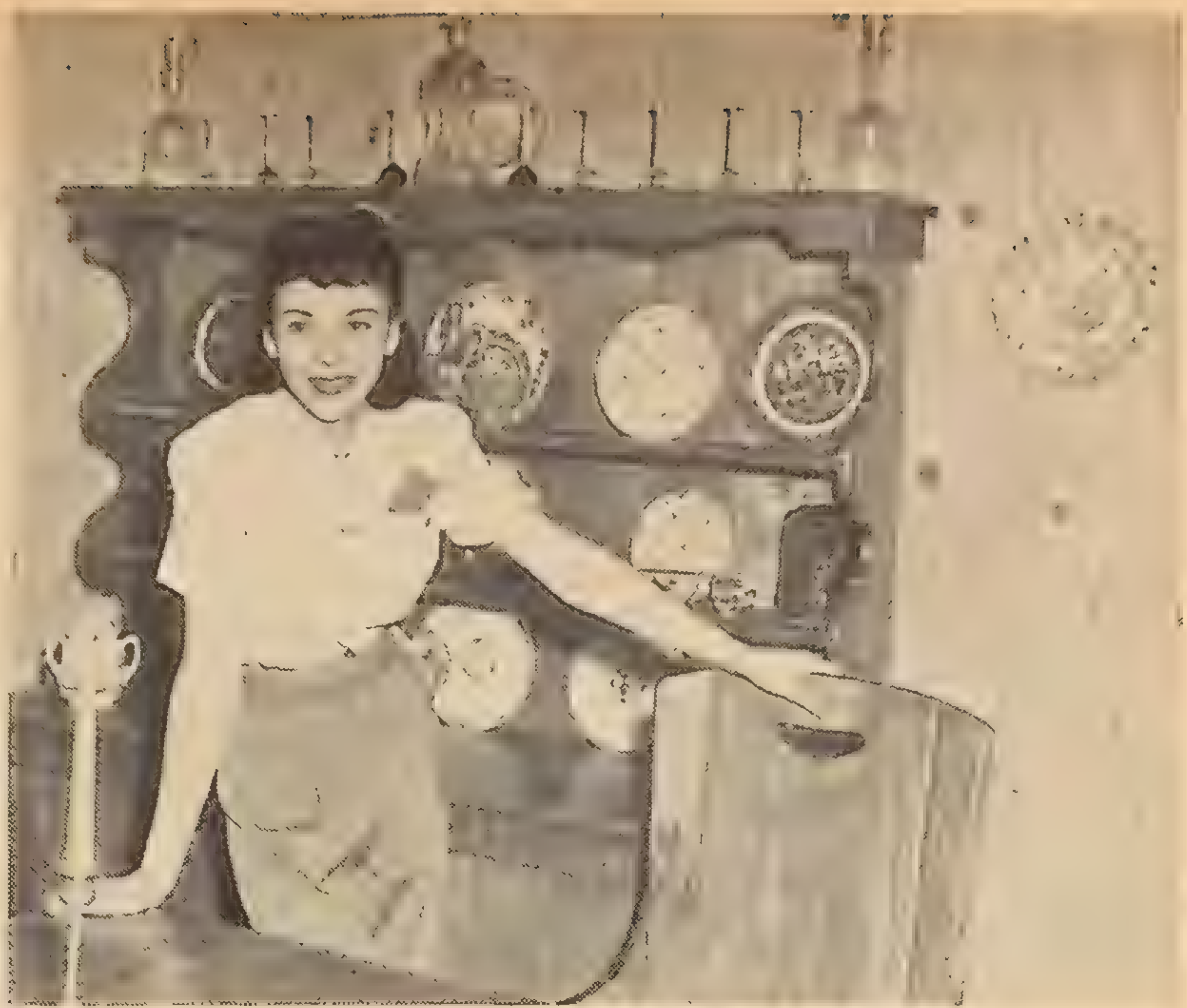
"How long do you think it takes me to arrange my flowers?" she demanded, pressing a bright Iceland poppy to her heart. "Three hours!" Her voice was impressively low. "I canNOT do them properly under three hours. And I die inside if they are

not right." She brooded over the correct spot for the poppy, found it, and triumphantly prodded it into place. "Some day when I have time I shall have a flower shop of my own on Sunset Boulevard and show the world what I can do with flowers!"

Her living room is a charming example of English country-house style—windows on three sides, softly draped glass curtains over the Venetian blinds, with plum-and-cream-colored figured drapes. The walls are tinted pale green, the carpet is a rich, deep sand.

"Those walls were staring white—horrible—when we bought the place," Ida indicated them with a tragic wave of an asparagus fern before fitting it in among the poppies. "That mantel there, of course, was an atrocity in white. I had it redone entirely—but entirely—in solid oak with that bright copper front. I cannot LIVE in white rooms!"

The mantel referred to holds a part of Ida's collection of



Ida Lupino Hayward is an "original"—and so her ideas for tempting her guests' appetites are novel and amusing. Facing page and at left her "lazyman's cheese spreads" and iced drinks on the terrace. Above, in her old English dining room, her pride and joy.



French china figures with china candelabra at each end. Two comfortable chesterfields face each other before the fireplace, across a low heavy oak coffee-table, which Ida had made to order. Lamps are placed right for reading near numerous easy chairs, and books everywhere. Of course there's chintz on chesterfields and chairs, repeated on the bench before the spinet piano. And Ida designed the lamp shades, soft eggshell fringed with bright-colored fluted silk.

"My prints—see them? My treasured French prints!" exclaimed Ida, finishing the flowers (*Please turn to page 97*)



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Because it's filled with flavor through and through
 You'll get real enjoyment for a longer time from delicious Beech-Nut Gum...because the finest flavors are mixed through and through. Try all 7 delicious varieties.

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Visit "Our Town" and meet the folks! Especially Martha Scott

THIS Honor Page is dedicated to all the good folk who help to make "Our Town" the cinema meeting place of the month, and possibly of the year. Bright particular star of a great—and unique—motion picture is Martha Scott, whose luminous loveliness and technical skill may make her movies' latest wonder-girl. Important, too, are William Holden, proving he is a superb young actor as well as an appealing personality; and Frank Craven, that fine veteran who in his original rôle of commentator will set a new style in screen characterization just as the picture itself will establish a new high standard for all future Hollywood films to follow. See "Our Town."

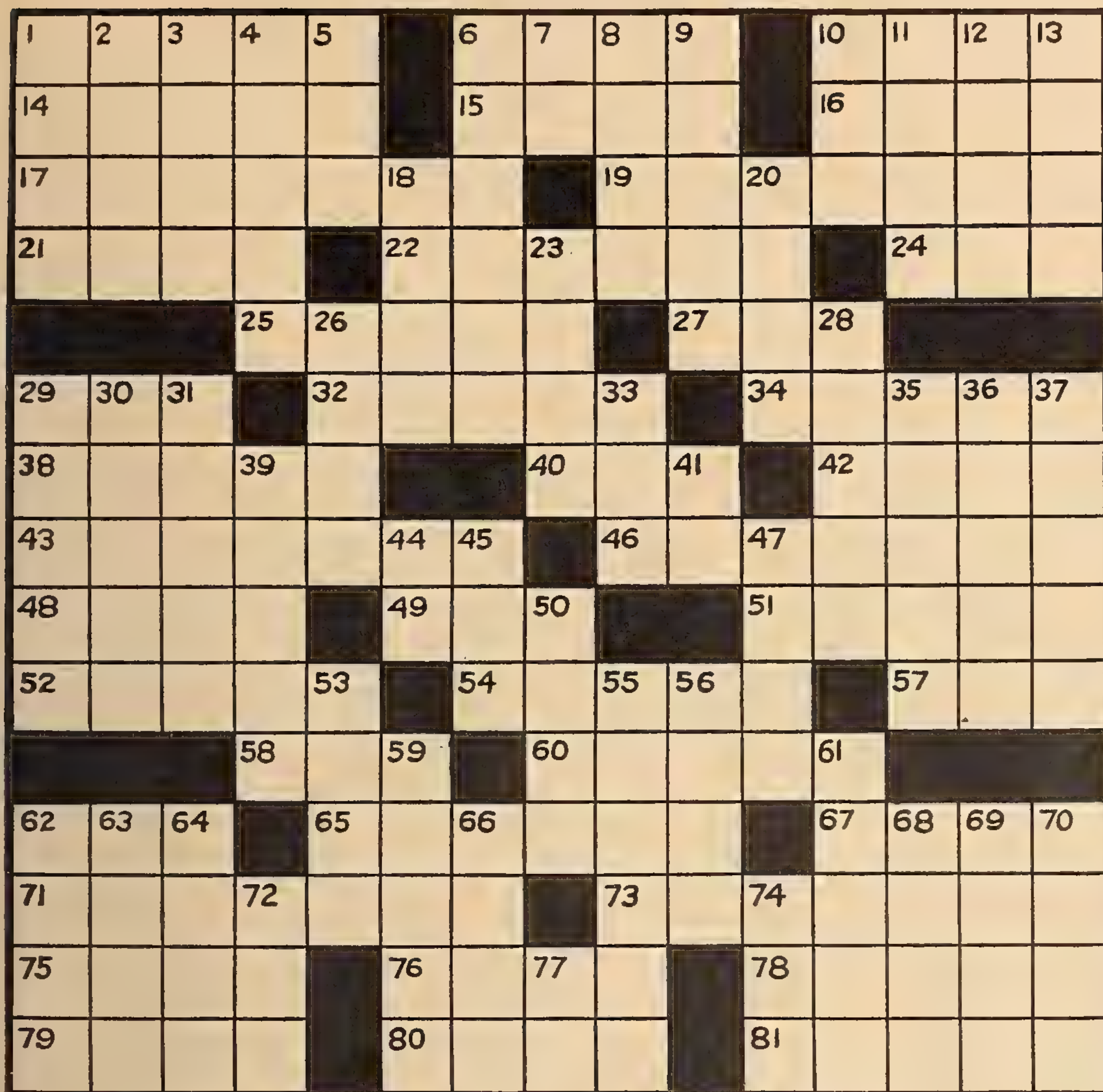
"Our Town" abounds in marvelous moments—but the scene below, with boy and girl (Holden and Miss Scott) discovering their love at the village soda fountain, is a high spot. Left, Martha Scott in close-up; bottom of page, Frank Craven.



Screenland Honor Page

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

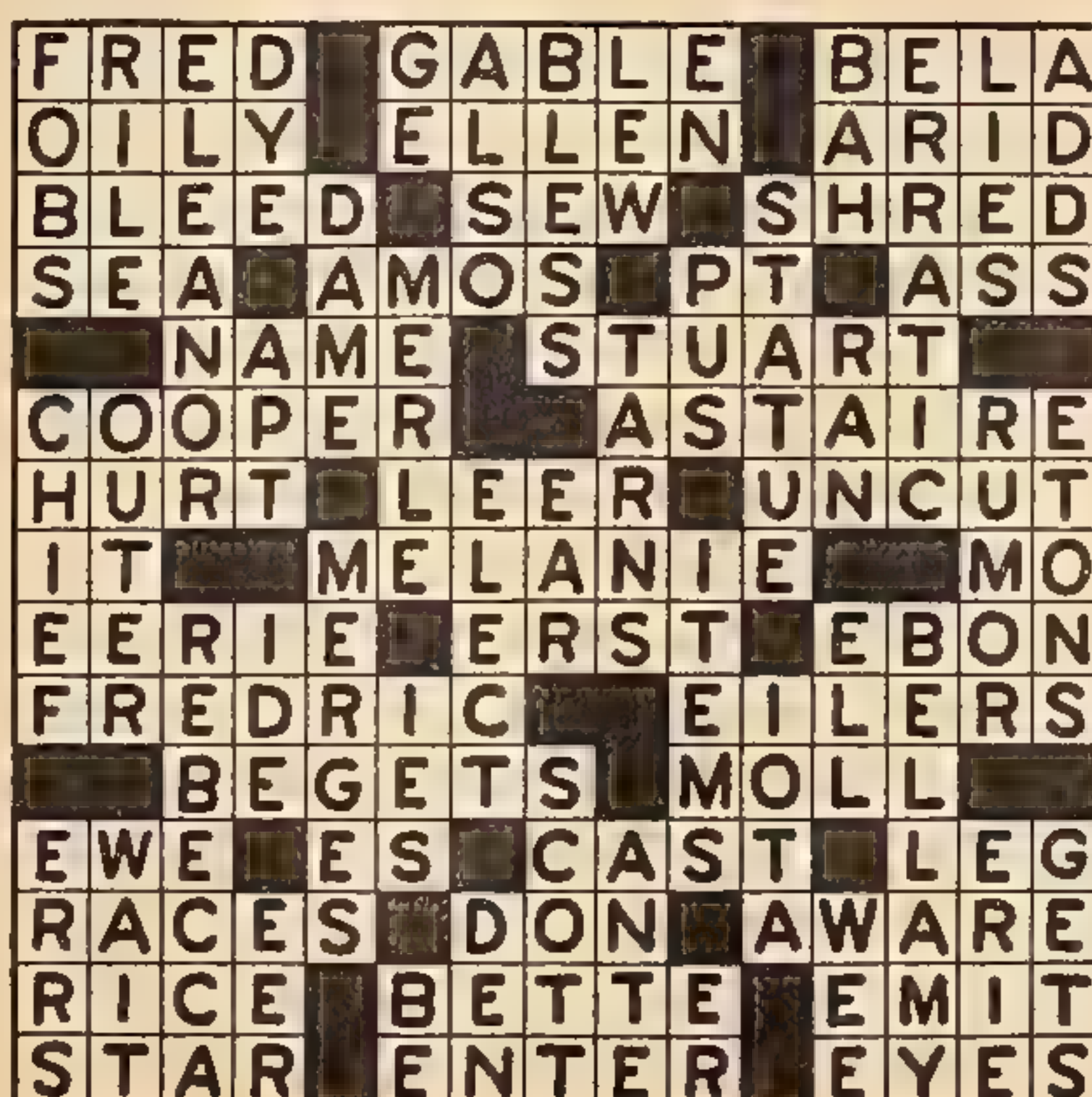
1. He co-stars in "The Mortal Storm"
6. Co-star of "My Favorite Wife"
10. She's featured in "French Without Tears"
14. An oily fruit
15. Bitter drug
16. To shelter
17. Co-star of "Broadway Melody of 1940"
19. One of the mothers in "Our Town"
21. She plays Edna in "Lillian Russel"
22. Co-star of "Waterloo Bridge"
24. Before
25. To climb
27. Bird's beak
29. Chatter
32. Plaintive poem
34. Spouses
38. Love-affair (Fr.)
40. "The - - - Hawk," with Errol Flynn
42. Kind
43. She's Mrs. Walter Wanger
46. Dancing star of "Broadway Melody of 1940"
48. Dregs
49. Cereal
51. Permit
52. Blundered
54. Musical instruments
57. Elevated railroads (abbrev.)
58. Label
60. Dangers
62. Dined
65. At eleven, she retires from the screen
67. Shell fish
71. She's Mrs. Robert Taylor
73. Maeve O'Riordan in "My Son, My Son!"

75. One of the Great Lakes
76. He starred in "We Are Not Alone"
78. Co-star of "My Favorite Wife"
79. Rosemary, Priscilla, Lola
80. Wild plum
81. Attack

DOWN

1. Hero in "The Primrose Path"
2. Confederate
3. Air. Bearing
4. The editor of SCREENLAND
5. Japanese coin
6. She's Mrs. Clark Gable
7. He was married to Ruby Keeler
8. A garment
9. Long for
10. Small room
11. Estimate
12. At any time
13. Have been
18. Spoken
20. An article
23. Implores
26. To wax
28. Pertaining to a base
29. Star of "Boom Town"
30. A Mohammedan prince
31. Mistake (slang)
33. Affirmative vote
35. Fine French cloth
36. Star of "Virginia City"
37. Boils slowly
39. Without a setting (said of gems)
41. Like
44. "The Road - - Singapore," a movie
45. To make an edging
47. Chore
50. One of the characters in "A Call on the President"
53. Statistics
55. She's featured in "Irene"
56. On the ocean
59. Microbes
61. Frighten
62. Cain's brother
63. Scarlett O'Hara's plantation
64. Ireland
66. To mishandle, abuse
68. Untruths
69. One of "Saturday's Children"
70. "Til We - - - Again"
72. Insect
74. A bone
77. Negative

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



New Advance in FEMININE HYGIENE



Gives
Hours of
Protection

Safe • No Caustic • No Poison • No Burning

Everywhere fastidious women are adopting this new, amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene! Not only to kill germs on contact, but to enjoy continuous protection for hours—without injury to delicate tissue.

Called Zonitors—these dainty, snow white, greaseless suppositories spread a deep reaching protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria at contact. To cleanse thoroughly. To deodorize—not by masking—but by destroying odor.

Zonitors are most powerful *continuous-action* suppositories... gentle, safe for delicate tissue. Non-caustic, contain no poison. Don't burn or irritate. Help promote gentle healing.

Greaseless, Zonitors are completely removable with water. Nothing to mix, no apparatus needed. Come 12 in package individually sealed in glass bottles. Get Zonitors today at drug-gists. Follow this amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene women are raving about.

FREE revealing booklet, sent in plain envelope, write Zonitors, 1809 Chrysler Bldg., New York City.

Zonitors

WANTED 300 GIRLS

To try NIX, the amazing NEW Deodorant Cream, FREE if not delighted. NIX stops perspiration; ends all underarm odor. NIX is GUARANTEED to protect your clothes from underarm stains and strong, stale odors. A jar of NIX lasts weeks. Used by thousands. Get NIX today at 10c stores. Large Jar NIX 10c. Extra large jar 25c.

FREE: Ask for sample new NIX Bleach Cream at stores. NIX Bleach Cream is the NEW amazing skin lightener. Large jar only 10c.



Try the new *Hawaiian* or any of the 4 other shades of

MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

25¢ & 50¢ at cosmetic counters; trial size at 10¢ stores
FREE Generous Sample

Send coupon and 3¢ stamp

HAWAIIAN	<input type="checkbox"/>	MINER'S 12 E 12th St., Dept S80, New York, N.Y.
SUNTAN	<input type="checkbox"/>	I enclose 3¢ stamp to cover mailing cost. Send me
PEACH	<input type="checkbox"/>	generous sample of Miner's Liquid Make-up FREE!
RACHELLE	<input type="checkbox"/>	Name _____
BRUNETTE	<input type="checkbox"/>	Address _____

Flaming silks flashing against blue sky and green turf! Men born with a zest for danger and the right to worship beautiful women! Headstrong young love! Fierce family pride! Romance! Beauty! Courage! Again a great picture has captured a great tradition!

Greater Than "Kentucky"



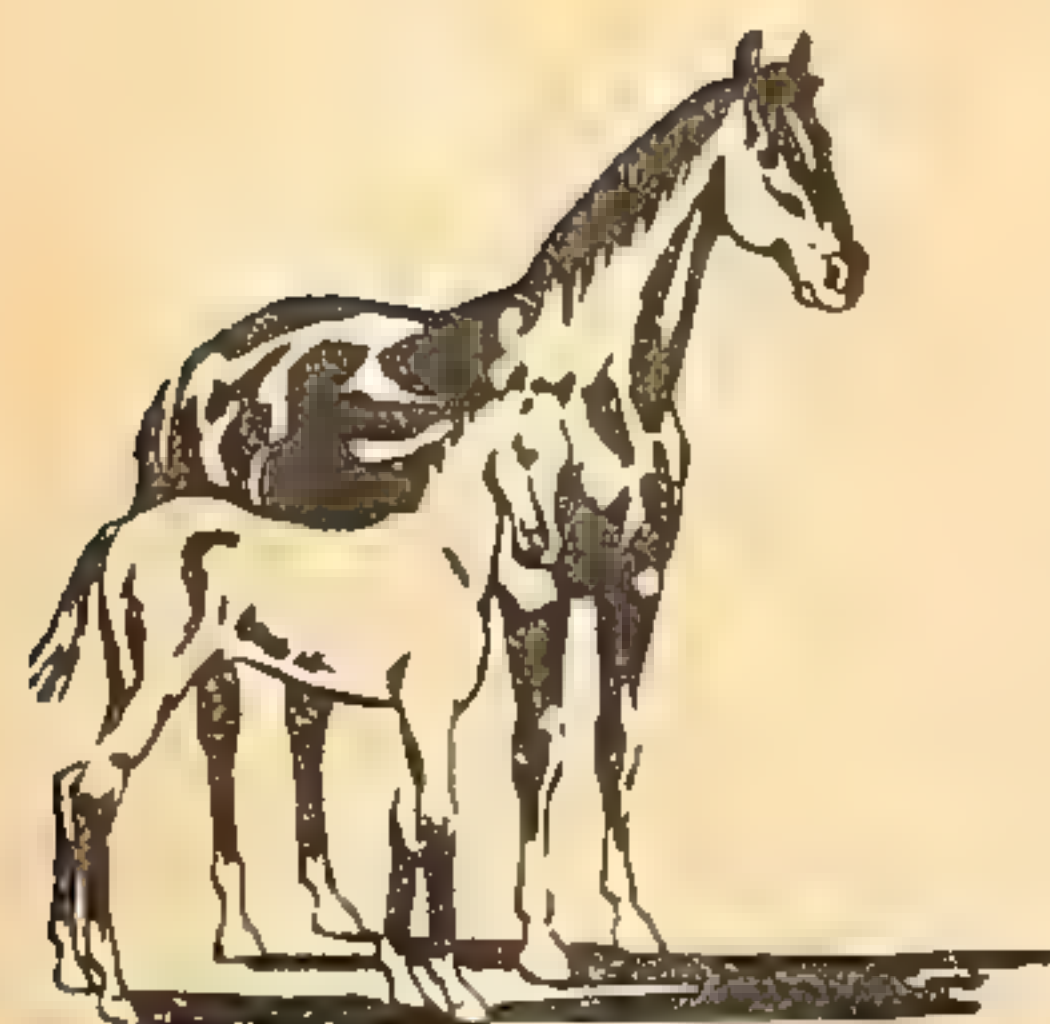
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

MARYLAND

IN TECHNICOLOR!

with
Walter Brennan • Fay Bainter • Brenda
"Kentucky's" great star
Joyce • John Payne • Charlie Ruggles
Marjorie Weaver • Hattie McDaniel

of "Gone With The Wind" fame

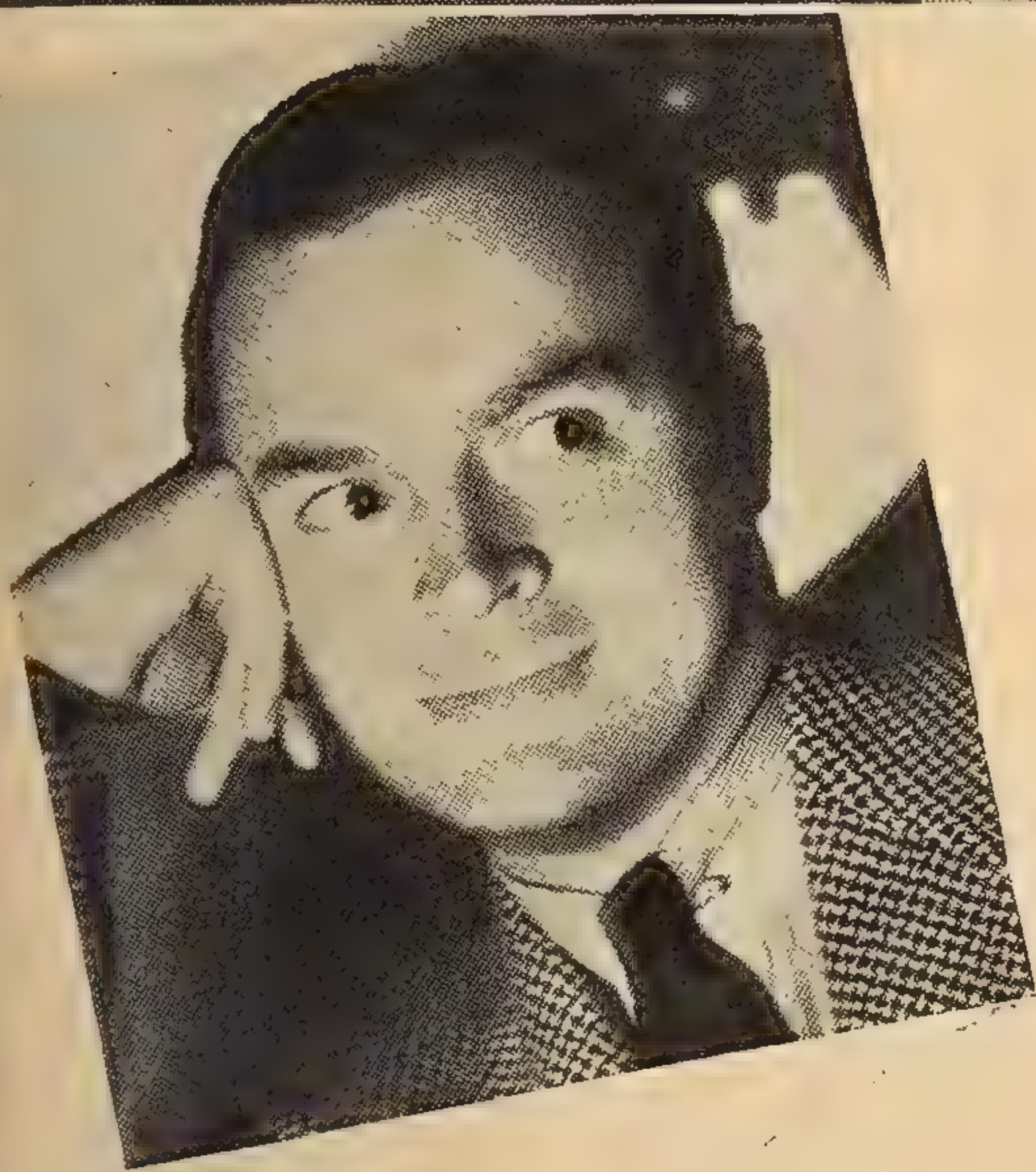


Directed by **HENRY KING**
Associate Producer Gene Markey • Original
Screen Play by Ethel Hill and Jack Andrews
A 20th-Century-Fox Picture



The Editor's Page

An
Open Letter
from
**BOB
HOPE**
to



Bob Hope took time out from breaking theater records on his vaudeville tour to answer our Open Letter to him which appeared in the last issue. Read his reply on this page, replete with typical Hope gags and grins. Off the air for the summer, Bob can be seen on the screen in "The Ghost Breakers."

Delight Evans

DEAR DELIGHT:

Received your open letter of July and contents duly noted. Before getting on to the serious business of answering it I must ask one question: Where did you ever get that picture of me that you ran? I mean the one with the pipe—I look like a Harvard man who has just thought up another nifty insult to hurl at Ann Sheridan.

Now I'll answer a few of your questions. "Who writes the script for our radio broadcasts?"—I do it myself with the assistance of three writers and two eggplants. However, your main point seems to be that when I run across an old gag in my script while I'm on the air I seem surprised and amazed—well, I am—I still can't understand how that spy from Ipana manages to slip them in. It's a funny thing about gags—lots of times you think you've got an original and then someone tells you it's just a copy of something that's been around for years like a Paris dress or a redhead.

How much do I make a week? I don't know, my

relatives won't let me see my paycheck.

I agree with you that Fred Allen is funny and Jack Benny likewise—but I disagree that they are not as pretty as I am. I think they are—in fact the three of us used to do a vaudeville act together—under the name of the Brox Sisters.

I'm never too busy to read my script except when I'm broadcasting and that beautiful blonde is crouching in the first row center. You are right, I am amazed, appalled and revolted by the old gags about the weather—but I am also amazed, appalled and revolted by the weather—comes out even.

I do mention Bing Crosby's stable a lot but the condition Bing's horses are in I think he deserves a free plug—I just can't help it—anybody who has a horse that has to be shot out of a cannon at the start of a race is wide open to—shall we say—remarks.

But, seriously, Delight, now that I've read your open letter to me in SCREENLAND I'm going to be in there punching harder than ever and I hope you and my fans will all be with me when I start again in September. Yehudi would also like to give a message to the people of America if you have the space:

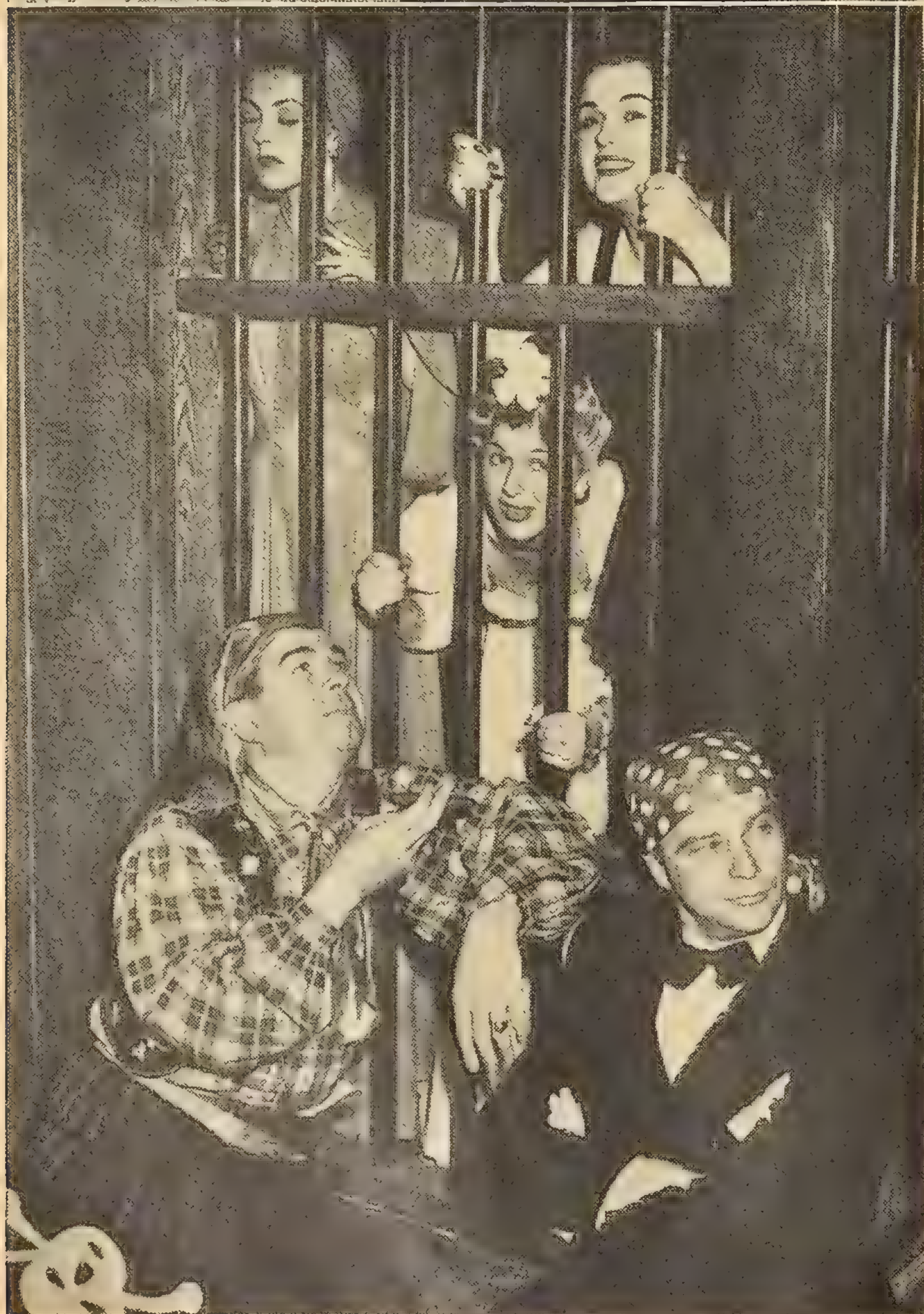
Thanks again for your letter—isn't this a wonderful world—all this, and Evans too!

Bob Hope



At the Pirates' Den, new favorite fun-spot, there's a special room built just for bottle-breaking. Above, Nancy Kelly and Gary Cooper going strong.

HOLLYWOOD WHIRL



What pranks the "Pirates" play, and how the stars love it! Top, Rudy Vallee and Dottie Lamour are thrown in the brig by a bold, bad pirate-waiter.

Above, Ken Murray and Rudy tease Lamour. Left, collection of notables in the brig: Nancy, Joan Valerie, Patricia Dane, guarded by Ken and Edgar Bergen.



More bottle-throwers, above: Ken Murray, Lamour, Pat Dane and Rudy Vallee. Right, Connie Bennett and Dietrich at opening of Hollywood Race Track.

The more famous they are, the more fun they have—to make up for the hard work they do in the studios. Folks, observe your Hollywood pets in informal moments, caught by our always-on-the-spot cameraman, Len Weissman



Herbert Marshall and his comparatively recent bride, Lee Russell, arm-and-arm it at Hollywood Race Track opening. Try to find a star who *wasn't* there.



Now here's a twosome that had Hollywood talking, and not in whispers, either: George Raft with the ex-Mrs. Clark Gable. P.S.: Norma Shearer was in New York.

Happy night for the Bob Taylors, left—the opening night of "Waterloo Bridge," in which Bob, to some people's surprise after "Lucky Night" and "Remember," turned in a corking performance which kept pace with Vivien Leigh's. Even the star himself, you'll note, has to present his tickets at the entrance of the Chinese Theatre.

Two more interested spectators at "Waterloo Bridge" opening were Claudette Colbert and Annabella, below. Note smart street costumes on both girls. Reason Annabella is beau-less, husband Ty Power was on location for "Brigham Young."



Jack Oakie, once more seen about since completing his part in Charlie Chaplin's long-promised picture, "The Dictator," escorts his pretty wife to premiere of "Lillian Russell." Right, Jane Withers at same event imitates Eddie Robinson in lobby of theater while Eddie and his wife look on.



Wonder if Clark Gable is partial to all-black costumes? Here's Carole Lombard clinging to Clark's arm as they arrive at Hollywood Ball Park, sombre in black frock, hat, silver fox. Funny get-up for a baseball game, say we. Left, ever-lovely Hedy Lamarr with husband Gene Markey at a preview.



Three beautiful ladies, above, at première of "Lillian Russell": Claire Trevor, Mary Beth Hughes, Binnie Barnes. Mary Beth is Hollywood's new blonde bombshell; see her in "Four Sons" and "The Great Profile."



Together again after Jeanette's concert tour, right—Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond, both with pleased smiles, hand in their tickets to door-man. A glimpse of Jack Benny is seen at far left of the picture.



These exclusive, "scoop" photographs show you Melvyn Douglas and his lovely wife, Helen Gahagan, reveling in the unpretentious comfort of their home in the Outpost section of Hollywood. Their five hilltop acres with rambling house shelter the screen colony's most unusual family. Above, the patio and swimming pool. Right, close-up of Melvyn, Helen, and Mary. Son Peter was at school.



Private LIFE



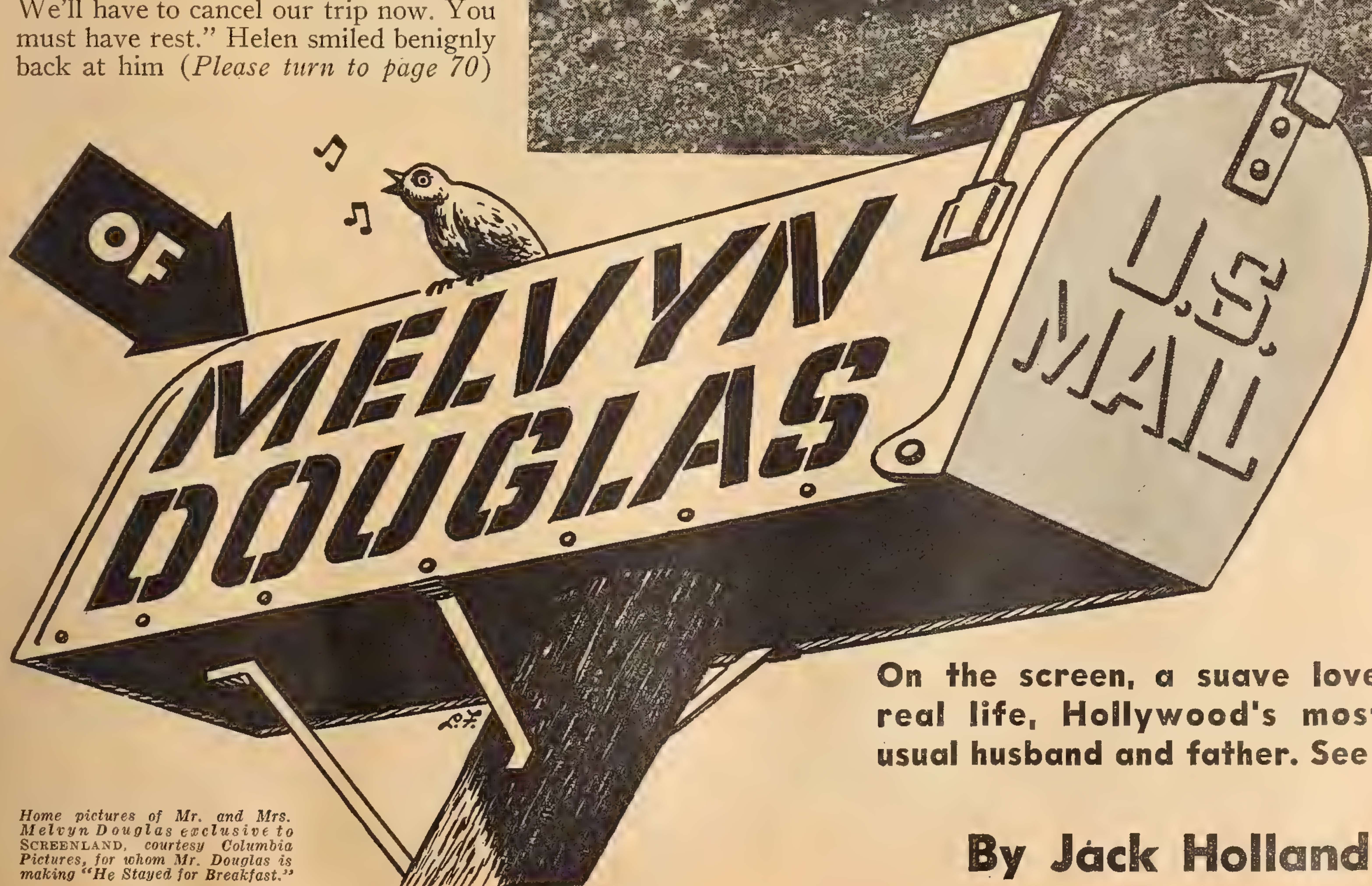
Decorations by
Leonard Frank



MELVYN DOUGLAS is decidedly a remarkable man. Not only does he win and woo Garbo, counter-banter with Joan Blondell, and carry on subtle repartee with Jean Arthur, but he's distinctive for still another reason. He's Hollywood's most unusual father. Why? Simply because his philosophy of parenthood is so normal it's positively odd!

Hollywood is full of fathers. Melvyn certainly hasn't the monopoly on that cherished institution sometimes known as a phase of family life. But, unlike many Hollywood papas who either mention their off-spring merely at infrequent intervals or who gurgie volubly over the joy of fatherhood, Melvyn sits back calmly, talks about his son, Peter, and his daughter, Mary, and continues to carry out, unconcerned, his rules for being a good father.

Melvyn's first association with fatherhood came in a most amusing way. It was about seven years ago. He and his wife, Helen Gahagan, were on board an ocean liner headed for Europe. They were standing on deck one night. It was a beautiful evening. They chatted idly about numerous things. Suddenly there was a pause in the conversation. Helen looked out into the blue vastness gliding along beneath them. "Melvyn," she said softly. "Yes?" he asked nonchalantly. "I've got a surprise for you." "You have?" "Yes, I'm going to have a baby." Melvyn did the equivalent of a double-take and then exclaimed, "How long have you known about—about this?" "For several weeks." He gulped. "Why didn't you tell me? Is it because I'm just the prospective father? We'll have to cancel our trip now. You must have rest." Helen smiled benignly back at him (*Please turn to page 70*)



On the screen, a suave lover. In real life, Hollywood's most unusual husband and father. See why!

By Jack Holland

Home pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Melvyn Douglas exclusive to SCREENLAND, courtesy Columbia Pictures, for whom Mr. Douglas is making "He Stayed for Breakfast."

How love tamed the world's richest girl and made a human being of her! Complete fiction story of gay new film with Brenda Joyce, George Murphy, Mischa Auer, Ralph Bellamy

"ELSA MAXWELL'S



FICTIONIZED BY
**Elizabeth B.
Petersen**

"Elsa Maxwell's Public Deb Number 1" Copyright 1940, 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation. Cast and credits on Page 29



"Now I'm going to give you that spanking!" said the waiter (George Murphy) to PENNY COOPER, New York's richest deb (Brenda Joyce). And he did, too. —thereby starting something in PENNY's young life, despite efforts of GRISHA (Mischa Auer) below; and assorted friends and relatives, including Charlie Ruggles and Elsa Maxwell (in masquerade costume, top opposite page).



DEAR DIARY:
You must be as startled as I am. I mean about my beginning to write in you like this. I never thought I'd be the diary type. Scribbling down things I'm doing and thinking always seemed senseless to me before. But now my life has taken such a serious turn I feel I have to put things down in black and white so I'll never forget them.

I'll have to confess I *was* what you might call the frivolous type. But that's all changed now. I'm going in for the worthwhile things. It was really Grisha who made me turn away from the froth and tinsel of my former life. He's our butler, you know, and he's really very worthwhile and a serious thinker though you'd never suspect that just knowing him on the surface. As a matter of fact, you'd probably think he was wacky. I know I did when Uncle Milburn first hired him.

Now I can't understand how I could *ever* have thought Grisha was just a screwball. I should have known enough

PUBLIC DEB NUMBER 1



Decorations
by
Leonard
Frank

about psychology and all to look below the surface of his personality and see the strength underneath. But then Grisha is always doing such perfectly ridiculous things and acting so absolutely balmy most of the time I suppose you can't blame me too much.

Yet I *do* blame myself. I have ever since I found out Grisha has a cause! For of course when you're serious about such a tremendous thing as the Brotherhood of



Man and all you can't be expected to be serious about other things too. I mean it must take up most of your time just being serious about the CAUSE!

It's all been so exciting so far. My being arrested, I mean. For I made up my mind from the beginning I wasn't going to be one of those idealists who just talk. I was going to act. So when Grisha told me about the big parade I decided to be a part of the demonstration. Feodor, our second man, and Eric, my boxing instructor who had taken up the Cause about the same time I did, felt awful because they couldn't go along. They had work to do. Of course that's one of the things we're going to abolish some day, having to work, when really worthwhile things are at stake. But now, nothing could be done about it, so Grisha and I went alone.

Eric's boxing lessons certainly came in conveniently. It was perfectly awful the way people stood on the sidelines and hooted as we went by, shouting we were un-American and all sorts of things. I couldn't blame them too much. After all, just a few short days ago I had been just as unthinking about ideals as they were. I thought being one of the Brotherhood was being un-American too.

So I carried my banner with the slogan about "The New Social Order Arises" as proudly as Joan of Arc

carried her spear. It made me feel sort of proud. Being like her, I mean, even in a small way. Then a crowd burst through the police cordons and in a second things became a regular riot. And I can't tell you how I felt when I saw a couple of men fighting Grisha. I dashed in and gave one of the brutes the old sharp one-two that Eric had taught me and when he went down sprawling I turned around and clipped the other one on the chin.

When I had a breathing space I looked around for Grisha and my heart sank when I saw him running away. I hate to admit it, but for a moment I almost felt as if he were a coward. But then my intelligence came to my rescue and I realized a man like Grisha who has set himself the tremendous task of reorganizing the whole world couldn't allow a small thing like a riot to stand in the way of his plans. After all he had to save himself for the greater things waiting to be done. And I felt humbly grateful for having been able to fight for him.

A policeman tried to push me aside and I turned and let him have it right on the jaw. He stared at me in a surprised sort of way for I don't suppose I look as if I have a wallop like that, being slender and not very tall. Then without a word he took hold of my arm and hustled me into a police patrol where some of the other paraders had been taken.

The next thing I knew I was in court. "You look as if you ought to know better," the magistrate said to me when I was taken in front of the bench.

"If believing in the Brotherhood of Man is being criminal, then I'm a criminal," I told him. "Is it a crime to be for the common man?"

"That's enough of that," the magistrate bellowed.

Events moved swiftly for PENNY COOPER, Manhattan's Number 1 Deb (Brenda Joyce), when ALAN BLAKE (George Murphy) crashed into her dazzling career, cutting out BRUCE FAIRCHILD (Ralph Bellamy) and causing social arbiter Elsa Maxwell anxious moments. Highlights of this hilarious movie are found in our fictionization.





"You're fined fifty dollars!"

"I won't pay it," I shouted right back at him.

"All right, then—fifty days!" he snapped. "Next!"

Just then a reporter looked at me sort of sharply and whispered something to the policeman who in turn told the magistrate and he called me back again. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Penny Cooper," I told (Please turn to page 72)



"ELSA MAXWELL'S PUBLIC DEB NUMBER 1"

Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck. Associate producer, Gene Markey. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Screenplay by Karl Tunberg, Darrell Ware. With following cast of principals:

ALAN BLAKE... George Murphy
PENNY COOPER... Brenda Joyce
ELSA MAXWELL... Herself
GRISHA... Mischa Auer
BRUCE FAIRCHILD
Ralph Bellamy
UNCLE MILBURN
Charlie Ruggles

Mickey and May Mann, our "Hollywood Date" girl, start off on their evening of fun in Mickey's brand new car. Give Rooney his choice of an evening's entertainment and he'll hurry to a bowling-alley every time. Here he plays the rôle of instructor to May, below; bottom of page, when they added the final scores Mickey said: "You're not bad—not bad at all!"



A DATE WITH

Come along, kids! Spend a typical midsummer evening with Mickey

SPEAK of the devil and he's sure to appear—well, you know that one! I'd just been down visiting Clark Gable on the "Boom Town" set at the studio. We'd been talking about Mickey Rooney, and his succeeding Gable as "Box Office King of Motion Pictures." And Clark had said that he was not only a great actor but one swell kid.

"You know what?" said Clark. "That kid's going to be the biggest thing in the industry. Before Mickey's twenty-five, he'll probably be producing and directing his own pictures. He's another George M. Cohan. There's no end to his talent and versatility—and his determination!"

I'd just left the Gable set and was walking across the M-G-M lot thinking of Mickey and what Gable had just said of him—when down the street came a blue custom built sports club coupé. And who was in it but Mickey Rooney himself.

The brakes screeched—and the car came to a full stop





Over a couple of Coca-Colas, the boy box office king of the movies gives May some pointers on bowling. Below, the bowling-alley man said: "You two go ahead and bowl all you want on the house." But Mickey replied: "You work for your money and I work for mine," and insisted on paying. Bottom of page, time out at the lunch counter for milk and doughnuts.



MICKEY • ROONEY

By May Mann

a few feet ahead of me. Mickey stuck his head out of the window with a "Hi 'ya!" and the friendliest of smiles with the Rooney personality turned on full.

"Come on—hop in!" he offered, getting out and opening the door and helping me in. "Are you in a hurry to get home, or would you like to go with me?" Mickey asked. "See, it's only four o'clock. Let's have some fun."

"I'd love to," I replied, thinking that even if Mickey wasn't the most important star in pictures—for he's exactly that, being the greatest box office attraction on the screen, with his pictures making more money than any others—I'd be just as thrilled to go with him. He's really fun.

"Feel sorta like celebrating," Mickey said, shifting the gears. "You see, she's brand new—and isn't she a beauty?"

"Just about the swankiest thing on four wheels," I agreed.

"I got a good deal on her, too," Mickey said. "I traded my little old Ford roadster in on her. How do you like the color? Sorta pretty, but *(Please turn to page 76)*



BETTE DAVIS KICKS GLAMOR IN THE PANTS!

Here we proudly present the Scoop of the Month! The very latest, in exclusive pictures and paragraphs, about Hollywood's most dynamic actress

By
Liza



HERE'S

HER NEW BEAU!



HERE'S

HER NEW HOME!



Although she is now one of Hollywood's most important personages, Bette Davis still lives sanely and simply. Just bought the first house she's ever owned, above. See following pages for complete pictorial record of the Davis home. She still dates as she pleases; picture at top right shows her on Honolulu vacation with Robert Taplinger, keen Warners publicity chief. Right, she inspects the stables which house her new hobby.

**HERE'S
HER NEW HOBBY!**



IN 1929 the bottom fell out of the stock market. In 1939 the bottom fell out of the glamor market. If the producers felt like rushing out and shooting themselves in 1929, in 1939 they actually got as far as the front door. They might be able to get along without Steel, Copper, and Can, but they could never in this world get along without Glamor. For what is Hollywood without glamor? They've been manufacturing it, and selling it like hot cakes, for years and years—ever since one Theda Bara, slinky and sinful as a *chaise longue*, flipped her boy friend's revolver away from her breast with a red, red rose while the title on the screen read, "Kiss me, my fool." And the audience ate it up.

Glamor became so important in 1937 and 1938 that glamorizing the Glamor Girl became a highly specialized industry. Cameramen who knew the secret of diffusing the lighting and using gauze on the camera so that the star's face was just a beautiful lump of jelly were in great demand, often receiving as much as \$5,000 a week. (Some of the Glamor Girls they had to shoot through burlap, or am I just being catty.) "Camera angles" became so important that even an actress who really wanted to act wasn't allowed to act because it interfered with her angles. "Informal art," snapped on the set by an

experienced photographer, known in the trade as the "wet your lips and wiggle" art, was retouched three and four times before the star would consent to okay it.

So removed from contact with real people were the Glamor Girls that they lost all sense of perspective. After reading ten times a day that they were "beautiful," "alluring," "mysterious," "exotic," "orchidaceous," etc., they began to believe it. The simplest thing they did, like eating a green salad for luncheon, and the simplest thing they said, like "I love babies," became of the utmost importance, and usually made headlines. No wonder they took themselves so seriously. No wonder they became a pain in the neck to their fans and their friends.

And then it happened! Suddenly, without any warning, the public lost its taste for Glamor and Glamor Girls. A beautiful puss left them completely cold. That, indeed, was a major catastrophe to the producers with their big glamor investments, so they started investigations as to the Cause of It All.

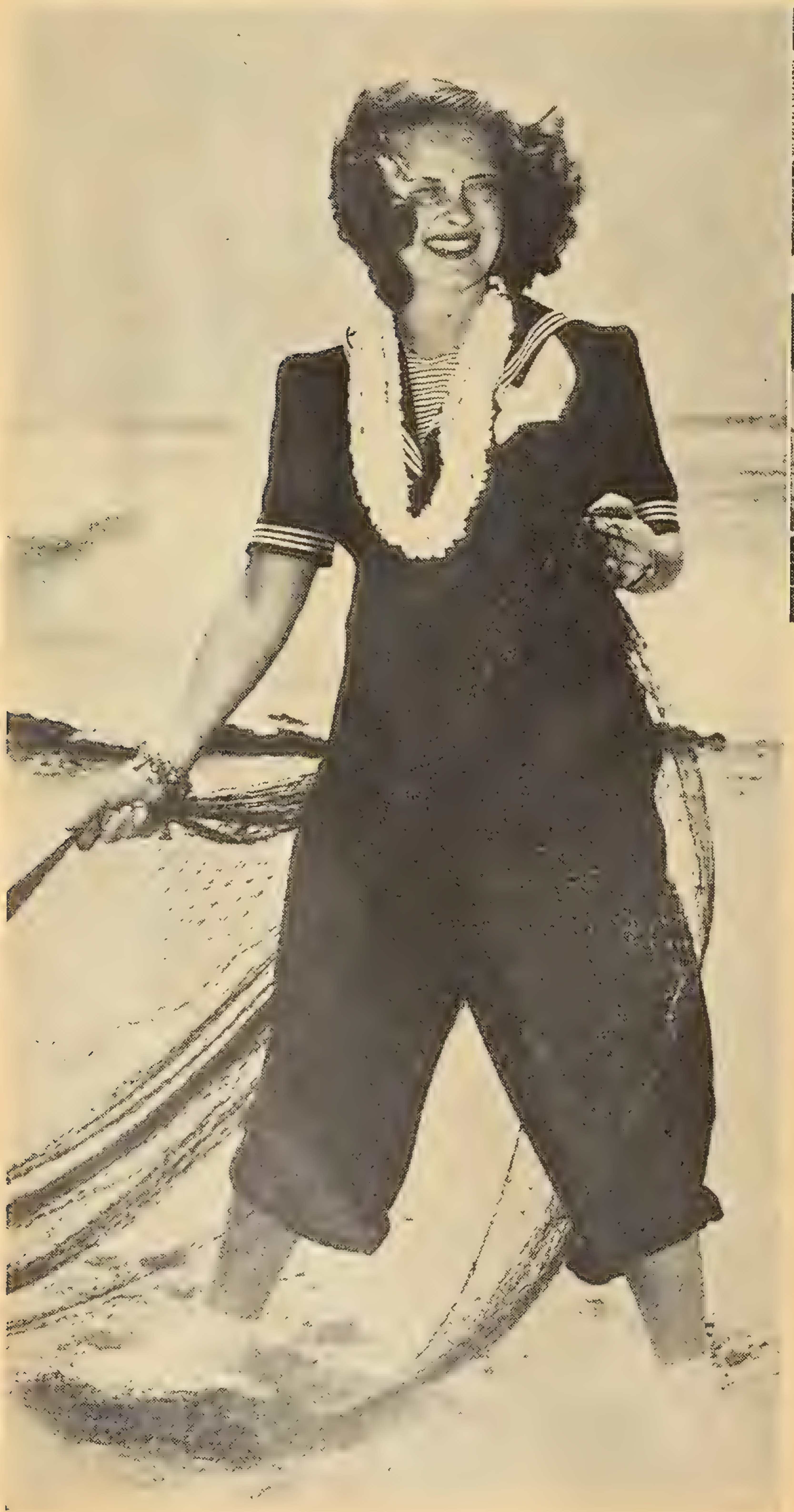
Some said it was the War—with a world crumbling in ruins about them why should people be interested in pretty make-believe? Some said it was the Steinbeck influence, that people were more engrossed now in conditions and messages than they were in sexy poses. Some said it was Walt Disney, whose cartoon stars were so



Living room in Bette Davis' new home, above, has brick walls and high, vaulted ceiling crossed with huge old timbers. Piano at right is original Chickering square grand.



Bette likes to dine by coal-oil lamps—only one of many New England customs she has adopted in her new house. The gaily papered dining room has service counter and bar.



On her recent vacation in Hawaii Bette Davis proved most popular movie star ever to visit there by discarding stellar swank and simply being her unspoiled, unpretentious self.

much more attractive than real stars. Some said it was just the public being ornery. Others said it was Bette Davis. And I think they had something there.

Ever since she came to Hollywood Bette has refused to fall in line with the Glamor Girls. Every family has to have an Ugly Duckling and Bette was Hollywood's Ugly Duckling, and if she wanted to paddle around on the lovely artificial lake it was all right, though no one expected much of a splash out of her. Then when she started copping off Academy Awards and Critic Awards the Glamor Girls began to take notice, but not too much notice. "After all," they said, "she has no box office." Which was quite true. Although she turned in one sterling performance after another, every year when the Biggest Money Making Stars of the Year were announced by the *Motion Picture Herald* (the exhibitors do the voting and the exhibitors certainly ought to know what stars draw the customers to the box office) Bette's name was way down there in the forties or fifties. When the annual popularity poll was held for King and Queen of the Movies (voted on by the fans throughout the United States) it was always a Myrna Loy or a Jeanette MacDonald who won. "So," said the Glamor Girls with

"Pretty Boy"

Squares his Jaw!

By Elizabeth Wilson

Stranger than Hollywood fiction is the true story of how Vivien Leigh played a minor rôle in support of star Robert Taylor in "A Yank at Oxford" (left, below) two years ago, only to sweep to co-stardom with him in the current "Waterloo Bridge" (right, below).



WHEN I returned to Hollywood recently from a vacation I asked regarding a certain actress and was informed that she had gone East to see her dentist. "You see," one of those studio wits explained to me, "she isn't getting her way at the studio now as much as she formerly did, so she's having her jaw lined with steel." Maybe I laugh easily, but I laugh loudly.

Now it so happens that this "certain actress" is not the only person in Hollywood who is going in for a little jaw-hardening. So is Robert Taylor. Long the possessor of the handsomest puss West of the Rockies, young Mr. Taylor is now indulging in a fine bit of squaring of the jaw which has his fans cheering and his bosses worrying. The sweetest guy in the world, really, poor Bob has taken it on the chin with bad publicity and bad pictures these last two years until he was almost knocked out cold—all because he was a kindly young man, amiable to a fault, and did everything everybody told him to do.

But no more. Bob's doing his own brainwork now. He's no longer the press agent's perfect pushover. He knows what he wants and he's going after it. No more cream puff publicity. No more silly pictures. (Remember "Remember"? Well, do Bob a favor and forget it.) From now on the idol of American womanhood intends to be an actor, and not just an actor, but a *good* actor. And if perseverance has anything to do with it, the *Messieurs* Muni, Donat, and Tracy might just as well prepare to move over right now and make room for Taylor. Get those Academy Awards ready. Bob's jaw is squared.

Perseverance is not something Bob just thought up to amuse himself with between pictures. His mother will tell you that perseverance has always been one of his most outstanding characteristics—and she ought to know, as she survived both the saxophone and cello periods of his young life. (Bob's prized cello adorns a corner of the Taylor library and, as Barbara will tell you, "Although we've had three burglaries they never seem to want a cello.") When Bob makes up his mind to do something, he sticks right at it until he does it. That's the reason his friends know that if Bob is determined to be Hollywood's Number One Actor he'll not stop until he's just that. And fortunately for Bob, he has a wife who believes in him, who is always ready to work with him, and who never fails to encourage him when he needs it.

I recently had the pleasure—well, maybe it wasn't much of a pleasure as I had a whole flock of Stanwyck divots in my face before it was over—of watching the Taylors take a golf lesson. Bob has always been keen for riding, tennis and swimming, but lately he has developed a yen to be a golfer, and he insists upon dragging Barbara, who is not exactly the outdoor type, along with him. After swinging at the little ball a dozen or more times on each tee, bitterly complaining that golf made her look like *Frankenstein's* sister, Barbara suggested that we have lunch at the clubhouse, that maybe a green salad would improve her game. "Silly little pill," she grumbled, "Why don't they make them the size of footballs? Then per- (Please turn to page 80)

THE FAIRIES OF FONTAINE

You know her as the "Rebecca" Girl. She calls herself Joan Aherne. Now you'll want to read why she's Hollywood's most amazing actress

**By
Gladys Hall**

FONTAINE has a curious quality about her so that if rocs, mermaids, unicorns, kelpies and demi-urges should suddenly materialize around her, you wouldn't be the least surprised. So when my Editor wrote me, "Get a *different* Fontaine story. You know, something out of the ordinary," I answered that nothing could be easier, since nothing could be *harder* than to get something ordinary about young, extraordinary Fontaine.

They're beginning to refer to her as "Fontaine," by the way. Which is thought-provoking — since Lindbergh, Flagstad, Disney, the great of all kinds and callings are often single-named, you know. It's indicative, that's what it is.

A "fey" quality is the easiest way to explain the something-strange about Fontaine. And I'd like nothing better than to take the easiest way and just call her fey and all the synonyms and prove my point by telling how she and Brian have "poetry-reading evenings," but they *do*, they really do, often alone, sometimes with sister Olivia and Jimmy Stewart and one or two other familiars, and let



it go at that. But it isn't good enough because of the complexity of character of this twenty-two year old girl which makes the fey quality only a part of the whole, the shadow of the substance.

Like when I arrived at Mrs. Brian Aherne's — ("They" may call her Fontaine, she calls herself Joan Aherne)—the other afternoon for tea. I found Joan and Brian "out back" painting their picket fence with their own empyrean hands. Joan wore mulberry slacks, a bright blue jumper, a snood; Brian was in flannels and things. It was late afternoon of flamey clouds, soft whistling winds blowing and summer roses breathing—a frame, I thought, for two who are tall, and golden, and in love. Poetry, I thought, they'll begin to quote poetry to me; but then Joan held out her paint-smeared hands to Brian and said, "How will I ever get it off?" and her bridegroom recommended "Turps, my dear," and then, waving me to a shining, new garbage pail nearby he said, with a fine and courtly bow, "Miss Hall, pray be seated!"
(Please turn to page 88)

The Boom Girl!

With Ann Sheridan
the Oomph Girl,
why can't gorgeous
Hedy Lamarr be
christened the Boom
Girl, since she's the
feminine lure in the
big new film, "Boom
Town," with Gable
and Spencer Tracy?





Hurrell

Olivia de Havilland

Melanie in modern dress: Olivia de Havilland, whose first picture since "Gone With the Wind" will be "My Love Came Back"

Established as a deft comedian
in "The Doctor Takes A Wife,"
Ray Milland's future in films
looks brighter than ever before

Ray Milland


A. L. Schafer



A TOAST TO *You* TOO!

Elizabeth Earle, newcomer to Hollywood, joins the swimming pool sirens in a cooling sip after a refreshing dip.





It's a pleasure to be pelted with golden sand when it's Peggy Moran making the merry gesture. Pretty Peggy can be seen on the screen in "Hot Steel," to be followed by "Slightly Tempted." Last title is our idea of an understatement.

Ray Jones, Universal

HERE'S SAND IN YOUR EYE!

HER NAME IS MARTHA!

Yo ho ho and a bottle of pop! The screen's toughest little guy has taken to the sea for an all-absorbing hobby. After completing his latest film, "City for Conquest," he and Martha went on a cruise. And boy, oh boy! could that Jimmy Cagney write a book about "how to relax at sea."



Jimmy Cagney's new love, calling forth all his devotion — and spare time away from the studio — is none other than a sleek sailing yacht, Martha by name

These artistically fine pictures, by Scotty Welbourne, crack Hollywood photographer, might give you a false impression that Jimmy's not a real sailor. Wrong! He can hoist a sail with the best of them. Lower right, the Cagneys heading for their private island home in the bay at Balboa.





Love — Elizabethan

In a romantic mood: Errol Flynn and Brenda Marshall in "The Sea Hawk," swashbuckling costume drama of the days of derring-do



Love - Modern

Though they play ancient Greeks in "The Boys from Syracuse," here are Allan Jones and Irene Hervey (Mrs. Jones) in a realistic pose



BRENDA JOYCE AND JOHN PAYNE IN "MARYLAND"

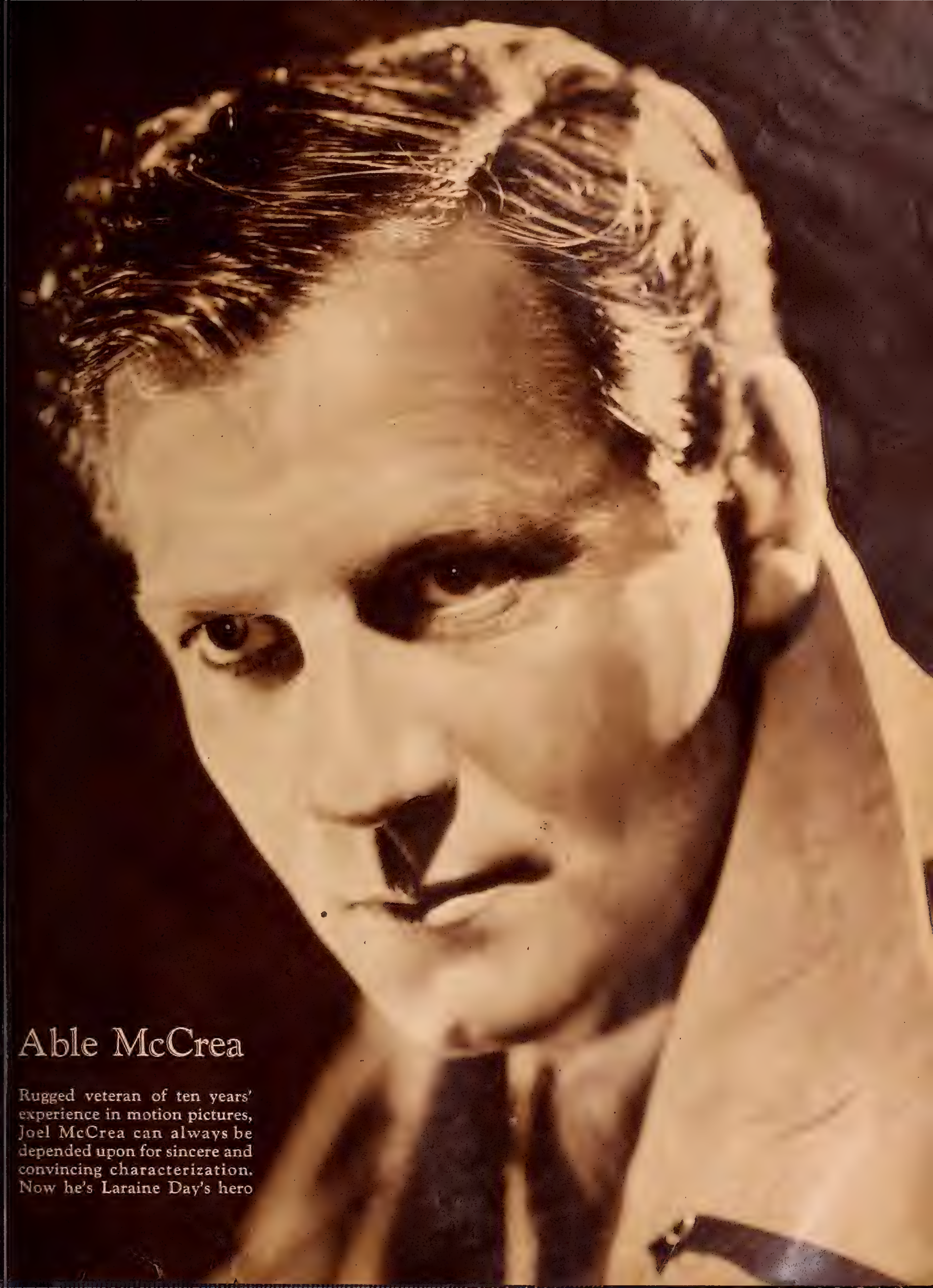


JEAN ARTHUR IN "ARIZONA" WITH WILLIAM HOLDEN



Lovely
Day

Newest nice girl to win fame in Hollywood for acting ability as well as charm is Laine Day, heroine in Alfred Hitchcock's latest thriller, "Foreign Correspondent"



Able McCrea

Rugged veteran of ten years' experience in motion pictures, Joel McCrea can always be depended upon for sincere and convincing characterization. Now he's Laraine Day's hero



JEANETTE'S



Don't call Gene Raymond "Mr. Jeanette MacDonald" any more! He's back at work in a new picture, he's composing new songs, he's all set for a new career—and is Jeanette happy!



Gene Raymond, 'Hollywood's handsomest blond young man, is also Hollywood's most maligned male. Because he married the very rich and famous Jeanette MacDonald, and because his own acting career suffered a setback, out came the hammers and down went Gene's prestige. But now he's back in a new film, "Cross Country Romance," with Wendy Barrie—see top right—and all's serene.



GENE GOES BACK TO WORK!



*Photographs by
Gaston Longet, RKO*



The "MacRaymonds," as they like to call themselves, live in one of the movie colony's loveliest homes. Here's Gene as the boss of their estate. Top right, the gardener gets his picture taken; left, script conference for Gene's come-back film. Raymond's ambition is still to become a really fine composer, concentrating on songs for his wife to sing on her successful concert programs.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Pat O'Brien in "The Life of Knute Rockne"



Photographed on the campus of Notre Dame University.

Meet The Boss!

"If you want to know your future, consult the stars; if you want to know the stars, consult their friends." (Old Hollywood Proverb). So here's a candid close-up of Alice Faye by her stand-in

By Marion Cooper



IF YOU want to know Alice Faye, you consult Helene Holmes, who is not only her best friend but has been her stand-in for seven years. "I was working in the wardrobe department when I first met Alice," Helene told me. "She had come out with Rudy Vallee to do a small part in 'George White's Scandals.' At the last minute Lilian Harvey stepped out of the lead, and Alice stepped in." Helene paused thoughtfully. "She wasn't as excited as you might suppose," she went on, "because in those days she wasn't serious about her career as she is now. Her attitude was that she didn't really 'belong' and that she probably wouldn't be in Hollywood very long, anyway. Betty King was Alice's stand-in then. They were old friends and had come out here together. When Betty married and decided to stop working, Alice asked me to take her place. I've been 'standing in' for her ever since."

They "stood in" for each other at their respective weddings; Alice's in September, 1937, and Helene's the following January. Alice and Tony Martin were both working in Hollywood at the time of their marriage. They had no premonition, that day in Yuma, that their careers would soon separate them by thousands of miles, so that two and a half years later they would agree that divorce was their only solution.

"You've heard of nervous brides," Helene said, "but when Alice and Tony were married, it was the case of the nervous bridegroom. When the Justice of the Peace at Yuma told Tony to repeat after him," she laughed, "he did. The trouble was that Tony kept on repeating after him, until finally the man said: 'No, no, you don't have to do that.' And poor Tony rattled right after him: 'No, no, you don't have to do that.'"

Four months later, Tony also delayed Helene's marriage to Claude Smith, who is in the oil business. He and the officiating judge became so interested in a discussion that finally Alice said: "Tony, please let them get married first. You can talk about that later."

The girl who knows Alice Faye better than she knows herself — Helene Holmes, right, with Alice.



They even "stood in" for each other at their respective weddings. At left, when Alice was the happy Mrs. Tony Martin at the wedding of Helene Holmes.

"Alice kept the date of her marriage secret," Helene explained, "because there'd been so many postponements she wanted to be sure the ceremony would really be performed, before she talked about it."

The gossip that had Alice and Tony separating even before they were married followed them right into their married life.

"With Tony's radio and night club work keeping him in the East much of the time, and Alice's work keeping her on the Coast, the gossips (*Please turn to page 94*)



Your **GUIDE** at a **GLANCE**

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"OUR TOWN"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Great!

APPEAL: To every human being.
PLOT: Fine adaptation of Thornton Wilder's magnificent play has no "plot"—it's real life as lived in any American small town, with real people experiencing the miracles of birth, love, and death more thrillingly than in any manufactured drama.

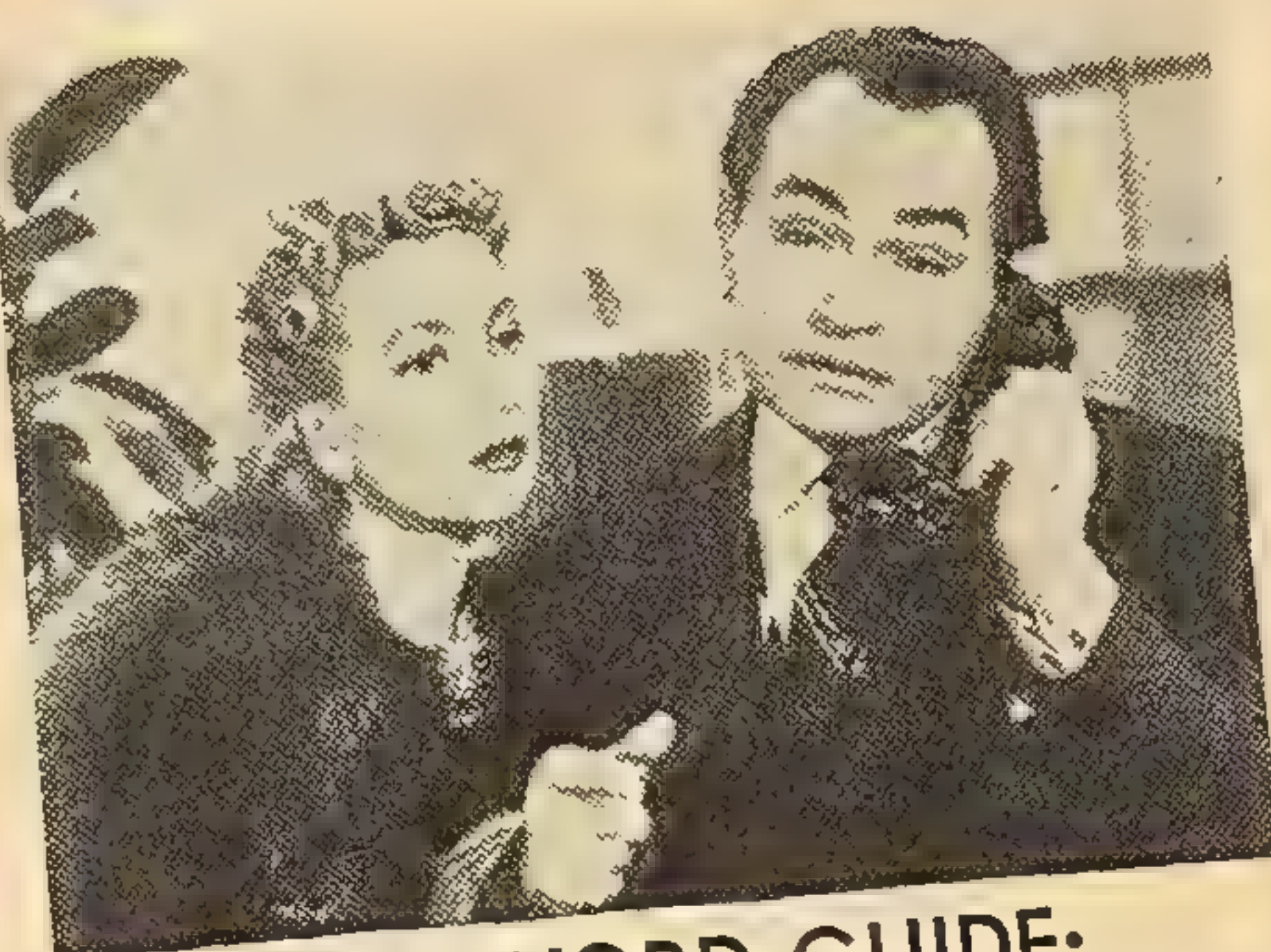
PRODUCTION: Superlative! Tenderly directed by Sam Wood of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" fame, aided by superb craftsmen. Photography, the best—only in "Gone With the Wind" has camera technique been so outstanding.

ACTING: Perfect! Martha Scott in her movie debut appears in rôle she created in stage play, and proves the acting sensation of the season. William Holden lifts himself right out of the "Glamor Boy" class with inspired performance. Frank Craven, Guy Kibbee, Fay Bainter, Thomas Mitchell, Beulah Bondi—all splendid.

"Our Town" is a Sol Lesser production, released by United Artists.



"BROTHER ORCHID"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Novelty!

APPEAL: If you're looking for that "something different" in screen entertainment.

PLOT: Broad satire on the gangster theme, will be welcomed both by those who still enjoy racket dramas and the others who are fed up with same. Imagine a tough guy being sheltered by monks in a monastery and you've got something, right here.

PRODUCTION: Good, with well-paced direction by Lloyd Bacon. Nothing much in the way of decoration because the story doesn't call for it, but you won't miss the trimmings when the action gets under way.

ACTING: Edward G. Robinson, after his noble try as Dr. Ehrlich, here returns to the type of characterization in which you apparently prefer him. He's dynamic as ever. Ann Sothorn is grand in dizzy-dame rôle; Ralph Bellamy, Humphrey Bogart, good.

"Brother Orchid" is a Warner Brothers picture.



"LILLIAN RUSSELL"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
Spectacular!

APPEAL: For those who love a glittery, gaudy show.

PLOT: Dreamed-up version of the life of Lillian Russell, Glamor Girl of our Gay Nineties, whose beauty dazzled Broadway.

PRODUCTION: Everything that could be crowded in by way of lavish sets, extravagant costumes, and general glitter! Technically smooth as satin in the usual Darryl F. Zanuck manner, with gorgeous close-ups of Alice Faye, amusing props to bring out the nostalgia in any audience of oldsters, and plenty of tunes of the period to whistle on the way home.

ACTING: Alice Faye is—Alice Faye. Don Ameche, champ laughter of celluloid, for once must give way before uproarious Edward Arnold, as Diamond Jim Brady — best performance in the picture, but don't bow too low, Edward. Henry Fonda, colorless.

"Lillian Russell" is a 20th Century-Fox picture.



to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

Delight Swans

"WATERLOO BRIDGE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

Touching!

APPEAL: To those who enjoy a good cry.

PLOT: The ill-fated love of a London ballet dancer for a handsome officer in World War I. New version of old Robert E. Sherwood play. Seems poor choice of story material in these troubled times when most people want to be cheered up.

PRODUCTION: Direction, by Mervyn LeRoy, is masterly, with fine appreciation of dramatic values, and some exquisite and poetic love scenes. Not for the youngsters.

ACTING: Vivien Leigh confounds her critics by giving a performance quite as poignant in its smaller scope as her *Scarlett O'Hara*. This girl is a real, and not a one-part actress. Robert Taylor, too, will disquiet his detractors with his keenly convincing portrayal—without alienating his more frantic fans, who'll be swooning over that new mustache.

"Waterloo Bridge" is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture.



"EDISON, THE MAN"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

Impressive!

APPEAL: To the conservatives who like dignified, "worthwhile" drama.

PLOT: Film biography of the private and professional life of the adult Thomas Edison, which follows his fine career with sincerity and intelligence.

PRODUCTION: Splendid in a sober and workmanlike fashion. Directed by the dependable Clarence Brown with the usual thoughtful attention to detail. Photography, fine if formula. There was no chance for tricky effects or "arty" stuff with this picture. Parents will vote it the ideal film for their children to see.

ACTING: Spencer Tracy is everything you hope for in the rôle of *Thomas Edison*. Not a showy performance, still will be a monument to his flawless technique. Tracy's job was to turn in a portrayal at once reverent and robust, and he did it magnificently. Rita Johnson is a lovely *Mrs. Edison*.

"Edison, the Man" is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture.



"TURNABOUT"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

Hilarious!

APPEAL: If you revel in incredible comedy.

PLOT: Title tells it. Man and wife assume each other's identities with racy uproarious results. It's from a Thorne Smith story, guarantee of fantastic and fast-moving farce. You won't believe it, but if you're not too fussy you'll find it fun.

PRODUCTION: Smart, up to the split-second in glib direction and situations, and elaborate wardrobes for the ladies in the cast. Scenes in high-pressure advertising offices, in ultra-modern Manhattan apartment, etc., etc., may not be realistic but provide good, escapist eye-entertainment.

ACTING: Satisfactory though scarcely superlative. Carole Landis is decorative as the wife and John Hubbard personable as the husband. Good cast includes Adolphe Menjou, William Gargan, Mary Astor, Verree Teasdale.

"Turnabout" is a Hal Roach picture released by United Artists.





SCREENLAND GLAMOR SCHOOL

Edited by

Loretta Young

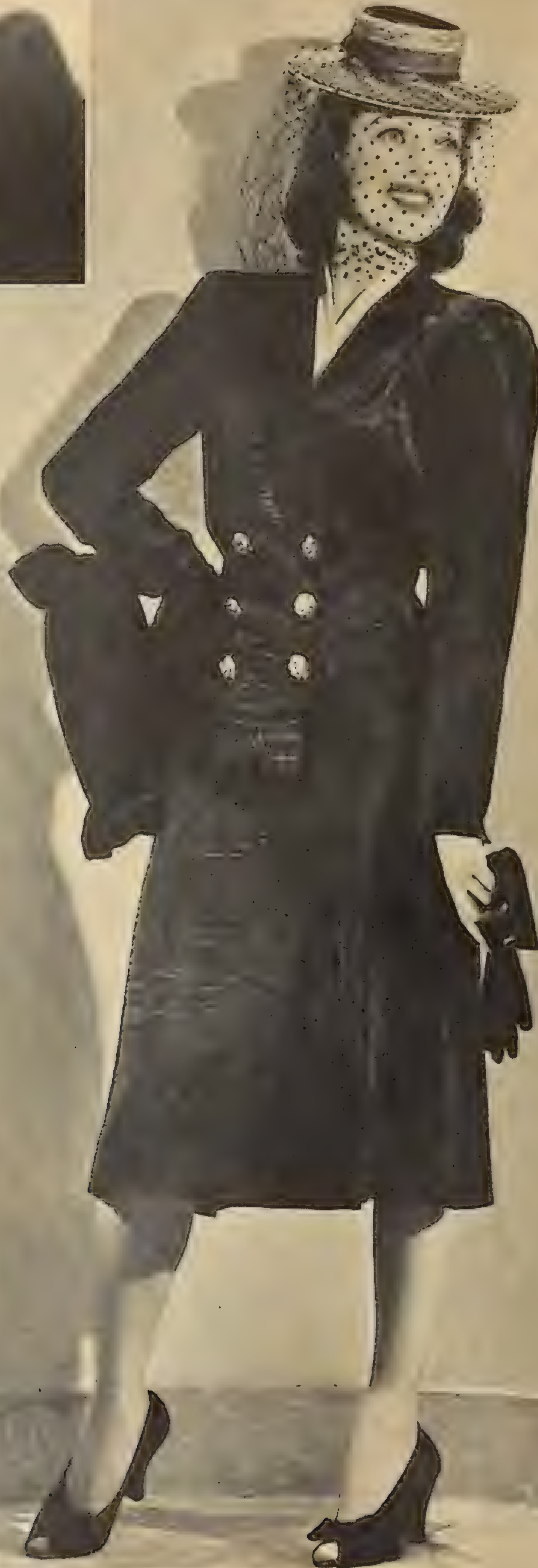


Facing page, Loretta wears a stunning coat-dress of grey sheer wool, with shirred front, bone buttons, and piqué collar. Complementing the costume is her costly platina fox scarf. On this page, Miss Young's favorite dinner dress for evenings in Southern California. It is an I. Magnin model of sheer black crepe, with black and white flowered skirt and flowers applied at the neckline.

Hollywood's smartest young sophisticate gives us a pre-view of her chic new clothes

Exclusive Glamor School photographs of Miss Loretta Young by engstead-higgins, Beverly Hills

Loretta Young's wardrobe always includes at least one black suit. Below, her favorite black dressmaker suit has bright copper buttons for contrast. Her sailor of natural straw is trimmed in black and lacquer red. Close-up at left shows dazzling set of earrings and necklace in white and champagne diamonds—and to girls who sigh, "Oh, of course only a Hollywood star can afford it!" we say, Loretta doesn't own this set but she was thrilled to pose with it!



Loretta's favorite sports dress is the "peasant" hand-knit frock below, from I. Magnin. Belt and buttons are of brown calf stitched in yellow. Thrown casually over her head is the popular tri-colored net. Of course in California the sports dress is practically an all-year-round daytime uniform for film beauties. Close-up at right shows Loretta's Mexican breton in white greige felt, which she wears to top a suit in three subtle tones of greige.





**Let Your Play Clothes
Be Gay! says Nan Grey**



Photographs by Ray Jones, Universal Pictures.

Nan Grey, one of Hollywood's prettiest blonde starlets, shows you, on these two pages, the smartest selections from her current wardrobe, Summer, 1940. Above, coolest of the cool is her cotton play suit with crisply tailored striped shirt and white, three-button skirt. At left, perfect choice for a luncheon date on one of these so-hot days: cool green leaves scattered over a white background, saucy green straw, green belt and bag. Facing page, in large picture Nan wears a gay, bold-striped full skirt in several shades of blue, topped by a white blouse. Small picture, the indispensable polka-dot frock, this time in bright red with large white dots, white cuffs and revers. Note Miss Grey's cool but chic coiffure, becoming from every angle. Her new picture is "Sandy Is A Lady."

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Let Norvell, the noted Hollywood astrologer, interpret your birth chart and tell you how the heavenly stars can help you find romance



STAR- GAZING



IF NORMA SHEARER were to ask my permission to marry George Raft, I should forbid it. For a true Leo girl to marry a Libra man is but to ask for unhappiness. It's that old astrological fire-and-air combo again which causes Reno to be the largest little town in the world. Observing Norma's happiness these days, her dignified glow, if you know what I mean, (she's genteel

even in her radiance), it distresses me to think that the fine companionship she has with Mr. Raft might lead to the altar—because it will never end there.

Norma Shearer was born on August 10, in the fire Sign of Leo, and George Raft was born on September 27, in the air Sign of Libra—these two signs are astrologically incompatible. Norma has known tragedy; she has known loneliness; but she has never yet known the bitter, destructive power of disillusionment. After careful analysis of both their charts, I ask her to wait for the other great happiness that fate has in store for her in the future. It isn't that I don't admire Mr. Raft, for I do, excessively—but he is *not* the marriage partner for Norma.

Remember Carole Lombard and William Powell? Individually they are good sports; all the chatter writers



Len Weissman



NORVILLE

WITH

Continued happiness in marriage is assured for Gracie Allen and George Burns, above, who were born in compatible signs; but incompatible elements are shown for Bill Powell and Diana Lewis, above left. Born in Leo, Myrna Loy's chart indicates lasting marital bliss; but unfortunately the stars do not favor marriage for Norma Shearer and George Raft, below left.



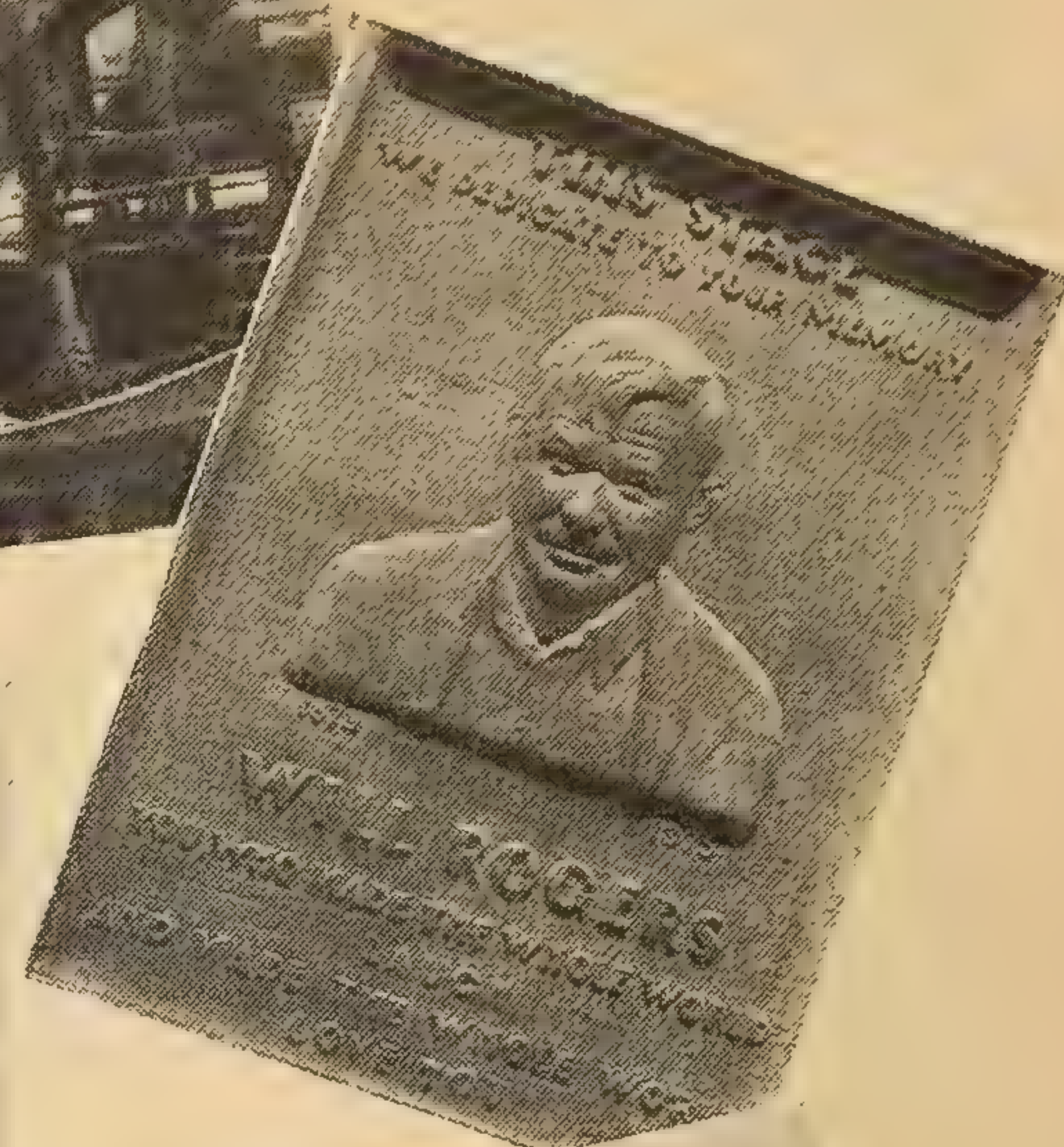
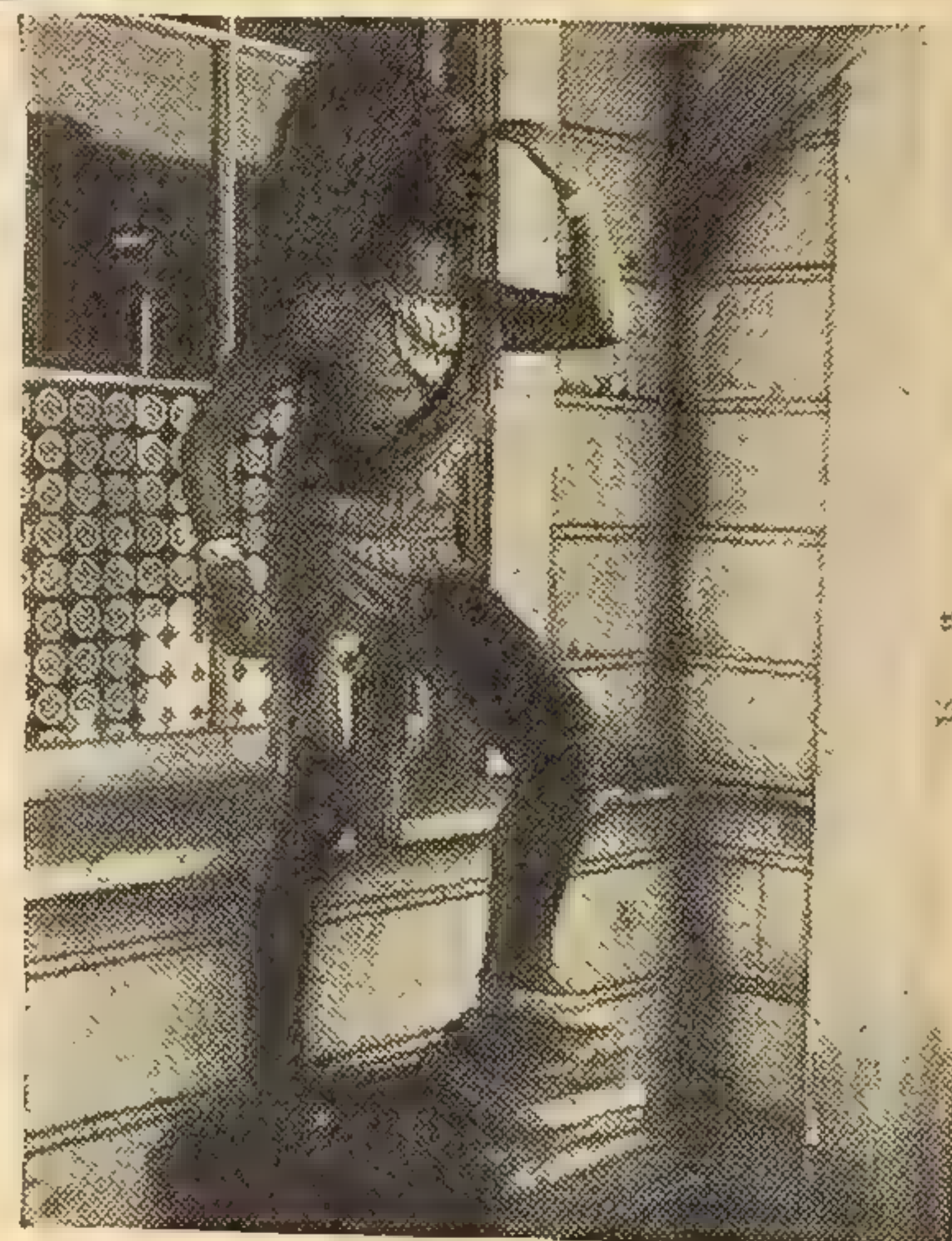
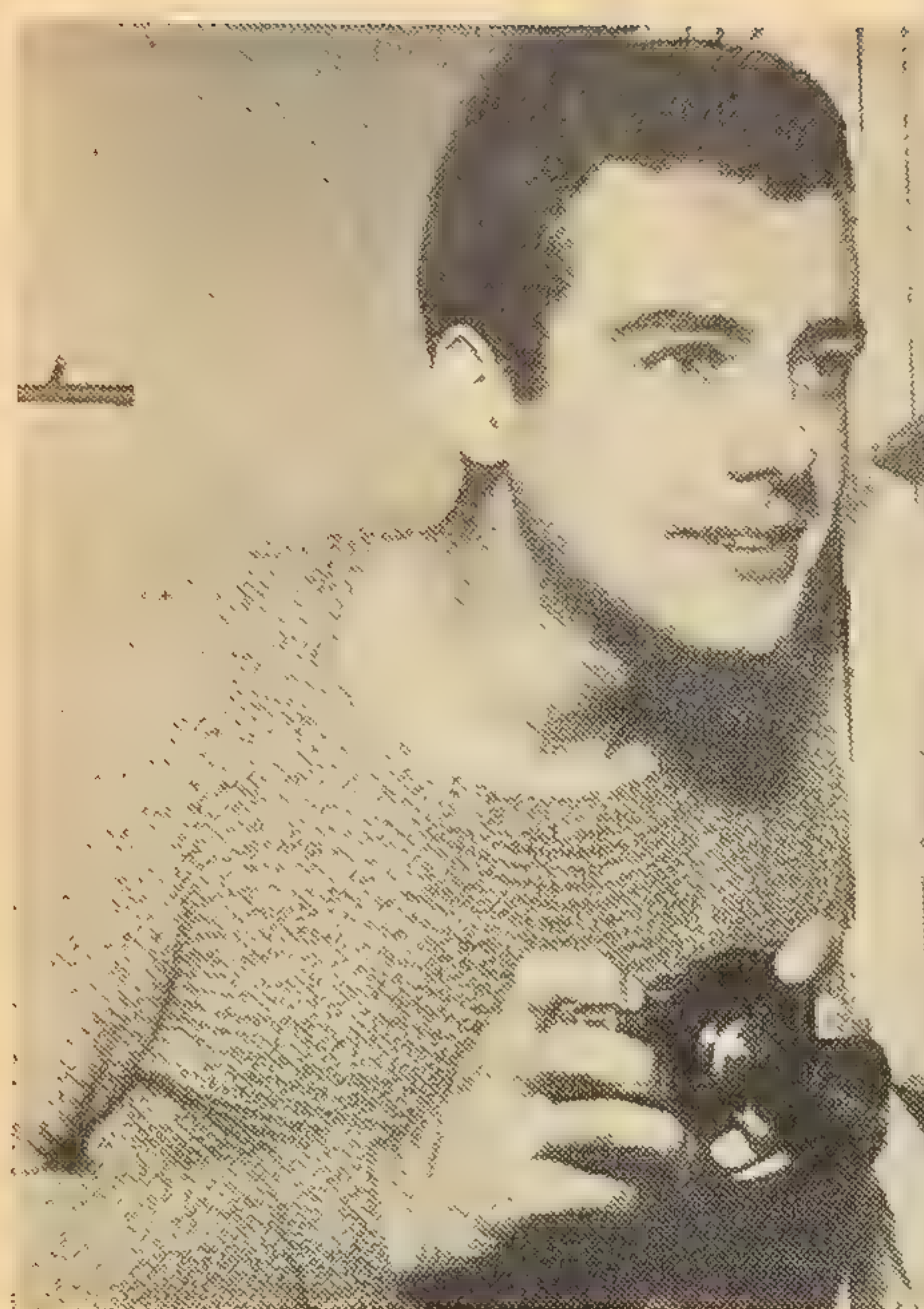
in town thought that their match was ideal. But it was no surprise to an astrologer to see it collapse. Bill was born in Leo, Carole in Libra—the two simply do not mix.

Regarding Mr. Powell's new matrimonial venture to the youthful Diana Lewis, I do not feel that it will last. Their charts show incompatible elements that make it difficult for them to overcome. Diana, of course, is very young; and Mr. Powell is a man of the world, so neither of them should be hurt too much.

All Leo people have been going through a very negative cycle in the past few years. This was due to the afflictions of the Sun spots. This sign rules those born between July 23 to August 22. Those born in Leo have been grasping eagerly at happiness, but fate has dealt them some very severe blows. That sun spot cycle has nearly run its course, however; and if they can but curb their eagerness to find romantic (*Please turn to page 82*)



Studio snapshots: a street set, cigar-store Indian, the Will Rogers plaque, and balloon used to warn away aviators when outdoor scenes are being "shot."



RICHARD GREENE: "I'm Keen about a Camera!"

More pictures by Richard Greene: his mother, below right; his new home, center; and his cocker-spaniel. At right, Richard tinkers with one of his favorite cameras while his shepherd dog looks on.



Hollywood's handsomest young Englishman believes a hobby should be fun, and takes his pictures where he finds them

By Ruth Tildesley



"WE'RE moving in," explained Richard Greene, welcoming me to his Brentwood cottage, a brand new white-and-green house with a picket fence in front and a hill rising at the back. What will be lawn one day is now two great heaps of new rich topsoil, with flagstones and flowers between.

The curtains aren't up yet, and Richard was in that bemused state all new homeowners know, where half the mind is on what the gardener isn't doing and a quarter of the other half is concerned with intriguing plans for furnishing and decorating.

"I can't find a thing! Where the early photograph albums can have got to is beyond me, but I've found some loose prints," he said, offering me a seat on the gaily flowered chintz of an English-looking couch. "You see, as soon as I can get around to it, I'm going to fit up part of the cellar here as a darkroom, and then I shall have shelves for my equipment and places for negatives and prints.

"I want to do my own printing. I'm really quite keen about camera work, though so far I've not been in the serious class. I'm not the earnest type, I'm afraid. I never move things and study effects and make my subjects change position and so on, because I do it for the fun of it, and I'm not good enough yet to impress anyone."

Richard has put on weight the past few months, most becomingly, and lost that schoolboy look. California sun has bronzed him, too, so that his eyes look lighter.

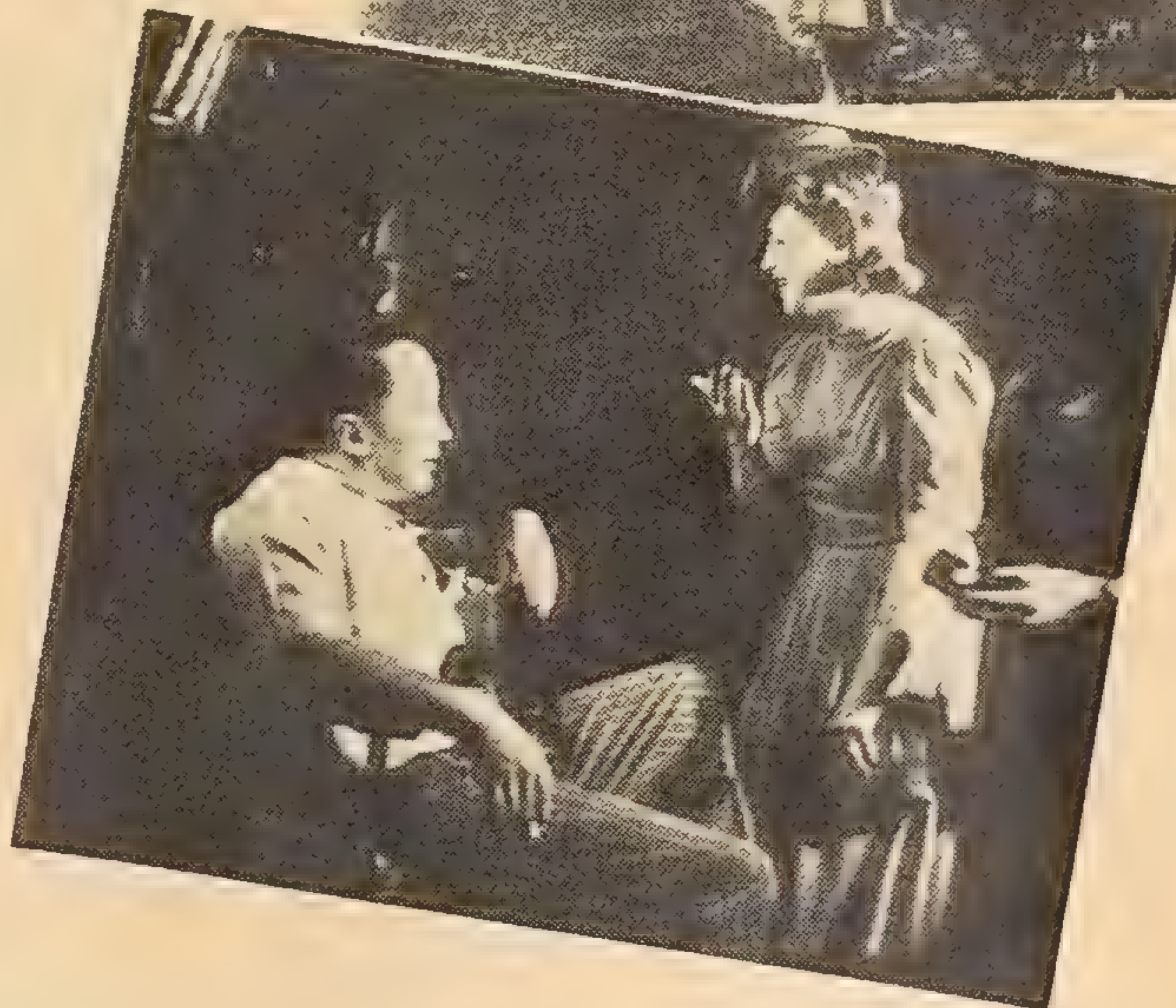
"I always had a kodak in England. Everyone over there plays about with a kodak more or less, though they aren't as expensive as those we use in Hollywood. I imagine they correspond generally to the ones people carry in America elsewhere. As I say, I always had a kodak and I liked to use it, as any kid does at school. But two years ago, I began to get really interested in photography and bought a little Leica. A Leica is a complicated affair and you can make it as complicated as you please, by getting different lenses and attachments; but you can set it quite simply, too, and get fairly good results.

"Not long ago, I came by another more inexpensive camera, an Agfa, and took it down to Arizona with me and to my mind the results were as good with one as with the other. It has attachments so that you can make night shots and it has a fast shutter. I was rather proud of its pictures on that trip. If I can find some, I'll give them to you. Of course I got a good many blanks, too. I like to experiment, and since I probably haven't given enough time to my camera yet, I have more frequent failures than successes. But I think people who make pictures should try to express themselves in them.

"Look at that picture over my fireplace!" He pointed to a brilliantly colored print labeled: *Rotten Row, 1895*. "I got that over here, by the way, and I'm proud of it. The chief character in it is the soldier in the red coat, turning his head to ogle the nursemaid, just as he's ready to step out of the picture. He's clear over here at the right, yet he's your chief interest, and you read back from him to the nurse, the groups in the fashions of forty-five years ago, the lady rider who stops to speak to her admirer, the mother and child, and so on. The artist had a novel way of presenting his subjects.

"I think most artists paint with their imaginations; nothing is a literal transcription of the scene before them; they select a church spire here and perhaps a man or a cow or a barn down there and that's their balance; the

Richard took these two pictures of his mother, below and lower right, soon after they moved into their new Brentwood cottage. Below, an informal studio snapshot showing cinematographer Pev Marley chatting with an extra girl.



rest they put in or leave out as suits the idea conceived. Camera fiends can do it that way—so center their chief interest and blur out what doesn't apply."

Hobbies, to Richard, are engrossing. He'll never be bored, he's certain, while there are cameras, hammers, saws, and good pieces of wood around.

"Come out and look at my dog kennel and run," he urged. "I built it entirely myself. Carpentering fascinates me. Over there at the other side of the house, I'm going to put in a badminton court, and out here beyond the patio I shall build a beer garden—a sort of arbor with tables and benches where people can enjoy themselves when we have parties."

The kennels are neat, sturdy, white-painted affairs, truly professional jobs. Richard's shepherd dog, leaping against the fence to welcome us, couldn't shake a picket.

"Excuse the confirmed hobbyist, but you must see the den! It isn't finished, but I'm going to build a bar in it myself. See the wallpaper?" Two walls of the room are papered in sporting print paper, the other two are plain and light. "I spent two weeks looking for that paper! And when I found it, it was almost a continuation of the framed sporting prints I (Please turn to page 96)

Marjorie Woodworth, who was a drum majorette when she attended U. S. C., obligingly dug out and donned her snappy uniform at the suggestion of the cameraman. Miss Woodworth is appearing in "Dance, Girl, Dance," the movie with Louis Hayward, Maureen O'Hara, and Lucille Ball.

What's Happening On the Hollywood Front Told in Latest News and Photo Flashes

By
Weston East



AFTER all the talk about adopting a baby, Myrna Loy wants it to be known that she and Arthur Hornblow have decided they want to take into their home not only one child, but two. A baby boy and a baby girl preferably, so they can grow in a happy, natural home life together.

It's just you just imagine what a perfect Myrna would be to those two lucky

A strong point to drive the Hornblows on in their decision, is that they'll try to find the children in an orphan's home. They will look for youngsters five or six years old, who will realize they are being taken because they are loved and wanted, rather than babies in the infant stage. Myrna dotes on children and since the Hornblows' marriage hasn't been blessed with any so far, it seems the logical step to give two orphans a break.

THE enormous bathrobe you'll see Lee Bowman offer Ann Sothorn in "Gold Rush Maisie" after she gets a drenching, really belongs to *Tarzan* Weissmuller. It's the robe he always wears when not actually before the cameras in his *Tarzan* pictures.

It must be Ann's Oomph that has put that gleam back in George Brent's eyes. Recently, however, when the wires got crossed and romantic rumors connected Miss Sheridan and George Raft, with whom she co-stars in "They Drive By Night," Brent burned and, naturally, those same rumors also upset Norma Shearer, who's been romancing with Raft. Brent is working on his new picture, "The Man Who Talked Too Much."

IF YOU soon hear that "Missy" Lombard and "Pappy" Gable are forsaking their ranch for city life don't be too surprised—and don't jump at conclusions and join a lot of others who are saying, "I told you so. Those two were never meant to live on a ranch." If the move does come, it will be Carole's decision and for a very good reason—one that you never thought

of. Unless doctors can help her allergy to poisonous plant pollens, especially poison oak, the Gables are going to move to help Carole out of her misery. Carole just left the hospital after a siege of poison oak. The attack isn't serious but is very annoying. Doctors may warn Carole that during the summer months of pollen-filled air she will have to abandon her home.



Here's Hollywood

No, Cary Grant is not demonstrating a new dance step—he was caught by the camera as he was stopped in his tracks by the sight of lovely Martha Scott on the set of "The Howards of Virginia," in which they are co-starred. Cary is costumed for his MATT HOWARD rôle; Miss Scott plays JANE PEYTON.



EVER since Mary Livingston nonchalantly stepped out and came back home to Jack Benny with a brand new nose (the latest thing in plastic surgery) everyone in Hollywood has been mulling the idea of doing over their phiz. Hollywood plastic surgeons have been busy designing new streamlined façades for unsatisfied stars with irregular frontage. You get the plans, elevations, and drawings of what you'll look like for nothing—the actual job costs a small fortune. One Hollywood face-molder, who has whittled himself a *magna cum laude* spot here for his finesse at removing masculine dimples, has a land-office business. He has his scalpel set for Humphrey Bogart. He offers to change him, any day, from a "merchant of menace" to a Robert Taylor, with or without the chin dimples, for only \$2,500 smackers. Humphrey keeps saying, "no thank you!"

ALL CAROLE LANDIS has to say about the merciless razzing she has been getting is, "Well, a girl can't know everything." Geography was never her strong point, but one Bill Hunt is, and for some time has been, her number one heart interest. It's all very simple for a girl to get a little mixed up in a case of that kind. Carole knew that Bill was to compete in the yacht races at Guadalupe, Mexico. After she saw him off a brilliant inspiration hit her. As a big surprise, she would motor down and be waiting on the dock when he arrived. She got permission from her studio to leave, she arranged all her affairs so she could make a vacation of her trip. As a last minute bit of precaution she called the automobile club to find out the best way to travel. Then came the jolt. She found that Guadalupe, Mexico, was an island 250 miles off the coast of the mainland.



ANY bachelor in Hollywood would have felt the same way Bill Lundigan did under similar circumstances. How would you react if you walked into your apartment and saw your living room draped in some unknown woman's clothes? Well, Bill first stopped to look around—everything seemed a little screwy. On the table stood a stack of mail. He nearly fainted when he found it was all addressed to Ann Sheridan. He got a strangely elated yet panicky feeling when he heard a feminine voice from his bathroom. No, it wasn't what you think—or what Bill thought! The mail had been mistakenly left by a studio messenger. All the other strange doings had to be attributed to the first-day shenanigans of a new cleaning woman.

Although this advance scene from "Lucky Partners," in which Ronald Colman and Ginger Rogers (she's a brunette for this picture) are co-starring, would lead you to believe that the film is going to be a gloomy piece, don't let it fool you—it is really a fine romantic comedy, and you know we can always depend on Ginger to pep things up so that our friend Ronald will pick up his chin and smile again.

PEOPLE keep asking what has happened in the way of progress on Dorothy Lamour's threat to write her autobiography, which was to be entitled "A Song for a Sarong." No one knows about that but Dorothy, and she's not saying much. . . . Madeleine Carroll gave her friends who were present, and later her studio a turn, when she got into a bathing suit at Catalina, donned a diving helmet, and descended to the floor of the ocean for a close-up of life at the bottom of the sea. . . . Now it comes out, and Dietrich unblushingly confesses as to how she got that way. All the poise comes from daily attitudinizing before huge, full-length mirrors. She rested, she ate and slept and she acted, always before mirrors and always on the lookout for a new pose. That should once and for all clear up a lot of discussion about Marlene's acting. . . . No one knows what Bette Davis has up her sleeve, but she's sweating bullets these hot days. She's very seriously studying vigorous ballet routines with an excellent teacher.



Olivia de Havilland seems to be having a time with Eddie Albert in this scene from their new film, "My Love Came Back," in which Olivia plays a student of the violin and Eddie is Jeffrey Lynn's rival for Miss de Havilland's affections.

IT HASN'T been reported that Buddy Adler spent the afternoon playing tennis before his fashionable evening wedding to Anita Louise. The kidding he got from his pals in the balcony at the Westside Tennis Club was blushingly *something*. Buddy took it like a man. . . . Joan Crawford's collection of books on manners, social graces, and etiquette is the most comprehensive in town. Joan is secretly terrified of pulling a social boner. . . . Standing outside of the studio prop shop on the Warner Brothers lot is a bicycle with a shiny, new coat of paint. It's the only definite sign that Paul Muni will be back there soon. For years he has used that bike to get himself around the lot.

MAE WEST isn't always as wise as those worldly, know-it-all dames she flashes at us from the screen. Mae pulls boners, just as you and I, but hers, reckoned in dollars and cents, can sometimes run into a sizeable fortune. It has been rumored, since the great success of "Du Barry Was a Lady" on the stage, that Mae West would do the screen version. Technically, that would be impossible and only because Mae once made the great mistake of flatly refusing to do a picture titled "Gentleman's Choice," the rights of which were owned by Paramount. In those days Mae did all deciding on what she would and wouldn't do for the screen. "Du Barry," it now comes out, is that selfsame "Gentleman's Choice" that Mae dubbed impossible. It simply has a new name. Mae can't help but toss and turn these nights mentally figuring how the movie grosses from "Du Barry" will swell to bursting the money bags it filled from its legitimate run.

After viewing scenes in which Ronald Reagan portrays George Gipp, football player, in "The Life of Knute Rockne," students of the Division of Fine Arts of the University of Southern California, chose Reagan as the "Twentieth Century Adonis," possessing the most nearly perfect male figure—ah, there, girls! Ronald's broad shoulders, slender waist, and long rhythmic lines are ideally typical of America's Modern Youth.

IF ANDREA LEEDS never made another picture, she could settle down to a position as an outstanding Hollywood figure for her perfection at entertaining. Her first big party since she has become Mrs. Howard intimately showed up her enviable and happy situation in life. Her position is undoubtedly a spot that many an ambitious girl covets with eager eyes. It proves again what Hollywood can do for a girl. The home of the Howards is a mansion of Tudor elegance set in the midst of rolling acres of beautifully green lawns. The estate embraces a whole private mountain canyon. All of the grounds were transformed for the party. The tennis courts were canopied and covered with a floor for dancing. The grounds meander beyond the courts to include a huge swimming pool and the most completely appointed playhouse in town. A string orchestra tinkled beside the dazzling plunge, another played for dancing. Andrea, as hostess, met a great number of guests with a charm you've never seen in her on the screen. It's good to see anyone as happy as she is.

YOU can always depend on Lana Turner to find a way to make a splash appearance no matter what she wears. When she recently swaggered into the Beverly Brown Derby every diner missed a swallow. She wore a brilliant green taffeta bow (that big) bobbing jauntily at the nape of her neck. Hubby Artie Shaw could barely squeeze the door wide enough to let her into the room. . . . Charles Laughton got the surprise of his life when, instead of winning his suit for \$15 in small claims court brought against Steffi Duna, she was awarded the sum of \$4.52 damages. The judge found she had the right of way in a traffic accident.

And speaking of aesthetic proportions and rhythmic lines, how about Dana Dale's? Ronald Reagan will have to move over and make room for Dana on that pedestal they've put him on. Dana posed for the bow figurehead used on the good ship THE SEA HAWK, in the film of that name co-starring Errol Flynn and Brenda Marshall. Below, Dana posing for Harry Platt, the Welsh sculptor, who is seen working on the clay model.



SURE, movie stars sometimes do their own marketing, but the prosaic task of buying fruits and vegetables is indulged in right now only because it is *the* thing to do. The Farmers' Public Market has suddenly become the gayest informal meeting place in town. In fact, it's become so popular that all leading columnists have scouts planted out among the many booths and any star making a striking and novel appearance can easily rate a few lines of nation-wide mention. As soon as food emporiums begin to get patronage of movie names they go genuinely Hollywood. Their wares take on an exotic glamor in direct ratio to the degree of pampering their new customers have allowed their palates. At the Farmers' Market, now, you can buy expensive, delicious papaya, a tree melon flown in from the tropics, where before you could only buy scallions. It's fun to buy your vitamins rubbing elbows with Charlie Chaplin or Hedy Lamarr. The only item not typically Hollywood at this favorite spot is the lack of autograph hounds. Surely they know about this popular meeting place yet no star is ever approached or bothered here. Somehow it's a little disarming to beg for signatures from your favorite screen stars when they're mulling over the choice of Brussels sprouts or wax beans for dinner.

NOW it's Jeffery Lynn who has the town talking. You know Jeff was always so shy that he wouldn't start a conversation with a girl unless they had been properly introduced. He comes from a family of stern-minded New Englanders and life is very serious with them. No newcomer ever struggled to try to accept Hollywood as Jeffery did. He admits that many times it almost had him licked, but suddenly he has become one of the more dashing bachelors about town. No one had ever seen Jeff break down enough to attempt a rumba, much less any hot jitterbugging. So everyone at a recent party of Mrs. Jack Warner's were very surprised when Jeff eenie-meanie-minie-moed around a roomful of Hollywood beauties trying to pick a partner for a jitterbug competition. His final choice of poised and lovely Greer Garson had one and all amazed but Greer topped his gag by accepting. Need I say, they were hot stuff and walked off with the prize.

DID you know that there isn't a picture hanging anywhere in Jimmy Cagney's home? The house is decorated only with wood carvings. . . . I'll bet that waiter who served Marlene Dietrich and Eric Remarque at Perino's sky-room last week snatched the cloth from their table when they left. During their tête-à-tête they kept idly sketching their initials and drawing pictures. They even drew maps to illustrate their convictions about the war situation. . . . They say that no actress took more horseplay from a co-star than Joan Crawford did from Freddie March during the making of "Susan And God." No one ever before had the nerve to heckle Joan when she was trying to act. Freddie did till she was on the brink of mayhem. . . . Jack Benny was very surprised when he opened his bags after he boarded the train on a hurry up trip East to find only flimsy lingerie, creams and lotions. By mistake, he had been given Mary Livingston's luggage, who was to leave on the same trip the following day. . . . Patricia Morrison, who was told by her studio to lose a lot of weight or else, lost fifteen pounds in a few weeks. Besides very skimpy meals the only food she consumed was a glass of buttermilk three times a day, each containing the juice of one lemon.

"Dance, Girl, Dance" is the title of Lucille Ball's new film and here, Lucille, in top hat and black satin ballet costume, is rarin' to get started on the dance sequence of this romantic film drama.



What Is Your Summer Beauty Problem?

Requests for "information, please," center on certain situations. Perhaps yours is here

By Courtenay Marvin

Patricia Morison shows you how to do "something different" with long hair. Somewhat shortened front and sides are swept upward to give the up and off the face note, yet conform to the general contour of her normal head. Long hair is that something extra to possess if you can keep it beautiful.

Carole Landis' coiffure was especially designed for her by her studio, and a lovely creation. It's young, smart, cool. It's a style that almost any girl can copy to advantage, especially the front and sides. You can use your own imagination with the back, keeping this general idea. When well set, the front rolls are very long lasting, easy to do.

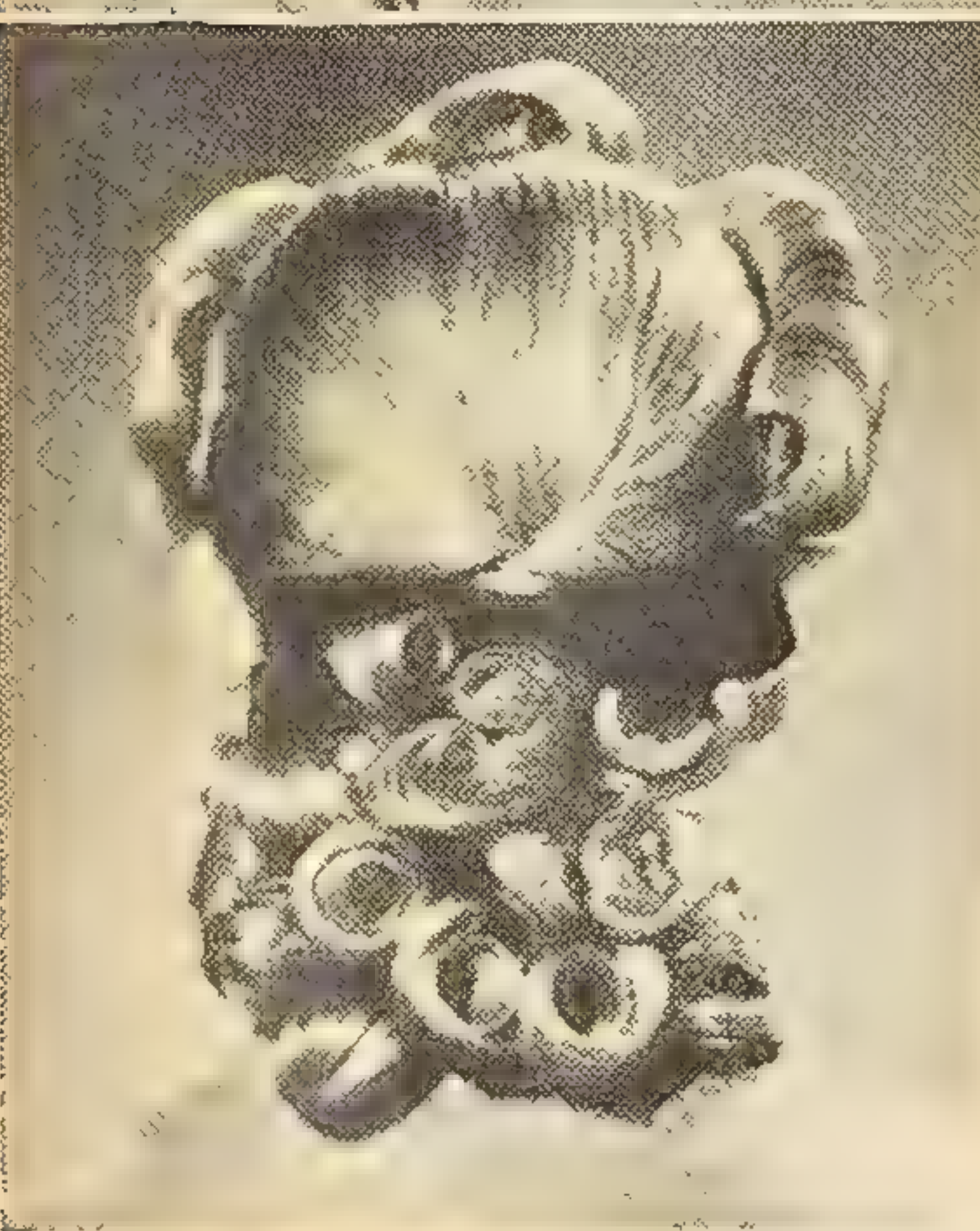
NO MATTER how carefully you planned that summer wardrobe, no matter how painstakingly you pamper your person in your good looks rituals, comes the moment when summer gets you down. Your silken curls go dank with humidity; your tan didn't turn out the way you expected; that clear *café au lait* you exposed yourself hopefully for borders on a lifeless beige; your hands have a grimy look in spite of copious bathings; your clothes all look a little seedy now and you long for a chic, new black crepe. All in all, summer has you somewhat in a state of humility.

At this point, temptation to give up and blame it all on summer is strong. If you belong to the spineless species, you will. However, if you are modern, streamlined mentally, used to taking the days as a game to be won, then here is help relayed via Hollywood. And, geographically speaking, there is no better place to learn the art of combatting Nature than Hollywood. "The wind and the rain in your hair" is wistfully poetic when sung; a sad reality when experienced, as many a star knows. Poetic, too, sounds the kiss of the sun, but the reflection on your poor skin often proves it otherwise.

Most hair presents a problem in summer. My first suggestion is a "done looking" coiffure, an orderly design, which is far less inclined to betray its fall to summer than is just a combed out arrangement. Besides, hair up and off your face is decidedly cooler, easier to keep in place. This up and off the face is still the smartest of fashions and is becoming to almost any type of face. Also, it's a young style.

For a long-haired idea, look at Patricia Morison. The long-haired girls have had these pictures coming to them for a long time. There have been a number of requests for arrangements that are smart and different. Patricia's front and side hair is cut somewhat shorter, deeply waved, and conforms generally to the up and off line, though somewhat modified. The back is elaborately coiled closely, and the whole effect is of classical simplicity, though not

Lower left: Ann Rutherford reminds you that even young eyes get lines from sun. Use cream. Center: Olivia de Havilland shows you how to streamline your time between hair and luncheon. Lower right: Joan Bennett is deciding which pif paf puf, cosmetic purse, matches her costume.



without elements of style in its own way.

A word on long hair. It adds distinction, that something extra, when hair is beautiful, perfectly groomed and the owner is the long-haired type. Recently, Muriel Angelus told me she had had long hair until a few years ago, down to her waist.

For something nice to do with short or fairly short hair, look at Carole Landis. What could be fresher or cooler looking? If you can't get that back ringlet effect, try brushing your ends into curls or a smooth brush there and either catching with a clip or using the bow idea. This, of course, is for the young and fairly young, but the front is for many. A nice diversion for evening is to use real flowers in place of the ribbon.

For general care, shampoo more frequently than you usually do. If you will choose your preparation according to your hair type, a weekly shampoo will benefit both hair and appearance. There are shampoos for oily hair, for normal hair, for dry hair. There are shampoos that add a glint of color, that bring back the gold to faded blondes. There are those designed especially for a dandruff condition. There are those that work as well in cool water as in warm, and vacationists may be glad to know this, when hot water at a turn of the tap is not to be had. There are cleansing lotions that you use between shampoos to keep both scalp and hair immaculate, and also waterless ones. I have heard more than one word of thankfulness by hospital patients for these. In fact, there is just about what you need, if you will tell your sales person when buying, instead of just purchasing the first thing that comes to mind. In many cases, you can buy the small, trial sizes, if you are a skeptic, and want to see for yourself.

Brush as often as ever—at least one hundred strokes daily, as I've told you before. If you *will* go hatless in blazing suns, then be smart and use one of the sun protection agents, that smooth over your hair and protect it from damaging sunburn as the creams do your skin. There is a sunshade snood that saves your hair-do, your eyes from strain and offers some shade for your face. The sports visor makes you look somewhat like a smart-looking jockey. These are good looking on, cost very little and are grand for every sport, all casual outdoor life and for riding in cars when a hat is a nuisance. The snood comes well over your hair, protecting your curls.

While air and a moderate amount of sun are splendid for your hair, and if you are careful, you will undoubtedly come out of summer, with far prettier and healthier hair, there is no excuse for the terrific burning and drying-out process to which some girls thoughtlessly subject their top-knots. Bleached, streaked and dead looking hair will be anything but attractive under that smart autumn hat, and unless you go to extreme care, it takes time to undo this sign of summer. So protect that hair in some way, by hats, a protective preparation or avoiding extreme sun.

On the first page of this story, you see a graphic picture for business girls—Olivia de Havilland, who knows that being busy is no excuse for careless hair, and that groomed hair, also, is no excuse for missing a luncheon. Olivia sits calmly enjoying a sandwich and glass of milk while the beautifying process is going on. Take a lesson, readers, in streamlining your time.

I hope you're well equipped with sun oil or cream, according to your need, and I hope you're using faithfully the preparation you need. A "cultivated" tan can be so charming on many, but a merely abused summer skin never is. Then there are the blonder girls who will never tan, but can attain a lovely degree of intensified color,

(Continued on page 91)

Yours for Loveliness

Beauty that travels with
you or stays at home

A LITTLE brush, designed especially for making smooth, silken curls! That is another triumph by the Ogilvie Sisters, who have specialized for many years in preparations for the health and beauty of your hair. Curl Brush does something for curls that a comb just won't do, in the way of grooming them into order and beauty. This brush is only six inches long and three-fourths of an inch wide, petite enough to snuggle down in your bag, ready to re-do your coiffure in a few minutes. Take it with you by day; take it on your travels, especially by plane, when weight of luggage must be considered. Win the wonder of friends at the perfection of your hair-do. The brush has excellent firm bristles and a "mouse-tail" end. The brush is inexpensive and is for sale in department stores, the better drug stores and in Ogilvie Sisters' salons.

MY SINCEREST advice for the protection and beauty of your skin in summer is, "Use a foundation." One of the most satisfactory preparations of this type, in cream form, is the House of Westmore Foundation Cream. It is a very "workable" cream. It spreads smoothly and only a little is needed to make your skin far more receptive to rouge and powder than it would ever be without. By your choice in tone, you can do much to deepen or lighten your natural skin, because this foundation has the virtue of remaining on your skin, a true foundation, indeed. It does not thin or melt at skin contact, eventually to make your face appear oily. As a matter of fact, this is a splendid cream for oily skin, and a thin application seems to accept and absorb the oil, so that it is not apparent through your powder. This foundation comes in a variety of tones and is for sale in drug and department stores.

WHEN you first see Sun-brette, Kleinert's scoop in beach hat ideas, you think it's a pancake bag. But with a twist of the fingers, it opens wide into a flattering and utilitarian beach hat. It comes in brightly designed cotton and costs little. It will certainly prove the most accommodating hat you've ever had. When you're through masquerading beneath it under the sun, you give it a flip of the fingers and it flattens back into a pancake. Thus you can pack it in any kind of bag; you can slip it in the pockets of your car or sandwich it away any old place. And because you can do this and not be bothered with a regular beach hat, charming maybe, but needing practically a truck to get it back and forth, you'll save that pretty skin from painful burn and you'll keep your hair bright and shining, instead of acquiring that "last rose of summer" look. This Sun-brette is one of the neatest tricks of the summer, and you'll find it in the notions sections of department stores.

SOME under-cover work has revealed that many girls carry in their purses a small source of humiliation on occasions—the powder puff that is not as fresh as it should be. This is almost an universal failing, and is somewhat of a puzzler when you realize how fastidious we are about a fresh, scented handkerchief and other miscellane. Perhaps we just don't think, so opposite is a whole collection of Betty Lou powder puffs to help you remember to get some new ones. Made of Marvel Velour cloth, specially processed for extra softness, Betty Lou puffs are extra kind to your skin and spread powder with a superb softness. They cost but a song, and, as you'll see, you can get almost any size or combination of sizes, as well as the puff-a-day package. If you forget the name, remember the pussy-willow twigs on the transparent coverings. Keep a supply on hand. A clean puff is essential to a healthy, smooth skin. Be especially careful in the case of an eruption not to use the puff that has touched it over the other part of your face. And press and puff on powder lightly; don't rub in. C. M.



A brush for your curls! A little gem is Curl Brush, by Ogilvie Sisters. Small enough to carry in your bag.



For that complexion you've dreamed of, try House of Westmore Foundation Cream. It's also a grand protector.



Sun-brette, by Kleinert, resembles a pancake when folded but opens to a flattering beach hat. Summer magic, this.



All sizes and quantities in super-soft Betty Lou powder puffs. Remember the pussy-willows on the packages.



Carole Landis is wearing two of the four pieces of her new play suit of woven seersucker in light blue with white stripes. The separate bra-top and shorts permit a peep at the bare midriff which is the highlight of current sports fashions.

Private Life of Melvyn Douglas

Continued from page 21

and there was no further discussion. They continued on their world tour.

During those weeks while Melvyn was thinking of himself as a father, what he'd do to be a sensible one, and how he'd act when the baby arrived, they visited Bali. And in this exotic island, Melvyn discovered a system that he adopted for future use. He made up his mind to raise his children according to the Balinese idea.

The Balinese insist that their children have their own separate community, a community for them and their friends only. Melvyn thought the plan sensible; so Peter, his son, spends a great deal of his time with his friends, going to their homes for

dinner and having them up to swim in the Douglas pool. Peter is particularly fond of this system, for he has many friends and likes them all.

There are other points to the Balinese idea that are a cinch to raise a child properly. The children, in their own community, have their own code of manners, and if one of the rules is broken, a punishment of some kind is forthcoming. For example, there's the time when Peter was chastised considerably for a misdeed.

"Peter was attending a party once," Melvyn said, "and he had become very fascinated by a young lass who sat near him. He was so intrigued by her that he forgot

his manners and rested his elbow on the table and continued to stare at her. Finally, the little girl turned to him and very politely asked, 'Have you broken your arm, Peter?' When he came home later, he was very crushed. There's no doubt about it. Those Balinese had the right idea.

"Of course, Peter doesn't spend all of his time with children. I think he needs to be around adults, too. I don't agree with the adage, 'A child should be seen and not heard.' I think it does them—and us—good to hear them once in a while. In fact, Peter has dinner with us about three times a week. And his comments on our conversations are very interesting.

"I remember once we were talking about the war in Europe. When we were all through, he turned to me and said, 'But, Daddy, that's terrible. People shouldn't fight, 'cause if one fights, the other has to fight back. And pretty soon, there isn't anybody left to fight.' Now I'm not trying to give a list of Peter's cute sayings. He's no brighter than any other boy. But I do think he had something there."

One of the cardinal rules among most fathers is to forbid their children to say too much or express too many opinions. Some papas here go to the other extreme and let the infant prodigies talk all over the place. But Melvyn believes in self-expression, as long as it is done under favorable or meaningful conditions.

"I like Peter to express his own interests and his desires," Melvyn said emphatically. "I'll never try to force anything upon him, especially religion. When he finds a church that appeals to him, that is where he'll go. His interest in churches now centers mainly on those that have choir boys. He loves to hear them sing, since he's quite musically inclined. Not so long ago, he went to a church that was holding a communion service. It was his first experience at that sort of thing. My secretary, Walter Pick, took him and was taking the communion. Peter remained in his seat during the service, but when Walter returned to his seat, Peter could contain himself no longer. 'Walt, what did they feed you?' he asked him. Walter tried to tell him. Peter listened and then in a clear voice asked, 'Why do they feed you in church?' I thought it best that he didn't attend any more communions for a while. Sunday School is more in his line for the present.

"Recently, Peter has developed an interest in carpentry. I don't know where he got such an interest, but I felt it worth encouraging. I happened to hear of a carpenter who had been out of work for some time, so I got him to come to the house three times a week and teach Peter all he wanted to know about carpentry. He can't use all of the tools yet, but he is as absorbed as ever in the hobby.

"I may be considered foolish about my belief that Peter should be allowed to figure out what he wants to do and to try everything within reason that takes his fancy, but I don't believe in forcing anything on a youngster. And that definitely includes forcing him to attend a certain church simply because my wife and I believe in a particular religion. After all, the boy must have some individuality."

Peter is a wild young one. He's not a roaring devil who kicks innocent people on the shins or who makes faces at passers-by, yet he's certainly no goody-goody. His spontaneous and combustible temperament combines naturally with a definite amount of good manners. Occasionally, though, his temperament gets out of control, and then the disciplinarian father in the person of Melvyn enters the scene.

On one occasion, Peter self-expressed himself too much and became rude. Melvyn waited to see if he would realize that he was being ill-mannered. Peter went on his merry way. Finally, Melvyn took him

upstairs and gave him one of his very few spankings.

"I don't believe in spanking a child, though," Melvyn said, "because I don't think it does a lot of good. Maybe I'm being soft and easy on him. I don't know. Maybe I should control him more, but I find it hard to punish him at all. Spanking is the simplest way out, I guess, when it comes to disciplining, but I prefer the old Balinese idea better.

"Recently, Peter was having a typical childish fit and started to throw books at me. I immediately took away one of his cherished privileges. I told him he could not have dinner with us for a week. He would have to eat upstairs in his room. That calmed him down immediately. The only thing that is wrong with the way I use this Balinese system of forfeiting privileges as a punishment is that I'm too inclined to go just half-way. Invariably, I'll only go through with half of the punishment. He'll usually be denied dinner with us for just one or two evenings of the week. Even at that, I'm a better disciplinarian than my wife. She can't even start the punishment."

Peter realizes his mother is more inclined to give in to him than Melvyn is, and consequently he goes to her first whenever he wants anything. Even then, though, he doesn't always get what he's after, despite his adroit methods of wheedling—and can he wheedle! His pet system used to be to turn on the tears. But that doesn't work now, so he talks idly about matters far from the actual thing that is preying on his mind. Then, suddenly, with a sort of 'by-the-way' attitude, he'll come out with the crux of the matter.

Melvyn looked out of the big window that fronts his hill-top home in Hollywood and elucidated on the subject further. "I never used to know when he was wheedling me into something, but now I know the inevitable signs. Once he begins to take an unusual interest in clearing away his toys or in discussing something that sounds a bit phony, I become leery. I let him ramble on, and when I know he's nearing the point, I give him one look that lets him know I'm wise to him.

"Of late, he has adopted another means of wheedling that bothers me a little. When I reprimand him, I usually use some such phrase as 'Now, Peter, think first before you lose your temper. Then speak.' Being very fatherly and in a paternal tone, naturally. Well, recently, when Peter sees that I'm going to scold him, he'll turn to me and say, 'Now, Daddy, think first before you lose your temper. Then speak.' I've abandoned that preface to a scolding now in favor of more exacting measures."

Melvyn is unlike some Hollywood fathers, too, in that he makes every effort to keep Peter from thinking that being an actor in pictures is anything unusual. But Melvyn has had some difficulty in this line. One day, some boys who were hiking in the hills around Melvyn's home saw the Douglas swimming pool and were immediately excited. They asked permission to come into the yard and were okayed. Just as they were coming into the yard, Melvyn appeared. One of the boys let out an excited cry, "Look! it's Melvyn Douglas!" Peter looked at them and was puzzled. A few days later, Melvyn had some guests at his home. Peter had cornered one of the guests and Melvyn heard him say gleefully, "My Daddy's Melvyn Douglas!"

"I didn't think that was being cute," Melvyn said. "I took Peter to one side and told him never to say that again. I tried to explain that no one cared who I was. He hasn't mentioned me much since, which may or may not be a good thing.

"Of course, he is much more interested in his mother's singing than he is in my acting. Seeing his mother in a play is far



Here the lovely Landis has donned the brief bolero with balloon short sleeves and a full wrap-around skirt which ties in apron fashion. The huge hat is of matching seersucker and the Mexi-coolie play sandals are of interlaced strips of white calf.

more fascinating than seeing me in a picture or on the set. His opinion of motion pictures is best expressed by a comment he made on his first visit to a set. He had been awed by all the odd buildings, the peculiar instruments, and other paraphernalia, and by the time he reached my dressing room, he was perplexed. 'Is this where you work, Daddy?' he asked me. I said it was. He heaved a big sigh and said, 'Gee! it's just like a factory!' I thought a reply was unnecessary."

Melvyn sees to it that Peter lives a more or less independent life. He's teaching him to find his pleasure at home since he doesn't think it necessary for him to see many pictures or to go out too often. And Peter is perfectly contented, chiefly because he can always find time to entertain baby sister Mary.

Melvyn is quite the different father where Mary is concerned. She isn't yet at the stage where discipline has to be ex-

erted to any great extent. She's a contented and placid little body and is the apple of young Peter's eye. Her main interests in life are an empty tube of toothpaste, her favorite toy, and her aluminum mitts that were originally meant to prevent thumb-sucking but which she has changed into means for playing. Then, too, she is always glad when Peter crawls into her crib and plays with her. She has the advantage over Peter, though. Melvyn will obey her slightest whim. He's still the exalted father where she's concerned.

You can corner Melvyn any time and he'll talk about his two kids. But he'll never claim that they are the only cute youngsters in town. To him, they're just something swell to give him occasional headaches and much pleasure. He's such a typical and ordinary father with such typical and ordinary ideas that you just don't believe him. No wonder he's considered remarkable in Hollywood.



"Elsa Maxwell's Public Deb Number 1"

Continued from page 25

him, and you should have seen how excited everybody got. Of course there's been an awful lot about me in the papers, about my *début* and about me being one of the richest girls in the world and an orphan and the heiress to the Cooper Soups fortune and all that sort of thing. I saw a couple of reporters dashing for the telephones and the magistrate cleared his throat and leaned over the bench toward me.

"Miss Cooper," he said nervously, "I'm afraid I interrupted you just as you were about to say something which might have changed the complexion of this case."

"I'll tell you what's changed," I said hotly. "You know who I am, now! That's what I was talking about! Justice based on social privilege must go!"

"You're right, Miss Cooper," the magistrate said. "And now that you've explained yourself more fully it puts a different light on the whole matter. Sentence suspended!"

"I don't want it suspended! I want to serve my sentence!" I demanded.

But really it seems it's easier to get arrested than not to. They didn't pay the least attention to me and hustled me out. A crowd of reporters were waiting outside. "Say, Miss Cooper," one of them demanded, "is this Pinko stuff just a gag?"

When I gave him an indignant, "No," another one of them came over. "How do you reconcile the fact that you're the richest girl in the world with the Brotherhood of Man?" he asked sarcastically.

"Having money doesn't necessarily stop one from having ideals," I told him coldly.

"No, but it makes it a lot cozier," he shouted as I got into the limousine and drove off.

Grisha was so understanding when I got home, and when I told him that they had *refused* to allow me to stay in jail he muttered indignantly. "The swine! How long are we going to stand for this treatment?" Then he suddenly remembered something. "By the way, there is a Mr. Fairchild waiting for you in the drawing room."

In all the excitement I'd completely forgotten I'd asked Bruce Fairchild for dinner. But then I never remember my dates with him. He's the sort of man girls forget. It's too bad because he really is sweet in some ways, but in others he's so stodgy

and unexciting and hardly thinks of anything but his law practice. But he hadn't really started talking before I was all agog. Just think, he'd been asked to run for Congress. Of course I could see what it would mean to the Cause having a sympathetic congressman with us and I think Bruce was a little taken back by my enthusiasm for his affairs. But when I told him about my new interests and how I wanted him to help me he became quite cold.

Then Uncle Milburn came in. He's my guardian and he's been looking after my Cooper Soups interests until I'm twenty-one when I can do exactly as I please with the business. Uncle Milburn's a darling but unfortunately he's a reactionary too.

Just then Grisha came in all excited. He was carrying the evening papers and there was my name spread all over the headlines and as if that wasn't enough someone on the radio began blaring out all about my arrest and everything. I took one look at Uncle Milburn's and Bruce's faces and decided it was time to make my exit. Temporarily at least. So I went upstairs to powder my nose.

Dear Diary:

As you know, quite a few days have elapsed since I've been able to write a line in you. Things have been too hectic. Uncle Milburn goes around looking worried all the time because our soup sales have taken such a terrific flop. All because of me. Because I've got ideals! Isn't it too ironic? I mean the way people loved me and bought soup when I was a featherbrained little deb and the way they turn against me now when I have really taken up something worthwhile.

Then Uncle Milburn met Elsa Maxwell at one of her parties and he got an idea. He was going to have her give a testimonial for our soups to sort of counteract me, you see. It was a great idea with Elsa and her parties being known just *everywhere*. Elsa and I have always been great friends. She is such a darling and more fun than anyone I've ever known. But Elsa wouldn't give the testimonial. Not that she had anything against our soups. "It's just that I have no particular fondness for being lynched," she told Uncle and the Board of Directors. "At a time like this I want no part of Cooper Soups. The only thing I

Making decorative flower arrangements is Brenda Joyce's hobby. Far left, Brenda puts the finishing touches on an arrangement of calla lilies, old-fashioned flags, privet stalks, iris leaves and red carnations in a royal blue Chinese bowl. The flower-and-leaf arrangement in the center consists of privet, purple iris and leaves, *Watsonia* stalks, and a few stalks of lavender stock in a low blue bowl with white porcelain deer. Brenda is especially proud of the above simple arrangement of plum blossom twigs.

can think of that would do any good is to take that little swimming pool Bolshevik out to the woodshed." I never thought Elsa would say things like that about me!

Bruce has been acting sort of squiffy too. The papers had been linking my name with his in hitting at his campaign. So the night he asked me out for dinner he wanted to go to a quiet place where no one would see us together and I suggested a darling little Russian place Grisha had told me about.

The place was nice but we had the most awful waiter. He didn't look Russian at all, having blue eyes and a nice boyish nose that was the least bit turned up. If I'd seen him on the stag line I'd have simply died if he hadn't cut in on me because he was really cute looking, but as a waiter he turned out to be the worst kind of drip.

Bruce was riding me because of the national boycott on Cooper Soups. "Quit kidding yourself, Penny," he said. "The Brotherhood of Man is just an impractical theory worked out by lazy people in the hopes of getting something for nothing."

"Of course you'd think it impractical because you're a HAVE!" I told him indignantly. "But if you were a HAVE NOT it would be a different story. I'll bet our waiter doesn't think it is so impractical."

And with that I called him over. "Do you know there are men in this town earning three or four million a year?" I asked him. "Aren't you envious of them?"

"Sure I am," he said without any hesitation at all.

"But if we had real brotherly love in this country that couldn't happen," I explained. "You *couldn't* be rich. Everyone would have the same amount. How'd you like that?"

"I *wouldn't* like it!" he said. And then before I could say a word he went right on. "Someday I hope to be making four million a year myself. Don't you realize America is the only country left where a

fellow like me can start out at eighteen a week and end up by making millions? The odds may be against me but the chance is always there, and I don't want anyone taking it from me!"

"That's the most practical definition of Americanism I've heard," Bruce said triumphantly.

"That's what the capitalists have preached for years to keep the common people satisfied," I said. "Why do you swallow it? Why don't you wake up?"

"Why don't you wake up, Miss Cooper?" the waiter said. "I've read about those idealistic bellyachings of yours in the papers and I think more than anything else you need a good spanking."

I was so furious I sent for the proprietor and asked him to discharge the man for his insolence. But he kept right on.

"Aren't you being a little mixed up?" he asked with a perfectly maddening grin. "You're using your capitalistic influence. Don't you find that inconsistent with your new beliefs?"

"You're fired!" the proprietor shouted, and at that the waiter took a step toward me and he looked frightfully menacing.

"Now I'm going to give you that spanking!" he said.

Bruce being a gentleman tried to stop him, but he knocked him down with one blow. And before I could even *imagine* he really meant it that waiter had turned me over his knee and spanked me. HARD.

The place became a perfect bedlam. The police rushed in and reporters began appearing from nowhere at all. I just don't seem to have a bit of privacy these days. Having the waiter arrested turned out to be only a momentary triumph. The morning headlines were served to me for breakfast and I was all over them again. Me, and Alan Blake. That's the name of that awful waiter. And I'd hardly had time to read the fun they'd made of me and the hero they'd made of Blake when Grisha

told me Uncle Milburn wanted to see me.

Elsa was with him and so were the morning papers.

"I see you've been reading my notices," I said, trying to be casual. "I hope this isn't the start of one of your lecture tours, Elsa."

"Well," she said, "I know it's none of my business but I did come over to talk to you. I know your heart's in the right place and I know there are a lot of things wrong with the world, but one little girl like you can't correct them. When youngsters come across ideas like this for the first time they're apt to get tremendously hopped up and think they've discovered the cure-all for the world's troubles. Look at it squarely. You haven't changed the world one bit, but in one week you've alienated everyone in it, driven your uncle to distraction, and practically wrecked the Cooper Soup Company!"

"The Cooper Soup Company can fall flat on its face and I won't care!" I said hotly. "I don't want the money."

"You don't know what you're saying," Uncle Milburn said. "I wish you'd listen to Elsa. She has a plan that'll counteract all this bad publicity and whitewash you completely."

"I don't want to be whitewashed!" I said. "I'm not ashamed of what I'm doing and if people insist on misunderstanding that's just too bad. You've been criticizing my ideals, Elsa—what about yours? Just what are you doing for the world?"

"I guess not much from your point of view," she said laughing, "but I've given some awfully good parties in my time, made a lot of people happy. That's something your Russian friends wouldn't understand."

Just then Grisha came in and told me he had a message for me that he had to deliver personally. But when I went out in the hall with him I discovered he just wanted to talk to me. "I couldn't help overhearing when you said money doesn't mean anything to you any more," he said. "It is inspiring, but it happens your income is indispensable. So far, almost singlehandedly you've kept us out of the red. Ironically our Cause seems to be dependent on the sale of Cooper Soups, so I think you'd better co-operate with the plan your uncle has for helping the sales."

Of course I had been helping the Cause in a practical way giving Grisha all my allowance. Still I hated to think I'd be pretending to give up my ideals. But in just a few weeks I could sell the company and

give the money to the Cause and unless the business was built up no one would buy it. And as he pointed out, great causes demanded great sacrifices. So I went in to the others and told them I'd do what they wanted me to.

It was worse than I thought it would be. Elsa's scheme was that I should fall in love with the waiter who'd spanked me! Just for public consumption, I mean. She said the Public would adore having me fall for their hero. But it was one of the hardest things I've ever done when I went down to the jail and got Alan out.

All the reporters were there when I held out my hand to Alan. "I know that what you did to me last night should have been done a long time ago," I said. "I'm sorry you had to spend the night in jail. My car's outside. I'll take you any place you want to go."

"No, thanks," he said in a maddening matter-of-fact way.

"But I did want to talk to you," I said uncomfortably.

He looked me over in the most casual way and then said, "Okay," and got in the car beside me. I tried to explain that I was sorry for what had happened but he wouldn't have any of it. "The flirtation's laid an egg," he said.

I was livid at that. "Do you think I would stoop to a flirtation with a moth-eaten waiter like you?" I demanded.

"Yes," he said. "Besides, I'm an out-of-work waiter. You had me fired. Remember? Anyway, what I told you last night about opportunity in America still goes. Where else could this happen? In jail five minutes ago, and here I am stretched out in the back seat of a Rolls Royce with the richest girl in the country throwing herself at me."

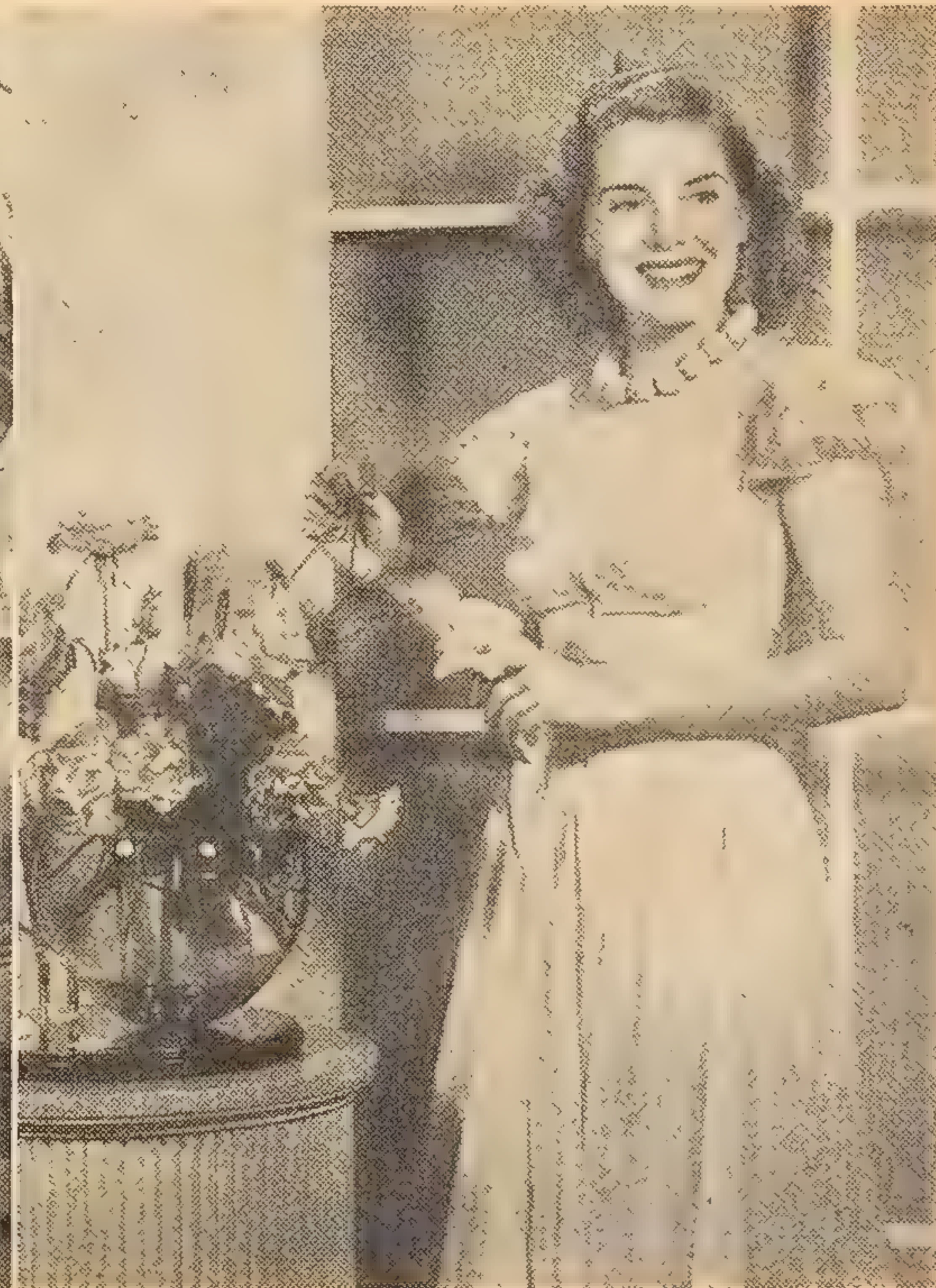
"I detest you," I said, making the most complete understatement I'd ever made in my life. "The only reason I got you out of jail was because you are getting all the good publicity and I need some of it. My publicity has been hurting the sales of my soup."

"Cards on the table! I like that," Alan said. But he looked at me as if he couldn't see me for dust. "But why should a freshly hatched little idealist like you worry about the profits of a big, soulless corporation like Cooper Soups?"

"My motives needn't concern you," I said coldly. "I have to get people to change their opinion of me and the quickest way is to be seen with you."

"Oh, you're trying to trump up a ro-

Brenda believes nothing adds to the festiveness of a room as a charming flower arrangement. Below, she's using a rubber bulb to remove stale water and spray a fresh supply without disturbing the arrangement of *Dracaena* leaves, blossoming aloe, and sprigs of *Crassula arborescence*. Center, a large copper bowl holds russet gladioli, yellow and orange snapdragons, yellow daisies, and umbrella plant branches banked against two huge banana leaves. The glass bowl with chrome base contains *Talisman* roses, wild *Statice* and wild lemon branches.





June Preisser believes a daily dozen a day keeps the bulges away and daily spends part of her lunch period in the studio gym. Above, just to make sure that her tummy keeps flat, Miss Preisser, with the help of bars, does this toe-touching exercise.

mance?" he said. "Not while I'm conscious."

"I'll pay you for it," I put in quickly. "How about a thousand dollars?"

"I wouldn't be seen holding hands with you for a thousand dollars," he said. "It isn't that I object to working as a gigolo, it's just that it's so temporary. I'm looking for something permanent. How about a good, steady job?"

"Oh, anything," I said impatiently. "You can taste soup if you want to."

"That won't do," he said. "This is the break I'm looking for and I'm not going to sell myself short."

"How about being vice-president?" I asked sarcastically.

"That's it!" he grinned. "Think of it at my age! What a success story!"

The awful thing was that he meant it. He wouldn't take anything less, and Uncle Milburn gave him the job.

Dear Diary:

Excuse me for neglecting you, but I've been really awfully busy. Alan is quite strenuous. He's getting more poisonous by the day now since the soup sales have gone up so terrifically, with him giving the old brands new little touches such as putting minced chives in our clam chowder and calling it *Côte D'Azur Clam Bisque*. That just shows what a college education will do, for believe it or not Alan worked his way through college! Anyway everybody is rushing madly to buy our soups now that my newspaper romance is going so beautifully, and Elsa Maxwell announced her plan for the Americanism party she's giving on my coming-of-age birthday.

To complicate matters, Bruce suddenly came back from his campaign trip all hot and bothered because he'd been reading about Alan's and my romance in the papers. But when I explained he was so delighted he kissed me. He took it for granted I was doing it all for him!

Alan hopped in at the crucial moment, and you should have seen him! It gave me

a thrill in spite of myself seeing him square his jaw like that. Just my love of conquest, I suppose, for I really detest the man. And almost immediately he went back to that odious, off-hand way of his. "A nice thing!" he said. "Here I stand over a pot of boiling soup all day and come home to find this!"

Then he told Bruce there was nothing personal in the punch on the chin he gave him the other night and the first thing you know they were getting together in that awful boisterous way men do and he was even promising to vote for Bruce. I was left completely out on the sidelines! And I wasn't at all displeased when Bruce said he had to leave.

"Well, now that the political rally is over, maybe we can decide whether to go to the horse show or the Beaux Arts Ball," I said.

"We're not going anywhere," Alan said bluntly. "I'm getting tired of making public passes at you while a lot of morons drool at us. I want a night off. You may not realize it, but I had a personal life before I met you. On Saturday nights I took a girl out and had a good time."

"You couldn't be seen with another girl," I pointed out to him.

"Oh, don't worry," he said. "Where we'd go we wouldn't be seen."

"Then why can't you take me there?" I suggested.

Of course I was doing it for the Cause. Personally I didn't care if he did take another girl out; I just didn't want things to start going wrong now. But for once it was fun. Going out with Alan, I mean. He took me to a dance-hall and everybody was having such a marvelous time I couldn't help getting right into the spirit of it. And as I was wearing dark glasses I didn't have to worry about being recognized or anything.

"I don't know why you thought I wouldn't like this, I love it!" I told Alan

as we started dancing. "I'm through being Penny Cooper. From now on I'm Mazie Doakes."

"It's not as much fun being Mazie Doakes as you think," he said. "All the Mazies I know spend their life dreaming about being as wealthy and glamorous as Penny Cooper. But I begin to understand you, Penny. You're all mixed up inside."

You know, it was the first time he'd ever called me Penny. And I really liked it. He was being so sweet. But then he spoiled it all.

"It's a strange thing to say about a girl as rich as you are," he went on. "But you've never had a chance. When you sensed you missed something, you started groping. But you didn't know what you were after, so you grabbed the wrong things."

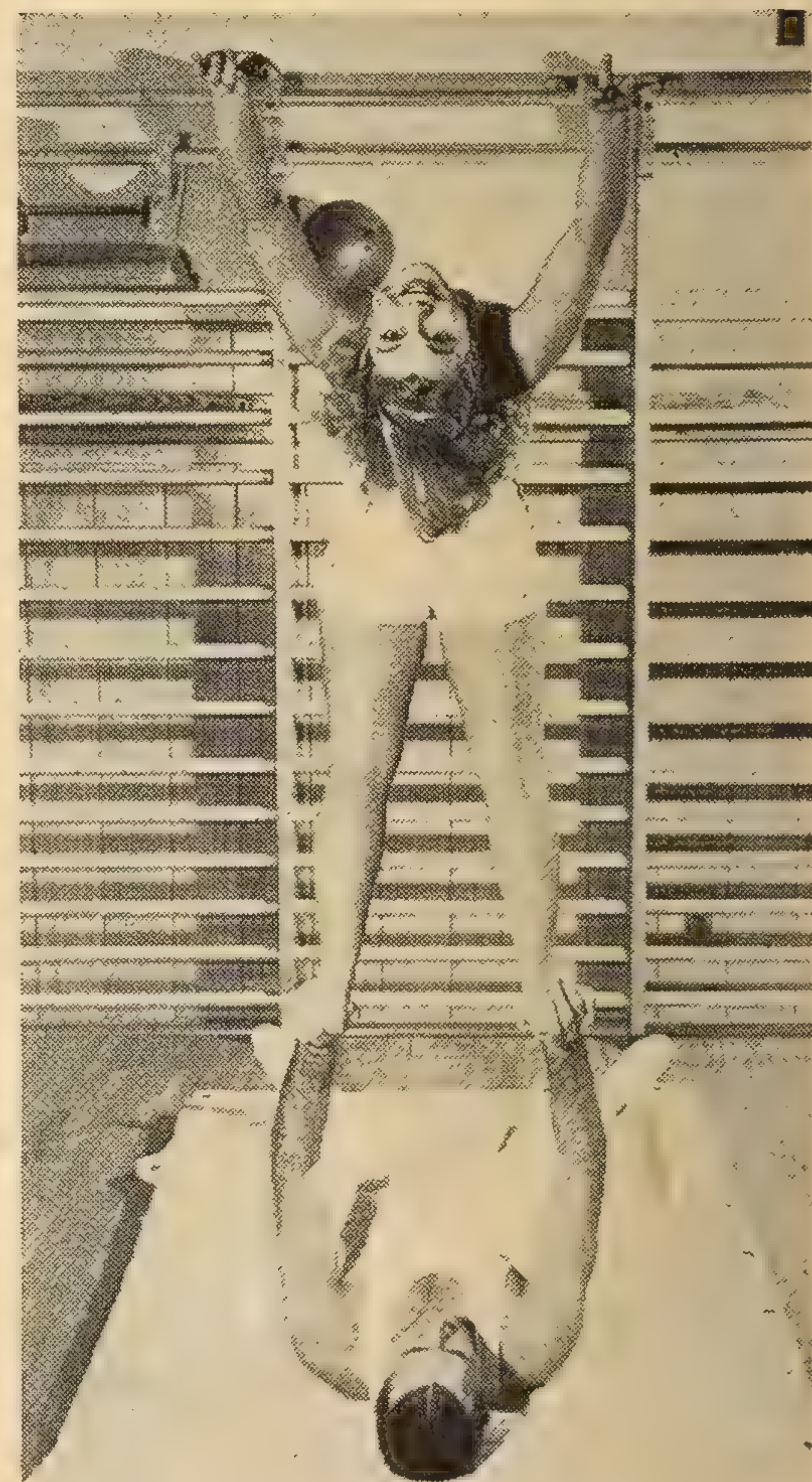
"Please," I looked up at him. "We've had our first half-way enjoyable evening. Don't spoil it!"

"I guess I was right about you in the first place," Alan said. "The physical approach is the only one that gets results."

I was furious. It was horrid of him to say that. I felt myself almost blushing to think of the way I was, well, almost snuggling up to him. But then how can you really dance without snuggling?

Then suddenly his arms tightened around me and the first thing I knew he was kissing me. Even now I tremble when I think of it. I was so mad. Maybe I'd better explain that last statement. After all, if there's one place a girl has to tell the truth it's in her own diary. So I'm going to be truthful about this, much as I hate to. I liked Alan's kiss. That's what made me mad, that he could make me respond to his lovemaking that way. I'd been kissed before but this was different. Alan was so strong and so gentle at the same time, so brusque and so tender.

Then he laughed. "I told you the physical



Don Loomis, M-G-M athletic director, helps June keep in trim. While Loomis holds her, June practices a back arch which tightens abdominal muscles and strengthens the back.

approach was the only one you'd understand," he said.

It was an awful let-down. For a minute I could only stand there staring at him. "You—you—you're fired!" I cried.

Dear Diary:

Here I am again. And you can't imagine what that MAN has done now. He quit! And Uncle Milburn and Elsa made me practically go down on my knees to him the morning of the party to get him to come. But after all it would only be a matter of a few hours until I'd be through with him for good. So I gritted my teeth and told him I didn't mean it when I fired him. But I'd have the last triumph. At midnight he would discover how Cinderella felt.

My costume was so lovely. I was going as Dolly Madison. But then everybody looked marvelous even though most of the women came as Betsy Ross and most of the men as Abraham Lincoln, including Alan and Bruce. It was the funniest thing to see their faces when they saw each other.

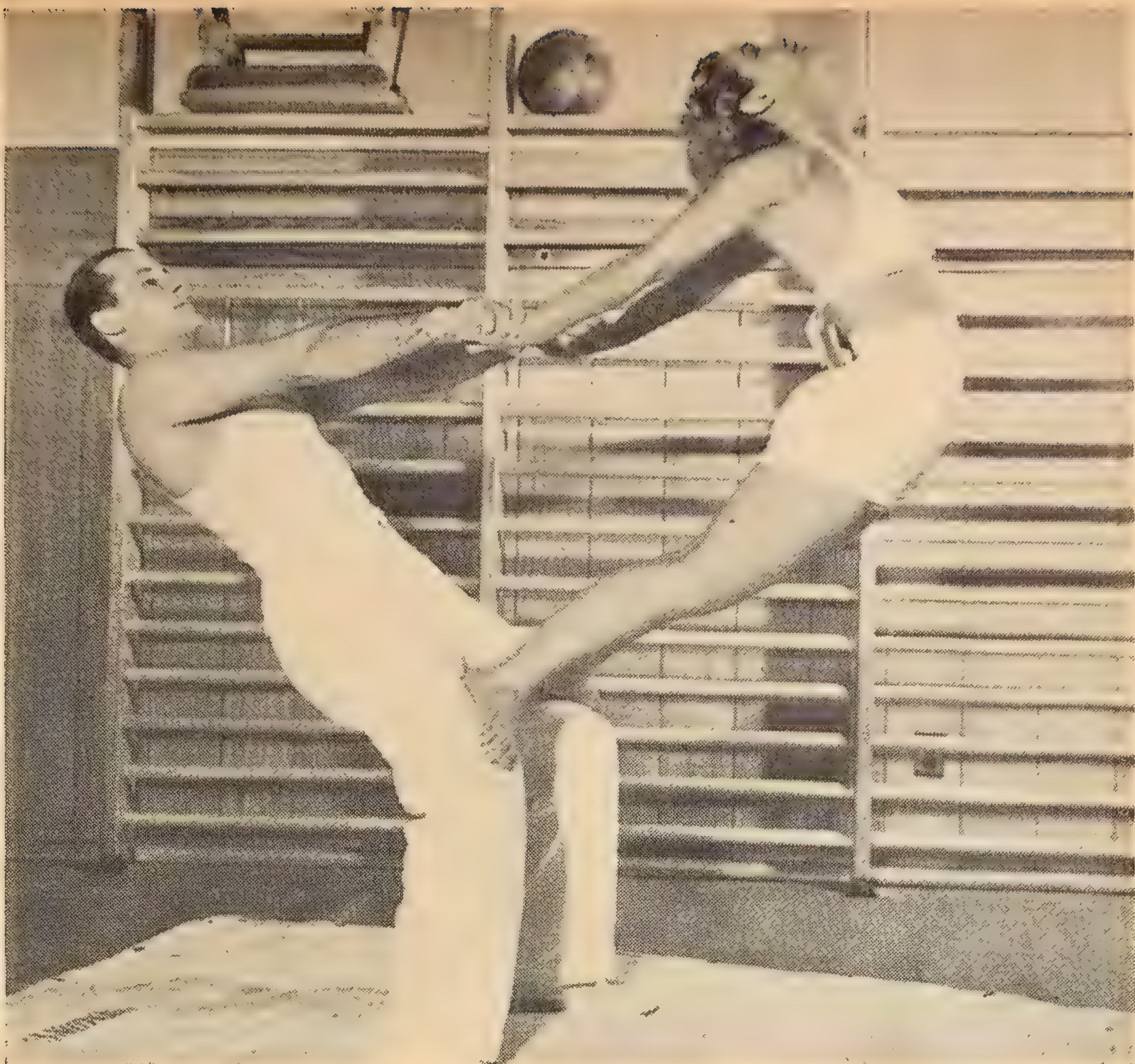
Elsa took one look at them and shrieked. "I'd hate to see anyone come in here dressed as John Wilkes Booth!" she giggled.

It was funny how Alan acted, as if he thought I meant every word I said when I asked him to come back this morning. He was being so confident and sure of himself that I took great delight in turning down one dance with him after the other. Of course he kept cutting in all the time. But I couldn't help that, could I?

Then at a quarter to twelve I couldn't hold in my triumph any longer. "Tomorrow morning you can start watching the want ads for a new job," I told him.

"I'd like to follow you, darling, but I don't," he said grinning.

"Look," I said, and I was delighted at how grim I made my voice sound. "I was



June, who was an acrobatic dancer before entering pictures, enjoys her gym sessions. In this workout, June takes advantage of Loomis' strong grip. All the muscles of the body are benefitted by this and a good stretch never hurt anyone.

saving this for twelve o'clock but I'll tell you now. The only reason I ever needed you was to keep the soup company alive until I was old enough to sell it. You've been very superior laughing at my ideals, but maybe you'll take me seriously when you find I'm going to give every cent I get from the sale to the Cause."

He didn't believe me at first but when I pointed out the man who had come to buy the company he didn't look quite so confident. For a moment I felt almost sorry for him, seeing how chagrined he looked at the way I'd duped him. Then he laughed and suggested we have a drink.

Everything went black after that drink.

I came to in a strange room with the sunlight streaming through the window. I'd never seen the place before and had no idea where I was. Then I heard the key turning in the door and there was Alan.

"I hope you like the place," he said. "I couldn't think of a better one after slipping you that Mickey Finn."

I was petrified when he told me we were all alone there and that it was a former summer hotel that had been closed. He knew about it because he'd worked there as manager once.

"I had to slip you the Mickey," Alan told me. "You were going to sell the company and give the money away."

"And what concern is it of yours whether I sell it or not?" I demanded.

"I'm going to marry you," he said cheerfully. "You wouldn't want to come to me penniless, would you?"

"If it takes me the rest of my life I'll pay you back for this!" I cried.

"You're a changeable little creature," he said shaking his head. "This morning you're tearing my head off and last night you were killing me with affection. But of course you wouldn't remember. I mean the interval between dusk and dawn. I found you a lot more congenial when you were unconscious."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"You don't expect me to kiss and tell," he said indignantly. "I'm no cad." Suddenly he dropped his kidding manner and leaned toward me. "Penny, why can't we stop sniping at each other?" he said softly. "You know why I brought you here? Because I love you and I'm not going to let you do anything foolish."

I pretended to be taken in by what he was saying. But of course I wasn't. How could I believe anything he said after the way he'd treated me? Still, I could pretend to. I got up as if I was going to him and then suddenly I darted to the door and snatched the key and locked it from the outside. Then I made for home.

But if I thought I was going to find any peace there I was very much mistaken. There were Grisha and Feodor and Eric in a regular fist fight.

I couldn't believe my own ears when I heard what they were saying. Grisha had been taking half their wages every week threatening to have them fired if they didn't give him the money and he was spending it all on a girl. And he wasn't even a Russian. In fact, he was born in Brooklyn.

I could just stand there gasping, with all my ideals crashing around me!

Darling Diary:

This is just to say goodbye. I won't be writing in you any more. You see it's just that I know I won't have the time because being Alan's wife will be so exciting and thrilling I don't want to waste a minute of it even to tell about it. And besides an ultra-American wife such as I am going to be is going to have her hands full just being American.

You know at first I couldn't believe Alan really meant it when he said he loved me. "You probable want to marry me for my money," I said. "Sure I do," he agreed cheerfully. "But it's nice you're good looking too, Cutie-pants."

Darling Diary, I just adore him. Fell in love with him the first moment I saw him



By keeping a perfect balance, with Loomis' help, June hopes to arch back far enough to touch her heels. This takes daily practice as muscles must be strong and elastic.

A Date with Mickey Rooney

Continued from page 27

not too flashy, or too conservative either, do you think?"

I told him it was just the sort of car that I or Hedy Lamarr or a half dozen other people would be very proud to own. For it's a deep blue, with the same color upholstering inside, with all sorts of gadgets on the instrument panel.

"Tell ya what," said Mickey, suddenly inspired. "Let's go bowling. I know a place down here a ways." And we were off. Mickey began humming a tune—and then began singing softly as he drove. "That's my new song, *My Heart Wakes Up When the Sun Goes Down*," he explained. "Got another one I just finished, too—*Debutante No. 1*. I'm trying to get that published now. I've been lucky, though. Got *Have a Heart*, *Oceans Apart*, and *Love on the Range* on the market—published and everything."

"How do you go about composing songs?" I asked.

"Just get in the mood and sit down to a piano and plug them out," said Mickey. "Sidney Miller collaborates with me. We've had five published up to date."

Mickey pulled up to the curb in front of the bowling-alley. And when he helped me out I noticed with misgiving that my silver fox coat—guaranteed not to shed—had shed silver fur all over the handsome blue felt seat of Mickey's new car.

"Just look at that, Mickey," I lamented.

"Never mind, honey," he said. "It'll brush off. Come on, we got more important things at hand to do."

The bowling man didn't want to take Mickey's money.

"You two go ahead and bowl all you want on the house," he said. "It's a pleasure to have you drop in, Mike."

But Mickey wouldn't have it that way.

"You work for your money and I work for mine," he reasoned, and insisted on paying.

The thing that impressed me most, however, was the he-man reaction to Mickey expressed by the men and boys in the bowling-alley. Mickey, despite his rather short stature, is accepted on an equal footing, with the fellows respectfully greeting him—and not a single wise-guy or heckler in the lot. The men call him Mike—rather than Mickey—and they don't rush around him, but are friendly in a man-to-man fashion. Having been about with Gable before C. L. G. (Carole Lombard Gable), I could readily say that Mickey, too, is one of the few stars in this business equally liked by both sexes.

"Ever been bowling before?" Mickey asked after we'd selected our court and balls—which seem to me to weigh a ton each. When I shook my head negatively, Mickey said, "Well, never mind. I'll show you how. Now suppose you watch me send out a ball, then you roll one."

For some time we took turns—Mickey patiently playing the rôle of instructor. Then over a couple of Coca-Colas, Mickey gave me some pointers on how to hold the ball to best advantage and take a running dive with it. We really had some fun rolling up scores.

"You're not bad—not bad at all," said Mickey after the first three quarters of an hour. "In fact, you're pretty good!"

When we added up the final scores, Mickey's was 172, while I broke a hundred. He said mine was good for a beginner, by way of encouragement, and that he'd keep right on giving me pointers—and soon I'd be playing a pretty good game.

By this time it was six o'clock and we were both pretty hungry. We went over to the lunch counter and ordered bottles of milk and sandwiches and doughnuts. Mickey said that a fellow had to eat often to keep up his energy and pep. "Sometimes I eat as often as five times a day—that is, counting my three regular meals and a late afternoon snack and one after a show or dance or something before getting ready for bed."

"Well, you not being a girl, you don't have to worry about whether you eat too much or not," I said.

"Nope, it never makes me grow any more," Mickey mused. "But then, you know I really owe my luck to my stature. Being short is what has really made me on the screen."

While I agreed that Mickey being the eternal kid (he actually doesn't look more than about fifteen, even if he is nineteen) is an asset—it is really his ability as an actor that has made him such a success. Undoubtedly, he proved himself a great actor, like Spencer Tracy, whom he greatly admires, when he played "Young Tom Edison." For, as I told him, everyone went to the theater expecting to see *Andy Hardy* playing Tom Edison—but instead they really saw Tom Edison, with his deafness, his inquisitive impulsive mind, his pathetic tribulations as a boy, and his triumphs. "Tom Edison" should give Mickey Rooney an Academy Award.

"Gee, I'm glad you felt that way," Mickey said. "I tried hard to really be Tom in the picture. I studied all about him in books and talked with his relatives and everything. Honestly, during the making of that picture, I actually got to feeling like I should invent something or discover something—being Edison."

"How does it really feel, way down deep inside, Mickey," I asked, "to know that



In her strapless swim suit, Paulette Goddard can make you forget the heat and humidity. Her new film is "The Ghost Breakers."

you are actually the top box office star in motion pictures? You're king of the screen. And no matter how famous the stars are, you're tops of them all. How does it honestly make you feel?" I urged.

"Well," answered Mickey, in a serious low voice, "you can't call a young kid like me a king—not when there're such stars as Gable and Tracy on the screen. When I heard the news first I thought to myself, 'Now I will have to work hard—for being on top there's only one way to go, and that is down.' You see, it's a pretty big responsibility for a kid like me."

"It sort of settled me down a lot, too. I don't go running around very much any more. I keep working most of the time and thinking up things to do that will improve my acting. Then I'm serious about my song-writing. Some day I want to produce a picture myself. I'm not saying much about that now—because after all I realize that I'm only nineteen. But I spend as much time as I can on the sets watching them make pictures, studying technique. I've been studying this business for years. I'd like to write and direct my own pictures some day."

"And what about girls and romance? You were the original puppy lover on the screen a couple of years ago," I reminded him.

"Yeah, I know," Mickey admitted. "But every boy goes through that age. I'll answer you like I did the reporters in New York. They asked when I was going to get married. And I told 'em, 'Give me five or six years and maybe I'll take a look.' Of course, I said just MAYBE."

We talked earnestly all the time we were eating our sandwiches and doughnuts—and looked up to discover a line of little girls who'd learned of Mickey's presence, and who'd come in for autographs. Mickey signed each request. But the thing I noticed most was the way he thanked each girl, making it seem as though they'd done him a favor by asking him for his signature.



Doris Davenport, Gary Cooper's leading lady in "The Westerner," says exercise is fun in a free-action play suit like this one.



Wendy Barrie takes her place in the sun in a gingham pinafore swim suit. The skirt's lining and shorts are of white jersey.

Out in Mickey's car again—and we were homeward bound. I told Mickey I'd read about him visiting President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

"Yeah," he replied. "That was wonderful. Imagine *me* being invited to the White House! There was only one thing, though—I sure did wish that my mother had been with me. She would have been thrilled about it all. You know, I got the swellest Mom," he added. "She's always stuck with me through thick or thin. We're great pals."

The off-the-record story of Mickey Rooney's phenomenal rise to screen stardom is actually that of a courageous mother and the determination of Mickey to make her proud of him. Mickey was practically born on the stage. His parents, Nell Carter and Joe Yule, dancer and comedian respectively, were playing in vaudeville in New York. And when Mickey was 11 days old he was put into an especially made miniature tuxedo and carried on to the stage by his proud father.

"From diaper to tuxedo in 11 days," Mickey puts it.

When he was five, his mother brought him out to California for the express purpose of getting him in the movies. She secured a job as bungalow court manager and haunted the studios with Mickey, who was then Joe Yule, Jr. One day she saw an ad in the newspaper about a nation-wide contest for a boy to play in "Mickey McGuire" comedies. The part called for a brunette boy, but little Joe Yule, Jr., was a towhead. Mrs. Yule dyed his hair black and Mickey was taken to the studio to be tested.

After the test, the director told her he would like to talk to Mickey alone—and she waited in the outer office while Mickey went in and negotiated a contract for himself.

Paramount in Mickey's character is self-assured. Every casting interview, every scene negotiated

by himself. His mother has waited in the outer office and prayed a little, but she has never gone in to harangue with producers.

Mickey, with his dyed hair and a chocolate cigar in his mouth and a world of confidence, stepped before the cameras for his first picture. He ate the chocolate cigar and they gave him a box full of them as a bonus.

For the next six years he made 78 pictures and on suggestion of the studio changed his name to Mickey McGuire. When the services ended a court action forced him to relinquish the name he had adopted. Mickey and his mother felt that to change his name would greatly hinder his career. So the judge told him to keep one of the names. He chose Mickey and added Rooney.

So Mickey found himself without a job. "But never mind, Mom," he'd say to his mother. "See that big limousine passing by? Well, gee, Mom—some day I'll get you a car like that."

That was Mickey's ambition, to buy his mother a big car—"but Mom's modest-like," Mickey says. "She doesn't have any use for a big car. When I finally got to where I could really buy her one she talked me into buying her a little coupé to drive about. Mom's like that," he says proudly.

Mickey's great admiration for Clark Gable began when, after a lull for Mickey of many months, Clark suggested that the kid be given a rôle of Gable as a boy in "Manhattan Melodrama." "Gable was so sure I could do it that he went to bat for me with the director and got me the part," Mickey said. "And that got me started in pictures again. Gable's a swell friend for a fellow to have."

Mickey's ability was recognized and his discouraging days were over, for his excellent work brought him an M-G-M contract. Then followed such films as "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Ah Wilderness," "The Devil Is a Sissie," "Captains Courageous," and his brilliant performance in "Boys Town."

So outstanding was Mickey's work on the screen that the producers began looking for special stories to give his talents wider range. Someone suggested that puppy love might have entertainment value if Mickey Rooney were the victim. A story was found and Mickey was called in.

I recall the producer of the Hardy series relating the conference with Mickey something like this: "Mickey, we want you to fall in love. Do you mind?"

Mickey: "Gee, you don't mean really, do you?"

"No, not really. Only in the story. But we want you to make it look real."

Mickey: "Gosh!"

"Now here's a very important scene, Mickey. For example, where you come to this house, gaze into the dark eyes of *Polly Benedict*, trip over a door-mat, and fall like a ton of bricks."

Mickey: "You mean fall off the porch?"

"No, no, fall in love with *Polly Benedict*."

Mickey: "Who's *Polly Benedict*?"

"Never mind, we'll take care of that."

Mickey: "It doesn't matter. I was just curious."

So Mickey tripped over the door-mat and fell head over heels. That was the beginning of what later delighted America under the name of the "Andy Hardy" series. His perfect portrayal of the average silly, lovable American boy brought gales of laughter and tons of joy to people throughout the country. In the rattle-trap, cutdown, souped-up car of *Andy Hardy*, Mickey rose to stardom. Then came his big chance. An opportunity to play Thomas Edison as a boy in the film "Young Tom Edison." The part was different and difficult. But Mickey Rooney rose to the challenge and turned in a fine performance.

After completing "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante," he and Judy Garland are now at work on "Strike Up the Band," a new musical successor to "Babes in Arms."

Since Mickey's new title of "King of the Movies" you don't see him about at the Hollywood night spots nor out with the girls so much. His occasional dates are usually with Judy Garland and Rita Quigley, the latter a little actress also.

He never misses a preview—although he always attends them with a couple of fellows, topping off the evening with a chicken and tomato sandwich in a drive-in before going home.

Mickey delights in western movies and likes to visit the small theaters and sit on the front row and watch the rootin'-tootin' cowboys. He'll come out saying "Gosh, but they can ride!"

A large rambling farm-house in San Fernando Valley is the Rooney home—and there he lives with his mother. His salary is put in a trust fund. Mickey budgets himself on an allowance of \$50 a week. Somehow he manages to save enough out of it to take one special vacation trip a year—and pay all of his own expenses.

Undoubtedly, he has one of the keenest minds in Hollywood, and a quick sense of humor. He's never at a loss for words and always rises to the occasion. When asked how long he expects to play in the Hardy pictures he'll reply, "After I play *Judge Hardy* a few years."

At the world première of "Young Tom Edison" he was invited to meet Henry Ford. So intrigued was Ford with Mickey that the interview lasted for several hours. "Don't ever let them change you out there in Hollywood," were Ford's parting words to Mickey.

"They won't until they change Henry Ford," replied Mickey.

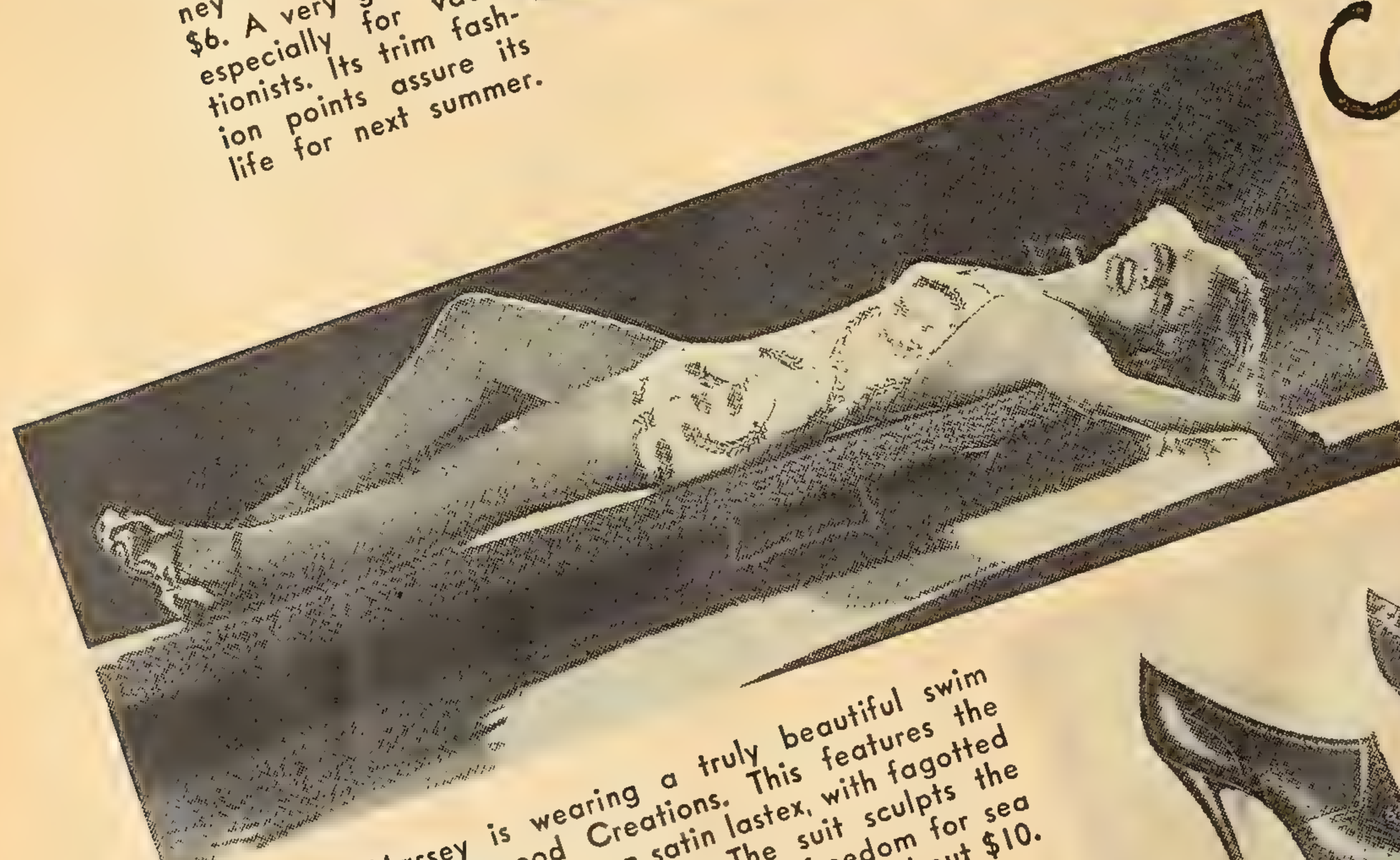
During Mickey's jaunts about the country on personal appearances he writes daily to his mother, when she is not with him. The first thing he asks for each morning is for the special delivery letter she sends him. Mickey's still a youngster at heart.



For cycling, the Glamor Girls have taken to the "little boy" style of shorts. Judith Barrett's are of beige gabardine.



A crisp pick-up for summer in smart color harmony of sanforized burma madras. Label guarantees washability and controlled shrinkage to 1%—too little to matter. Blouse in green and wine with light grey skirt; in royal and navy blouse and light blue skirt; or grey and red blouse with light grey skirt. This is a Kolodney frock, at about \$6. A very good buy, especially for vacation points assure its life for next summer.



Beautiful Ilona Massey is wearing a truly beautiful swim suit by Mabs of Hollywood Creations. This features the striking bottle brush print on rayon satin lastex, with fagotted seams and the classic one-half skirt. The suit sculpts the body smoothly but gives unusual movement freedom for sea or sand wear. Blue, red or navy on white ground. About \$10.



For a late-summer lift to figures, try a Real-Form girdle and matching brassiere. The girdle is knitted of lastex, two-way stretch, pre-shrunk and guaranteed not to run. A fashioned top and bottom prevent rolling, wrinkling or hiking up. The front panel gives just enough flattening with comfort. The same design is also available in pantie style. Each is \$2.50. The brassiere has a diaphragm control of the same lastex as in the girdle, to give with every body movement, and the bosom control is well designed for your best lines. The price is \$1. This pair assures good lines, that satisfying put-together feeling after a too casual summer. Personally, I'd like to attest to the splendid wearing qualities of Real-Forms.


Fashions to finish summer and carry you into fall. For where to buy, see Directory on Page 95

Screenland's Glamour Guides

By
Marina




Back to smart shoes again after a summer of foot freedom! Three moods in Enna-Jetticks—left, Carla, dressy version, center, Stratford, a wonderful walker, right, Rosemary, a high stepper, \$5.50.



EVEN IF I'M "ALL IN"
AT BEDTIME
I NEVER NEGLECT
MY **ACTIVE-
LATHER FACIAL**
WITH LUX SOAP


**CLAUDETTE
COLBERT**

PARAMOUNT
STAR




PAT **LUX SOAP'S**
CREAMY LATHER
LIGHTLY INTO
YOUR SKIN. RINSE
WITH WARM
WATER, THEN COOL

Take Hollywood's tip— try **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** for 30 days



THEN PAT TO DRY.
SEE HOW MUCH
SMOOTHER YOUR
SKIN FEELS—HOW
FRESH IT LOOKS

HAVE YOU FOUND the right care for *your* skin? Claudette Colbert tells you how to take an **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL** with Lux Toilet Soap. Here's a gentle, *thorough* care that will give your skin protection it needs to stay lovely. Lux Toilet Soap has **ACTIVE** lather that removes dust, dirt and stale cosmetics *thoroughly* from the skin—does a *perfect* job. Try Hollywood's **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** for 30 days. You'll find they really *work*—help keep skin smooth, attractive.



YOU want skin that's lovely to look at—soft to touch. Don't risk unattractive Cosmetic Skin: little blemishes, coarsened pores. Use cosmetics all you like, but take regular **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** with Lux Toilet Soap.



9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



It was like old home week at the 48th Street Music Hall in New York when these former favorites got together at a party for the benefit of the American Theatre Wing of the British Relief Fund. To refresh your memory, they are: Taylor Holmes, Madge Evans, Viola Dana, Gertrude Lawrence, Eileen Percy, Walter Huston, Jane Winton, Conrad Veidt, Ruth Taylor, Hoot Gibson, Marguerite Clarke, Lila Lee, Beverly Bayne, Jacqueline Logan, Enid Markey.

"Pretty Boy" Squares his Jaw!

Continued from page 33

haps I could hit one occasionally." Bob told us not to wait for him as he was going to stay with that ball until he hit it, and it was just as well we didn't wait as he didn't show up until almost dark. He had a grin from ear to ear, and on an empty stomach, too. "I know," said Barbara dismally, "a hole in one." "Not today," said the pro cheerfully, "we're saving that for tomorrow. But boyoboy, Mrs. Taylor, you've never seen such beautiful driving. He'll be one of the best players on this course in no time. Of course, Mrs. Taylor, if *you* would persevere a little more—" And the last I heard Mrs. Taylor was promising, but not with too much enthusiasm, to persevere.

Then there was the case of the stallion who wouldn't be broken out on the Mar-Wyck Ranch, the summer before Bob and Barbara married. He was a nasty one, that stallion, and all the stable boys, several of them nursing broken arms, warned Bob to keep his distance. The sight of a saddle simply brought out the devil in him. But Bob was determined to put a saddle on the evil critter, and sure enough, after hours of perseverance he nearly frightened the daylights out of Barbara by riding the stallion across her front lawn as casually as you please.

Now no one admires Bob Taylor's perseverance more than Barbara Stanwyck. But Barbara admits that there are times when she finds it doesn't exactly simplify her life. Bob is very particular about his food, it has to be cooked just so. He doesn't like fancy things—no breast of guinea-hen under glass for Bob—and he'll trade you all the squabs stuffed with wild rice in the world for a good juicy round steak. Barbara tries out her cooks on lemon pie (Bob's always raving about his mother's lemon pie) and when the crust is bad she shivers as she knows another cook will soon be on her way. Bob, an optimistic soul, feels certain that if they just persevere enough some day they'll find a cook who can make pie crust that will simply

melt in his mouth—"like mother used to make." Barbara is not so optimistic.

Then, too, there's that getting up in the morning. Bob has decided that Barbara is going to be an outdoor girl, and there doesn't seem to be very much Barbara can do about it. Having been in the theater ever since she was a kid Barbara is used to sleeping late in the morning, when she isn't making a picture, and sort of grabbing off her breakfast coffee around noon. Sudden contact with fresh air and daylight have, for a number of years, brought out the worst in her. Her friends advised Bob that she would never take kindly to early morning rising. But Bob is the persevering type, or have I mentioned that before? He always feels like a million dollars when he wakes up in the morning, so simply reeking with health and high spirits he bounces into Barbara's room at a quarter to seven, throws open the shades, and exultantly announces, "What a wonderful morning!" From the covers on the bed comes a muffled, "What's wonderful about it?" But that does not depress Mr. Taylor in the slightest. Somehow or other he manages to get Mrs. Taylor out of bed (he admits that it wasn't so easy at first), on her feet, in her shower, and out on his ranch in San Fernando by eight o'clock, where they ride for hours in the brisk morning air. And strangely enough this brisk morning air did not send Barbara into a violent decline as she prophesied. She's never looked better in all her life. Brooklyn should see her now.

And believe me, it took a deal of perseverance for Bob to get through his latest picture, "Waterloo Bridge." Vivien Leigh was the rave of the country. Her brilliant performance of *Scarlett* in "Gone With the Wind" was on the tip of everyone's tongue. Fans were fairly bursting a blood vessel to see Vivien Leigh's next picture. "You won't have a chance in that picture," Bob's friends told him. "They'll throw all the scenes to Vivien, you know that. She's

hot now, and the studio's no fool. Boy, you won't have a Chinaman's chance." Others said, "Poor Bob! With Vivien Leigh in all the close-ups we won't see anything but the back of his head in this picture." Even the story was against him. Typically a woman's story. Vivien's part was by far the best. The kind of a part that actresses give their eye-teeth for. As *Myra*, the little ballet dancer turned street-walker, she could suffer and suffer and suffer, and finally, all for love, dramatically throw herself under the wheels of a passing truck—a performance that would undoubtedly chalk up another Academy Award for Vivien. "Don't do it," his friends continued to urge. "You'll only be a stooge for Leigh." Which naturally was like turning a knife in a wound to Bob as he recalled only too well a couple of years ago in England when an unknown actress named Vivien Leigh played quite a minor part in "A Yank at Oxford" in which he was the star.

But Bob read the script—he's got a mind of his own these days, that Robert—and he liked the rôle of *Roy*, the idealistic young soldier. "I think," he said to Barbara, "I can do something with that part." "Of course you can, darling," said Barbara. And that settled that.

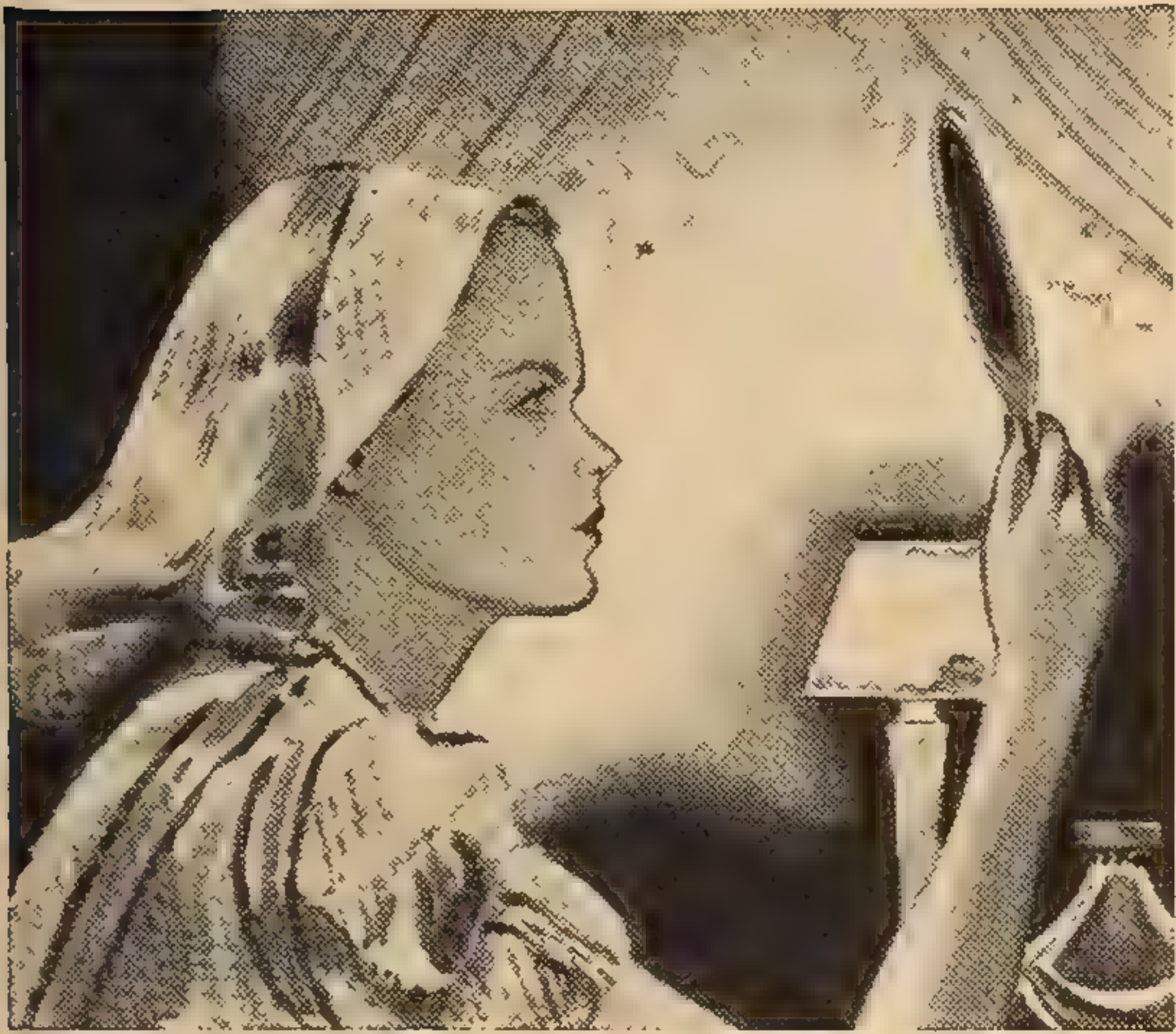
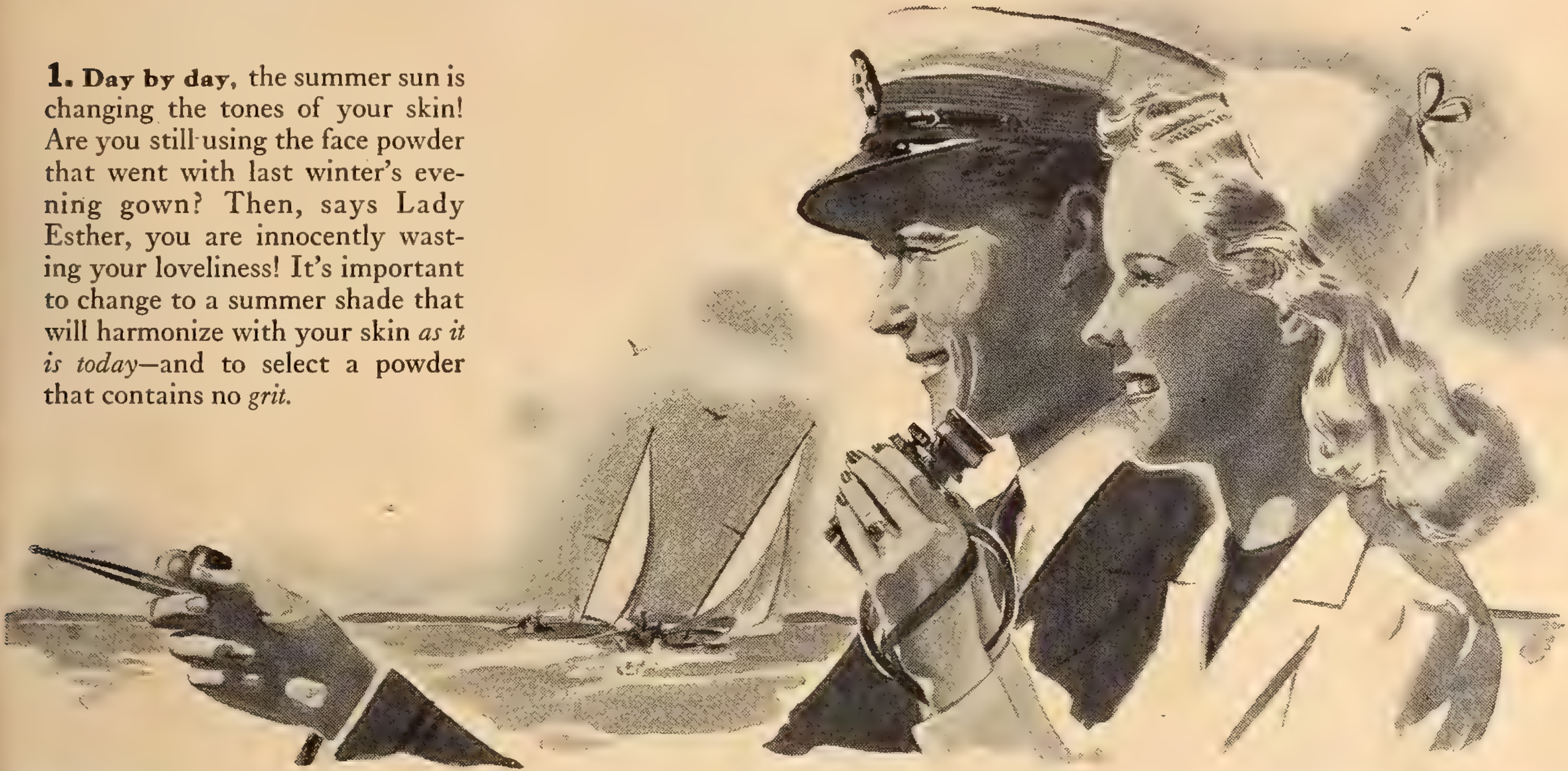
Bob has a terrific amount of pride, and though he wouldn't admit it in a hundred years, I know that he didn't exactly find seventh heaven on the set of "Waterloo Bridge." Vivien Leigh was besieged by interviewers. No one particularly wanted to interview Bob. Special layouts, special art for this magazine and that magazine, all for Vivien Leigh. Important visitors to Hollywood from the East, the South, Europe, all bowing and scraping and simply drooling over *Scarlett O'Hara* Leigh. No one particularly wanted to meet Bob. Though I couldn't get a peep out of him all during the production of the picture I know there must have been times when Bob felt pretty badly about it. Any other actor would have said, "Oh hell, what's the use, anyway? My part's no good, everybody wants to see Vivien, I'll just walk through this picture and forget it as soon as possible." But not Bob. Not old persevering Taylor.

"Waterloo Bridge" was previewed at the Grauman's Chinese, and all Hollywood

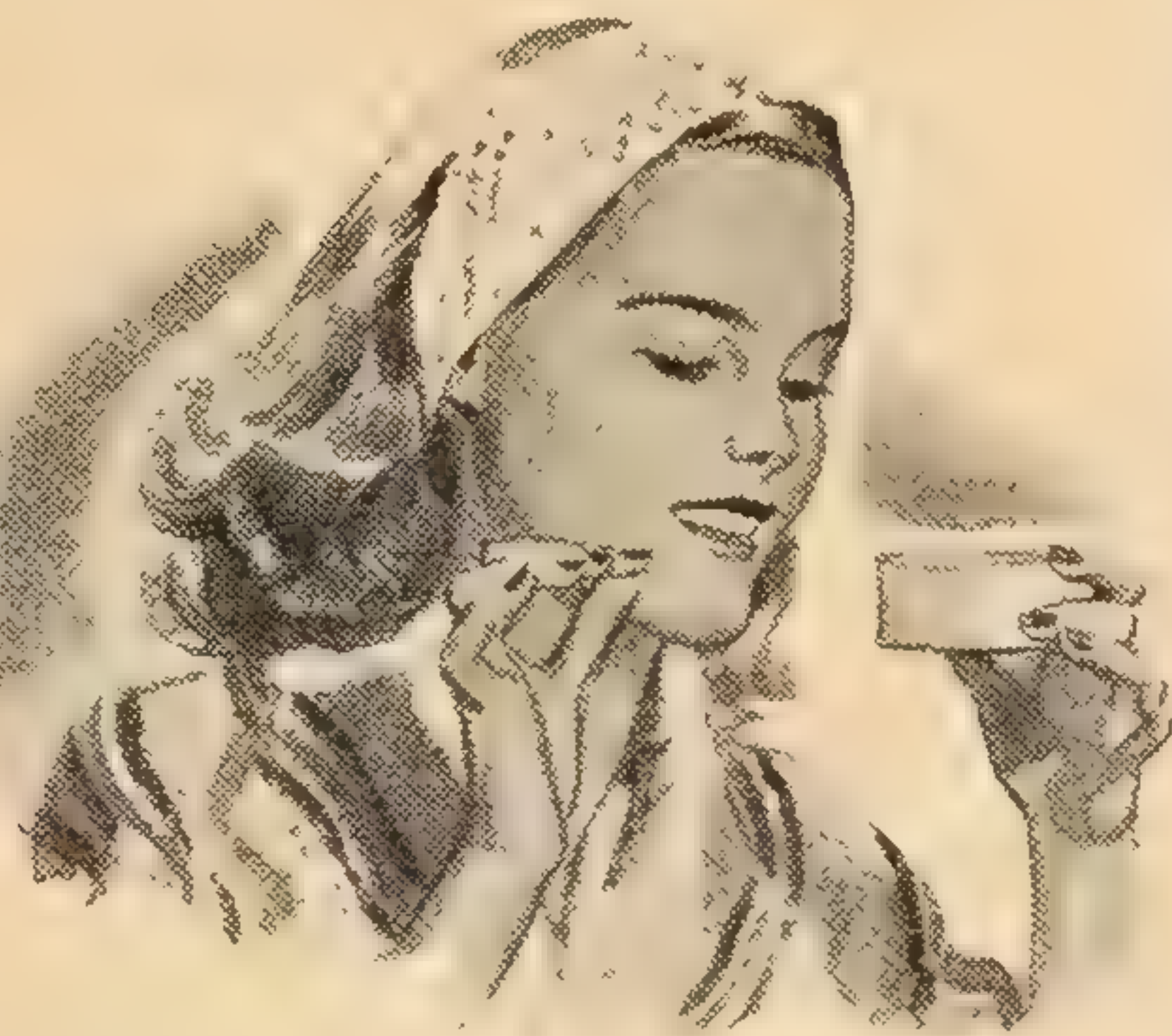
You're a very Different Girl — *under the Summer Sun* —and you need a different Shade of Powder!

{ —AND WHEN YOU'RE CHOOSING IT
BE VERY CERTAIN THAT IT CONTAINS NO GRIT }

1. Day by day, the summer sun is changing the tones of your skin! Are you still using the face powder that went with last winter's evening gown? Then, says Lady Esther, you are innocently wasting your loveliness! It's important to change to a summer shade that will harmonize with your skin *as it is today*—and to select a powder that contains no grit.



2. Many a romance crashes in a close-up and many a girl can justly blame her face powder. Get the right shade (I'll help you) but be sure that the powder won't give you a "powdery" look. Be sure that it is *free from grit*.



3. Make my "Bite Test"! Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind slowly. If your powder contains grit, your teeth instantly detect it. But how easily Lady Esther Powder *passes this same test!* Your teeth will find *no grit!*



4. Lady Esther Face Powder is smooth—why, it clings for four full hours. Put it on after dinner, say at eight, and at midnight it will still be flattering your skin. No harsh, "powdery" look will spoil your moments of magic.

Are you using the **WRONG SHADE** for Summer?

Thousands of women unknowingly wear the wrong shade of face powder in the summer—a powder shade that was all right for March, perhaps, but is all wrong for July!

For in summer, the sun has changed your skin tones—and you need a new shade that will glorify your skin *as it is today*.

So Lady Esther says: Mail me the coupon and I will send you ten glorious

shades of my grit-free powder. Try them all!—every one. That is the way—and the only way to discover which is most glamorous for you this summer! Perhaps it will be Champagne Rachel, perhaps Peach Rachel, perhaps Rose Brunette.

So find the right shade of my grit-free powder—the lucky shade for you, out of this glorious collection of ten, and you will look younger, lovelier—you will be really in tune with life.

LADY ESTHER FACE POWDER

SCREENLAND

★ 10 shades free! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (58)

Please send me **FREE AND POSTPAID** your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

KEEP UNDERARMS SWEET BATH-FRESH



SAFE TO APPLY as often as desired. Nonspi Cream is harmless to skin or clothing.

CHECKS BOTH perspiration and odor safely... effectively.

SOOTHING and cool when applied. Doesn't sting or irritate—even after shaving.

DRIES ALMOST INSTANTLY. Not sticky...a greaseless, stainless cream.

SEND 10¢ for trial size of Nonspi Cream. The Nonspi Co., 118 West 18th Street, New York City.



There is also a **LIQUID NONSPI**—at drug and department stores.

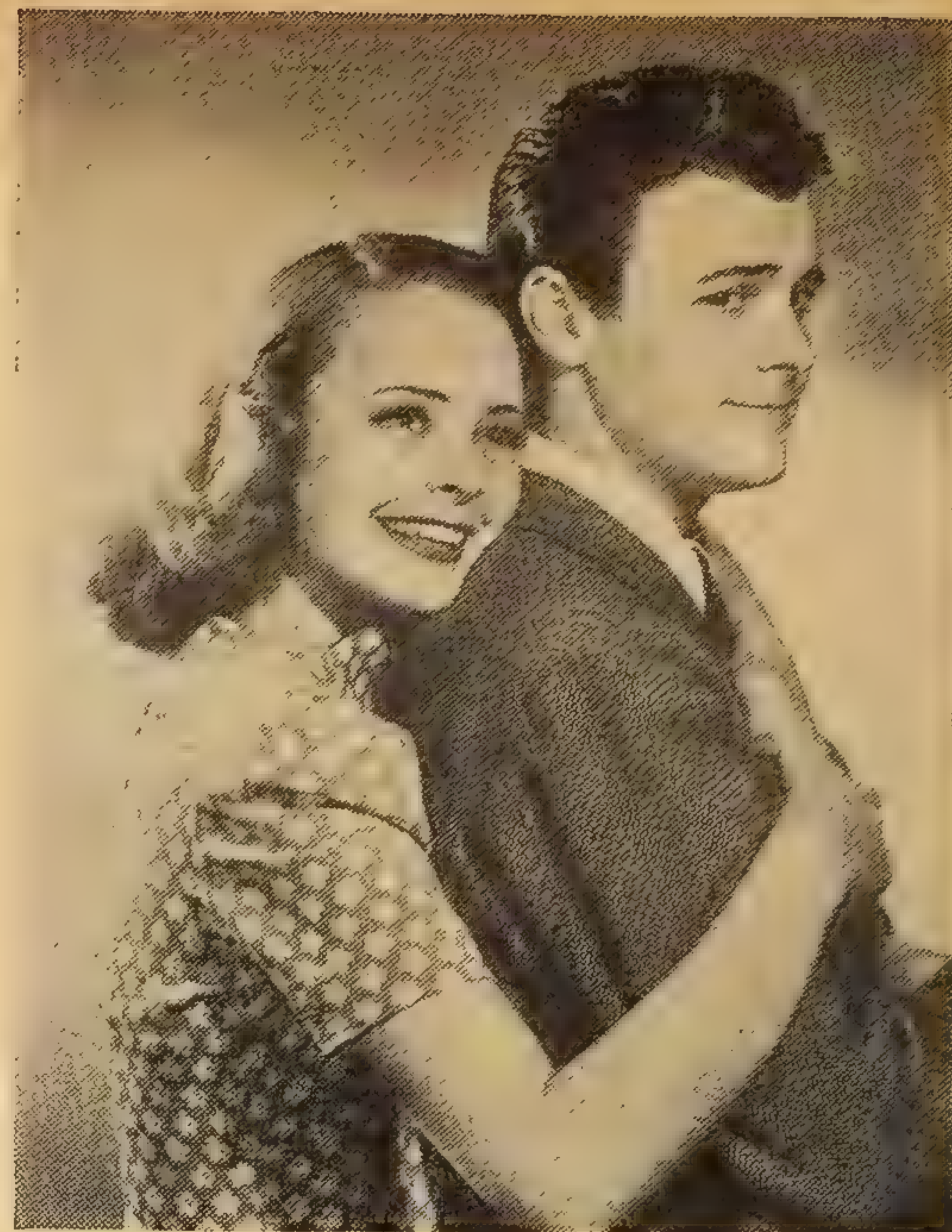
turned out to see Vivien Leigh in her second American picture. But what do you think? That night Hollywood re-discovered Robert Taylor! And despite the fact that Vivien gave another superb performance, in the forecourt of the Chinese, at Ciro's, at the Brown Derby, everybody was raving about Bob. "I never thought Bob Taylor was a good actor before. But in this I think he's wonderful." And, "Who said Bob Taylor was through!" And "He really is a swell actor, isn't he? I'm a Taylor fan from now on." And so forth, and so forth. It was a night of triumph for the Taylors, and for Director Mervyn LeRoy who has always been Bob's staunch defender at Metro. "The kid's got it," Mervyn told the grumbling executives. "I'll show you." And he did. Well, you've got to admit that if perseverance can change the mambypamby rôle of *Roy Cronin* into something important then there's a lot to be said in favor of perseverance.

There is every reason in the world why Bob Taylor should *not* be a good actor. Actors are supposed to have "lived" in the miserable sense of the word. How can an actor express agony when he has never suffered, how can he express hunger when he has never had to miss a meal in his life, how can he express despair when he has never felt despair? Bob's life from earliest childhood on has been ideally beautiful. His mother and father loved each other dearly, and he never heard a harsh word spoken in his home. His family were good middle-class people, never very rich, and never very poor. They saw to it that Bob, their beloved only child, never wanted for anything that would make him happy. How very different from Barbara's childhood spent in the slums of New York and Brooklyn! I will never forget the morning out on the ranch when Bob, romping on the floor with his dogs, was called to the studio. "I wish I was eight again," he said. "I wouldn't be eight again," Barbara added hastily, "if you gave it to me on a silver platter."

Even when he came to Hollywood, by way of Pomona College, there was no struggle. He had his own car, nice clothes, and an ample allowance. Getting a studio contract was easy for him. They went after him; he didn't go after them. There was no worry, no living on hamburgers, no dodging the landlord, no biting his nails day by day waiting for the phone to ring. Once "discovered" at the studio, he became an idol overnight with millions of hysterical young girls swooning at the sight of him. All of this was certainly not conducive to good acting.

And then for the first time he found that life couldn't be so beautifully pleasant after all. Two girls were "planted" under his bed in New York and the Eastern press ripped into him. In forty-eight hours poor Bob was known as "Pretty Boy" throughout the entire country. Men made peculiar noises when he came on the screen. There were as many Robert Taylor jokes going around as there were Mae West stories. And of course troubles never come singly, so added to all this bad publicity he had to be given a flock of pretty dreadful pictures. Bob was practically a dead pigeon at the ripe old age of twenty-six. Hollywood started saying, "Whatever happened to Robert Taylor?"

And that's when Bob, puzzled and heart-broken, decided to square his chin. He'd used perseverance on everything else, so why shouldn't he use it on his acting? The result, of course, is "Waterloo Bridge"—and a brand new career for the very likeable Mr. Taylor. That guy really deserves a lot of credit and a lot of praise. And while we are handing out the praise we might slip Barbara Stanwyck a little. Bob won't mind. He's convinced that he has married the greatest living actress.



Virginia Gilmore and Robert Sterling as they appear in "Manhattan Heartbeat," the latest adaptation of Vina Delmar's "Bad Girl."

Star-Gazing with Norvell

Continued from page 61

happiness they will wake up one morning and discover it on their doorsteps.

A Leo girl who has missed all the tragic influences from the planets during the last few years is Gracie Allen, who is Mrs. George Burns, (unless you would call her husband's unfortunate episode with Uncle Sam's customs men 'tragic'). From the astrological viewpoint Gracie had the sense to marry a compatible sign. Gracie's cycle of terrific success, which was recently instituted, is proof of the amazing changes that Leo persons may expect in their lives.

We might pause in our analysis of those stars born in the Sign of Leo to give a brief explanation of the qualities endowed upon those born in this rather fortunate sign. If YOUR own birthdate happens to fall between July 23 and August 22 of any year you, too, come in this section of the Zodiac and your life will reflect some of the following qualities. Nature has endowed you with a brilliant personality and a mind capable of surmounting obstacles. You were born when the Sun was high in the heavens in mid-summer—and all the powerful solar rays converged on the earth at such an angle as to give your mind and body power and vitality. Any wonder, then, that some of the world's great conquerors in all fields were born in this great sign? Some of these names in the past have made history, and some are still making it. Napoleon was born in Leo, and his conquests were typical of this sign. At present Mussolini, another Leo person, holds the attention of the world; Henry Ford, industrial giant, is another Leo subject—to say nothing of the leaders in the motion picture industry who still hold high the mantle of greatness endowed upon Leo persons. These include such great stars as Robert Taylor, Myrna Loy, Norma Shearer.

By examining the lives of these Leo-born you may find valuable lessons that will help YOU in conquering your own natures and overcoming your faults. The chief defect in the Leo character is overconfidence. This, coupled with an overwhelming ego, often leads to downfall for these brilliant persons. When they learn to

use their great powers of mind constructively, they come into the true destiny for which they were born. Like the lion which symbolizes this sign, they are kings of all they survey.

We have been so busy giving the wrong signs for marriage with one born in Leo that we must not lose sight of the fact that there are compatible signs also. They are listed in the following order of preference: Aries, March 21 to April 20, (Bette Davis and Joan Crawford are typical of girls born in this sign, and William Holden and Spencer Tracy are two Aries men). Sagittarius, November 23 to December 21, is second best—(Deanna Durbin, Susanna Foster, Frances Dee and Dorothy Lamour types, and among the men Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) Aquarius, January 20 to February 18, is the third best sign for romance and marriage—many Leo persons have found supreme happiness in marriage with those born in Aquarius. (Adolphe Menjou and Jack Benny are typical of this sign).

To prove that Leo subjects have been under a solar eclipse for some time, let's catalogue the movie players born in this sign and follow what they have been doing.

Take Dolores Del Rio, one of the most stunning and gifted women ever to grace the screen. She is now coming out of the lamentable oblivion in which she has languished during the past few years. Her marriage collapsed, due to no fault of her own, and owing to sun spot afflictions. I feel that a reconciliation with her husband within a year is possible and advisable. When this negative phase passes, Dolores and Cedric Gibbons can find happiness again.

Leo people do not give in easily to grief because they are optimistic and progressive by nature, but when they are floored by fate they rise with renewed determination. This sign is truly invincible, and generally most fortunate; but like all good things that nature lavishes on her subjects, Leo people are forced to pay a terrific price for their great heritage of birth. Self-pity is unknown to Leo-born; they simply rise from the depths of despair and go on to new conquests.

No star in Hollywood has ever known greater tragedy than Paul Kelly. A lesser sign than Leo would have surrendered to the series of unfortunate circumstances that have besieged him for years. Mr. Kelly has just grown stronger with each blow, which is why those of us who know him feel that the loss of his wife, the bitterest



Norvell says Lloyd Nolan, who has been slowly but surely emerging from under the cloud that's been affecting Leo-born, will do some fine character rôles in the future.

Ten Baby Fingers... and Ten Million Germs!



BABY SANDY—million-dollar baby now starring in Universal Pictures' "Sandy Is A Lady". Her surroundings are kept extra clean with "Lysol" solution.

Help guard your child against the risk of germ infection from contaminated objects...clean house with "LYSOL"!

BABY SANDY, favorite of movie fans, is cared for with all the safeguards money can buy. An important precaution taken for her welfare is...*cleanliness!* Surroundings kept *extra clean* with "Lysol's" help.

You can give your *own* baby the same conscientious care. It costs so little to keep bathrooms, nurseries, and playrooms, hygienically clean. All it takes is a liberal use of "Lysol" in your cleaning.

Ask your druggist *now* for your copy of "Baby Sandy's Health Charts"... complete health routines for children of all ages, prepared by a famous expert. Included is a special children's gift...a full-color Baby Sandy Cut-out Doll and cut-out wardrobe.

Lysol
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**FREE! WITH EVERY
PURCHASE OF "LYSOL"**

Baby Sandy Health Charts—a full-color Baby Sandy Cut-out Doll and complete cut-out wardrobe

A gift to you while they last, with every purchase of "Lysol". Don't wait until these grand presents are gone. See your druggist... **NOW!**

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YOUR DRUGGIST IS NOW SPONSORING BABY SANDY'S HEALTH CRUSADE

blow of all, will not stop his interesting career.

Robert Taylor is another Leo-born star who has suffered somewhat in his career in past months; but this affliction is by no means a total eclipse, for the Taylor lad has staying power, and may make certain prophets of the past eat their words.

Although Andrea Leeds, another Leo subject, is happy in the personal side of her life, her career has suffered several setbacks. In last July's issue of *SCREENLAND*, I predicted her marriage, but now unless Andrea is cautious her home duties may interfere with her screen career. I do not feel she will retire, but predict that she will be able judiciously to combine her future maternal duties with new artistic triumphs.

Gene Raymond, another star born in Leo, is emerging from his retirement. Goaded by unfair publicity, Mr. Raymond was forced to return to the screen. He will not regret it, for new laurels await him.

A Leo lady whose light has been buried under a bushel of Lane sisters is Gale Page. May I call to the attention of the brothers Warner that right on their own back lot they have a potential star? Her chart shows great ability and determination to succeed and her 'oomph' (or hadn't you noticed, boys?) is not something that comes out of a paint pot.

Another Warner stock player who will emerge is Gloria Dixon. Gloria gave one of the most brilliant performances ever seen on the local boards in a WPA production. It had the drama lovers agog. Signed by Warners, she was cast in tripe and photographed badly, but time will prove her an actress and make her a star. Gloria, as you no doubt guessed, was born in the Sign of Leo.

You can't imagine the voluptuous Mae West lingering under the slight shadow of any solar affliction. Neither the Hays office, the New York Police Department nor the Radio Communications Commission has ever stopped this merry gal on her appointed rounds. She suffered perhaps less than any Leo star from the fatal Sun spots. Her temporary retirement from the screen was a manifestation of her ruling sign in affliction—now witness her triumphant return in "My Little Chickadee," which is proof again of Leo triumphant.

Jumping from Miss West to the sublime, let us consider the case of Ingrid Bergman, another Leo-born. In Miss Bergman the solar rays have blossomed in the fullest effulgence; not only does she possess the great talent often found in these clever persons but her destiny is so manifest that home ties, marriage—nothing will keep her from being one of the greatest stars the screen has ever known.

Those of you whose birthdates fall in other sections of the Zodiac may be interested in learning what fate has in store for you this month. Select the section below that deals with your birthdate and find out what the future holds for you.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

A generally good month for business and financial affairs. The aggressive planet Mars assists you materially in bettering your fortunes, but you will have to take aggressive action and ask favors or seek out opportunities. Change in residence or employment is favored this month. Work of a creative nature may engage your attention. Favors those in literature, arts, music, advertising, designing, beauty parlors, radio, and theatrical work. Short trips only are favored. Jupiter brings advancement in all your interests. Romantic ventures may prove exciting but not conclusive. Wait for more favorable vibrations before making a decision regarding marriage. Favorable days this month are: 3rd, 4th, 6th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 28th, 29th. Other days neutral.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

Better business conditions should exist in your life this month. Jupiter favors expanding, changing, or seeking favors from superiors. New ideas may come that bring money. Investments in stocks favored especially—also the building trades, signing of contracts, leases and legal papers in general. On the 4th and 19th, some danger may exist in connection with vehicles, or through secret enemies; use caution, and avoid complications in romance or marriage. The planet Venus favors a new love affair, but jealousy and some quarrels are predicted this month. Do nothing rash or ill-advised connected with love, for you may regret hasty action. Vacation pleasures



In "Ghost of the Cisco Kid," Cesar Romero has Sheila Ryan playing with him. He thinks she's a cute little trick and we fully agree.

avored; travel by land or sea appears safe and pleasant. Visit relatives, friends; seek social contacts. Good days this month: 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 8th, 12th, 15th, 18th, 22nd, 23rd, 26th, 28th, 30th. Other days somewhat adverse for anything but routine matters.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20

Mars brings warnings of misunderstandings and confusion this month. Be careful not to make enemies by being hasty. Watch your words and actions, also avoid affixing your signature to legal documents on the 1st, 3rd, 16th, and 23rd. Health matters should improve, and finances come under more steadying vibrations. Most of your progress this month is up to you, for the vibrations from the stars are of a mixed nature and you can make them good or bad, depending on your attitude. Romantic matters appear somewhat disturbed—choose someone whose birthdate happens to fall in Libra, or Aquarius, if you wish perfect happiness. Financially your progress may be slow and uncertain; make up your mind to one course of action and stick to it. You are better in executive or creative work—this sign favors the following occupations for this month: Librarians, hostesses, clerks, salesmen, beauticians, florists, designers, milliners, teachers and musicians. Travel is favored at this time. You may meet one or more members of the opposite sex who profess interest. Not a good month for an engagement, but good for social events. Favorable days this month: 2nd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 14th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 29th. Other days are neutral and favor normal activities.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

The solar rays this month give additional interest to financial conditions in your life. You are definitely coming into a cycle of progression and accomplishment. Avoid nervousness and uncertainty; develop confidence, for you need it in your business relations with others. You should have brilliant ideas, and if you carry them out, you may be on your way to attaining your life's goal. Love affairs come under changing aspects of your ruling planet, the Moon, this month. Be careful that your heart does not rule your head, for you are easily influenced by the one you love—if you choose wisely it should be someone born in Pisces, Scorpio, or Capricorn. Change of residence is favored this month; also travel by land or water. Favorable



Len Weissman

Myrna Loy and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., entertain Gwili Andre at the Cocoanut Grove. Proof that Myrna is still crazy about her husband is the fact that she can still laugh at his jokes. However, Gwili must have heard that one before.

days are: 2nd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 14th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 23rd, 24th, 27th, 30th. The other days are somewhat negative, especially for new or daring action in business.

Leo—July 23 to August 22

An excellent month for social events. Entertain friends, and attend public entertainments or social functions. Progression may come through the influence of one or more friends. Favors the romantic side of your life especially. Some person from the past may seek you out, but avoid becoming involved for the stars favor progression. The terrific cycle of sun spot afflictions is abating somewhat, and your nerves and mind should be calmer and more settled. On the 12th and 27th, be cautious of vehicles; on the 1st and 16th, use caution in finances, avoid speculative investments, and be aggressive in seeking favors from superiors. Favors the following occupations: Teachers, secretaries, clerks, salesmen, nurses, and those connected with the entertainment world. Favorable days are: 2nd, 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 28th, 30th.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

The planet Mercury, your ruling star, showers you with surprising events this month. Some will be good, some rather negative; you will need to be alert and aggressive if you wish to make the most of the positive vibrations bombarding the earth at this time. Guard your finances, and avoid indebtedness. An increase in salary is likely during this month. Change in business is favored if you are dissatisfied where you are now working. The home may come under some disturbing vibrations on the 5th, 9th, and 18th of the month. Those married may have some quarrels, mostly avoidable. Health should be guarded,



Len Weissman

Lovely Linda Darnell and her beau, Bob Shaw, were caught by our cameraman at one of the side tables in the Coconut Grove, flashing these smiles. Bob never fails to send Linda a corsage of fresh flowers when he's taking her out to dine and dance.

especially avoiding over-eating, or over-working. Banking, dealings with public institutions, utilities corporations, and lawyers are favored for Virgo-born this month. Venus, planet of love, brings you several splendid chances to find love happiness. Stop seeking the perfect man or woman, for you may attract unhappiness in marriage if you try to change your choice too

much. A good month for love and marriage in general. Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 26th, 28th, 29th.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

A month about equally divided between positive and negative vibrations. Favors steadier vibrations for romance. You should



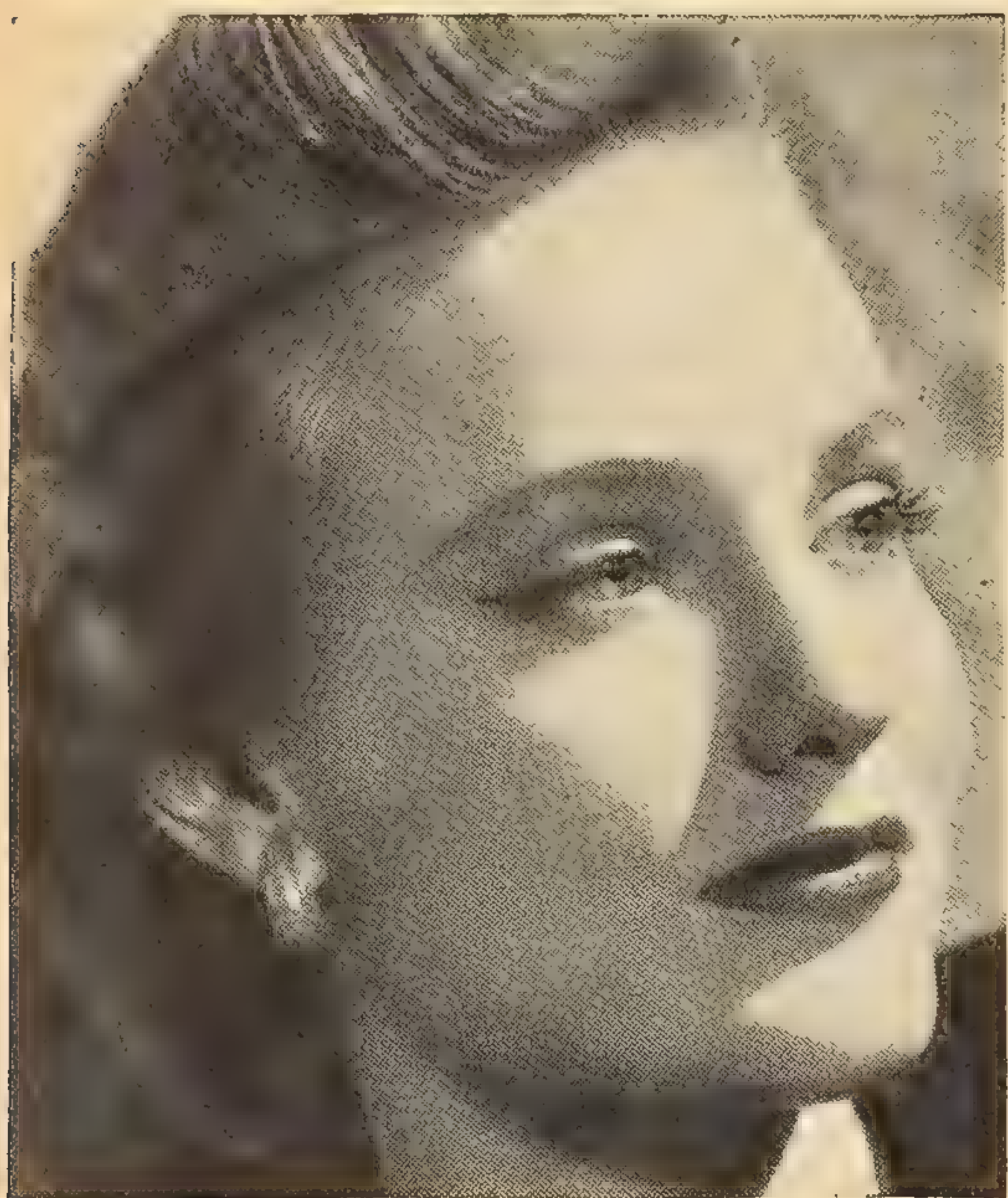
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be able to make up your mind regarding the one you love, but the trick is to keep it made up. Venus makes you a little fickle in love, and temptations to flirt may exist. Meet members of the opposite sex at this time, attend dances, theaters, and public places. Jupiter brings some persons of prominence into your life. Mars brings caution on the 3rd and 12th of the month, especially regarding travel by water. Hold on to your money—avoid impulsive action, speculation, and loaning money to friends. Does not favor investing in real estate or a business of your own. Better to attend to the present business venture than to try and make a change. Favorable days for general activities are: 1st, 2nd, 5th, 7th, 10th, 14th, 17th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 25th, 27th. Other days somewhat adverse; avoid complications with others, and dangers through vehicles.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

Your cycle of luck is due to change from bad to good during this month. The afflictions you have known in finances may be overcome at this time if you go about solving your problems in an intelligent manner. Try to get into something where you may use the creative ideas you have for making money. The month favors radical changes in business and new undertakings. Money should come from some unexpected source—Jupiter, planet of good fortune, sends positive planetary vibrations to you this month that may bring you the most unusual opportunities for self-improvement. The romantic side of your life is fairly safe at this time. You can win the one you love, but you must school your nature so you do not tire so easily of your sweetheart. Early marriage is advocated for this sign. This month is good for accepting a proposal of marriage. Also favors the home and relatives. Good days are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 28th, 30th.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

Your ruling star is Jupiter, one of the most kindly of all planets. This month, aspects of Jupiter, the Sun, and Venus bring you favorable opportunities in many ways, but some opposition planets bring warnings of impending events that may be avoided if you are forewarned. Routine business affairs are favored, but radical



Clark Gable and Marian Martin go into a first-rate huddle for this gay scene in "Boom Town," new film in which Gable gets rich on oil and celebrates with an old friend.

changes should be undertaken cautiously. Map out your future course carefully, select the career you want, and then begin to prepare for the biggest changes of your life. This period of your life may be a decisive one. Your determination and independence may cause you to branch out for yourself in business. This is a desirable course of action. This sign favors the following professions and occupations: Nurses, teachers, designers, artists, musicians, radio workers, editors, writers, dancers, dental assistants, hostesses and office executives. Your romantic life may be unsettled and undecided—because you so often attract an unhappy love life choose carefully this month before making a decision in love. Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 11th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19

Vibrations for this month may be somewhat mixed—use caution in finances, avoid



Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable go into a different kind of huddle on the "Boom Town" set and take up the tri-cornered pants situation. The baby, Chum, plays the son of Gable and Claudette Colbert, who is also one of the stars of the picture.

speculating in your investments, and attend to debts rather than accumulate more. The key-word this month should be conservatism. Although you may not yet know it, your stars are preparing to shower you with some blessing in disguise. Some unfortunate turn of events may be used to advantage later, so do not regret anything that may happen during this month. Social events should be encouraged; avoid loneliness and despondency on the 1st, 4th, 18th and 27th. The romance in your life at present may not be the right one, but do not consider making radical changes—your mind may be somewhat unsettled, and you may not yet know if you have met the one great love of your life. You may still be suffering from disappointment and defeat in love; this often happens to those born in Capricorn, but it is the dark before the storm. Your life can take a brighter turn during the last two weeks of the month in every department of your life. Favorable days for aggressive action in business are: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 28th, 30th.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 18

The stars give you the 'go ahead' signal this month. Many of your ideas for pro-

gression should begin to materialize. Good time for seeking favorable position with some concern where your talents will be appreciated. If you have been having trouble financially, this month should take you a step closer to being free of debt, but your rather extravagant nature is apt to disregard this warning, and it may work to your regret later. Financial freedom is essential this month to mental happiness, so work with that constructive idea in mind. All creative ventures such as music, writing, acting, etc., are highly favored. Be cautious not to involve yourself with family or friends in such a way as to cause confusion or discord. Romance will seek you at this time. Members of the opposite sex will find you pleasant company, and some entanglements are sure to occur unless you decide which is infatuation and which is the real thing. Favorable days this month: 1st, 3rd, 6th, 7th, 9th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 26th, 27th, 29th, 30th. Other days negative.

Pisces—February 19 to March 20

Financial matters may cause concern at this time, but this is only a temporary precaution. Avoid speculation, especially anything connected with "wild cat" oil or gold

schemes. Concentrate on lightening your burden—good month for sale of property, or other holdings that prove burdensome. Money may come from some source you counted as lost; a long-lost friend may return suddenly. On the 1st, 4th and 29th, beware of losses through fire, theft, or dishonesty. Some person close to you might become a secret enemy, so avoid causing jealousy. The romantic side of life is brighter for you this month. Fate may present you with several opportunities in love and you may be called upon to make a decision regarding an engagement. Be hopeful this month, for your mind is clear, and you have the benefit of helpful planetary aspects all month in the personal side of your life and should come out of the slump you have been in during the past year or more. Best days are: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 21st, 24th, 25th, 26th, 28th.

Every person comes under varying planetary vibrations. Find out what the stars predict for you by consulting your individual astrology horoscope based on the position of the Sun. You may find out some interesting things from this reading.

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The Foibles of Fontaine

Continued from page 34

That was Fontaine at four in the afternoon. At five, she was presiding over the silver tea service and talking, as you shall presently learn, not as other girls. At six I sat with her in her enchanting green and silver and dim rose bedroom, with its silk-panelled walls and antique mahogany, and water-lilies in crystal bowls, and Brian's picture, a room resembling something seen under water, moony and quiet and gentle as the chalices of the lilies, while she changed into a watered silk hostess gown preparatory to dining at home, alone with Brian. They always have "nice, dress-up dinners" (Joan's expression) the two of them, giving to each other the same respect, fastidiousness, and formality they would give to guests at the Court of St. James. And it is still "agony" (Joan's expression) for them to be with other people, so precious to them is their time together, so much do they still, after nearly a year of marriage, have to say to each other.

When Joan talks about Brian, she isn't "Fontaine," sought after by producers, acclaimed by critics as "The Most Important Young Actress in Hollywood," she is a girl in love, so much in love. And uniquely in love, too, for these days. Because one of her "differences" is that she belongs to the vanishing school of maidens who believed in their Dream Prince, their Hero, the One Love, the Great Love, They Lived Happily Ever After, all those quaint forgotten, far-off things which girls today laugh at or pretend to laugh off but which Joan believes in with all her eager heart and, what is more important, with her cool, informed young mind.

Oh, yes, different! But Joan has always been different. After the release of "Rebecca," among the hails and hosannas, there were a few implications that, before "Rebecca," Joan had been just another little Hollywood cutie to be reckoned with, if at all, as Olivia de Havilland's sister, as Brian Aherne's wife. Director Alfred Hitchcock, said the iconoclasts who always have to quarrel with someone else's luck, had played *Pygmalion* to the little pliable Fontaine's *Galatea*, and her success was his sagacity. Well, you can just imagine the

skyrockets some gals would send shooting at that kind of a smack. But not Fontaine.

"Hitch is responsible for my being good in 'Rebecca,'" she told me. "He literally sat at my feet and I, how humbly, at his, all through the picture. I never knew such kindness, such confidence as he gave me. All I was thinking of was being *Galatea* and letting him be *Pygmalion*. I needed the confidence he gave me. I certainly didn't have any of my own. I knew people were saying, 'What is David Selznick thinking of, giving a part like that to her?' I knew what people were thinking when they'd say to me, 'You're doing all right, I suppose!'"

You see? She makes her own pattern—like "A Wampus Baby Star was Joan" as one weekly sheet misinformed its readers. Joan never belonged to the Wampus at all. Joan, in fact, never "belonged" at all, in the Hollywood sense. She never nightclubbed or "hearted" with the young blades around town. She was reported engaged just once (B. B.—Before Brian, I mean) and that was to Conrad Nagel. Whether they were technically engaged or not, there was foundation for the rumor because Joan did go out with Conrad, constantly and exclusively, for quite a time. Partly because she liked him and they were congenial companions; partly because she preferred having one escort and that escort a gentleman, and something of a scholar, rather than risk unpleasant experiences by casual experiments, rather than be an in-constant, if publicized, *Juliet*.

When she did meet a new young man she always took him home for tea with Mother and Livvy. And he passed inspection, with honors, or—he passed out of the picture. She was, so quaint, people said, a home girl! She never dressed like a movie starlet or talked like one. She never called people by their first names unless she knew them well. She never dyed her tan-gilt hair or used make-up on the street. She never capitalized on the name and fame of Olivia who, the elder of the two, had got the head start. It was Joan, remember, who laid down the law that neither she nor Olivia should mention each other for publicity purposes; it was Joan

who insisted on taking a different name and took the name, Fontaine.

A shy sort of girl because of the neurosis and inhibitions her childhood illnesses gave her, she fought with different weapons, making her liabilities serve as her assets. For instance: "My illnesses," she said, "were really what made it possible for me to play the second *Mrs. de Winter*. I didn't have to pretend to be neurotic and shy, I *was* neurotic and shy. Then, I can and do thank God that I was raised in the country. It gives you a certain simplicity of soul, childhood in the woods and fields, it's bound to. At twelve, I mean, you don't have red finger-nails, permanents, and advanced ideas. So that you would quite naturally, be shy and over-eager and a little awkward if you really became the wife of a *Maxim de Winter*, the mistress of a *Manderley*."

"Even now, if I am among unpleasant people, it is no trouble at all for me to become a perfect mouse again, retreating, nervous, ready to be offended, *silly*. Why, in 'Rebecca,' when *Mrs. Danvers* said to me, 'No one wants you here,' I found myself being hurt about it, believing it, sort of pouting when Judith Anderson spoke to me, looking injured! When I play *Jane Eyre*, which is my next picture, I'm sure *Mr. Rochester* will have to look for me after he shouts at me; I simply shan't be there at all!"

(Yet this timid little trellis flower, this shrinking violet flies cross-country with Brian in their private plane; this summer they plan to go on picnics, Joan and Brian, Olivia, and Jimmy Stewart, in Brian's and Jimmy's planes!)

"I'm much, much better than I used to be, of course," Joan was unnecessarily explaining. "But I had to get over fear before I got happiness. The minute I got rid of fear I got rid of illnesses. The minute I got the right frame of mind I got the right person. I might almost say I got *life*. Because before I rid myself of fear I lived only a half-life, I lived in a twilight, peopled with shadowy figures and dim voices and fantasies, half beautiful, half nightmare."

Yes, *very* different—different, you see, before she made "Rebecca," different *after* she made "Rebecca." Like the way she reacts to her 100 per cent, undisputed smash hit as the second *Mrs. de Winter*, like her answer to those who say "But *now* you are Somebody!" *that's* different, too.

"You don't become somebody," she told me, perched on the top of the back of the davenport (if we'd been out of doors she'd probably have been up a tree) a cup of tea in one hand, a crumpet in the other—(both sisters, Livvy and Joany, eat like nothing modern!)"—"you don't become somebody with the success of a picture, you know. No, nor with the success of many pictures. You *are* somebody if you are a nice person. Being well-mannered and well-bred, being humble and kind is, I consider, being somebody. I don't think you have any difficulties in life if you have had, and if you remember, those nice, kind home-teachings. Just the other night Brian said how funny it is, how rather sad, that we go most of our lives only to find that those home-teachings are right, are all the wisdom there is. You have got to be humble," said Joan who could be so proud, "you have got to be kind," said Joan, who could be so cruel, to those who didn't think she was anybody until electric lights and printers' ink changed their sheep minds for them. "You can stop being humble," she went on, "you can stop being kind; but if you do, you get out of step with life. And when you get out of step with life, you stumble!"

"No, I'm not overwhelmed with the suc-



Len Weissman

Deanna Durbin and her beau, Vaughan Paul, can always be counted on to attend the races. The cameraman caught them at the gala opening of the Hollywood Park Turf Club.

cess of 'Rebecca' because I knew it would be a success before I did it, I knew it would be a success while I was doing it. As we worked I began to realize, too, that pretty nearly any girl who played the part I played would have a personal success. That's why I wanted to back out of it after we started."

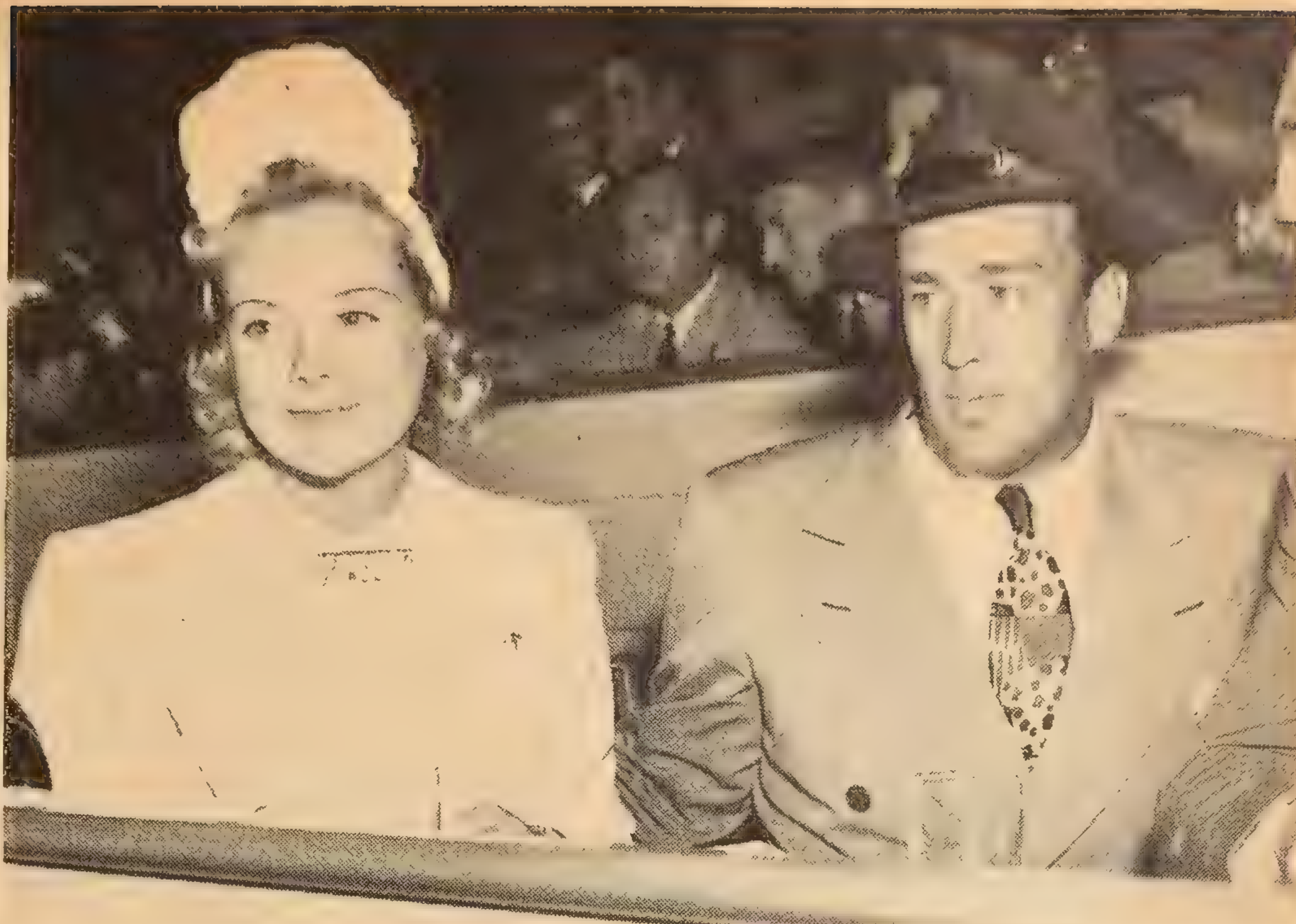
"Let me get this straight," I interrupted. "correct me if I'm wrong—but are you telling me you wanted to back out of the picture because you knew it would be a success?"

"Yes," said young Fontaine.

I thought, "My dear Editor, are you getting something a little out of the ordinary, or am I wrong?" Aloud I said, "This is my last interview. I've heard everything now. I've nothing left to live for and there will be nothing new to write. Stars who want to back out of pictures because they fear the pictures will *not* be successful are common as ox-eyed beans; but stars who—" I gave it up.

Joan laughed. Then gravely she said, "But I was afraid of success. Too much success for a woman may endanger her personal happiness. I've seen too many marriages put to death by a career, particularly by a woman's career. A career," said Joan, and now the gravity changed to ferocity, yes, to a startling ferocity, almost with bared teeth, you might say, she continued, "a career is not going to be the death of *this* marriage—it's NOT! The only thing that matters is Brian's happiness, and mine. *Our* happiness, together. The oneness we have nothing in this world will take away from me, not while there is breath in my body, not while my mind functions.

"I've got everything," she said, then, more quietly, "I've got a fireplace, a good cook, books, lovely clothes. I *love* clothes.



Len Weissman

Sonja Henie and Dan Topping, recently divorced from Arline Judge, have become a pretty steady twosome. Above, they're seen attending the races at Hollywood Park.

I get that from my mother. But though I'm clothes-conscious, I'm not clothes-crazy. I'm not extravagant with clothes. I buy 'em all at sales or get them, half-price, from the studios after I've worn them in pictures. \$17.95 is a good price for me to pay for a dress. I've never paid more than \$59.75 for one in my life and that was to wear to the premiere of 'Rebecca.' And I

didn't get to wear it on account of how I was in the hospital having my major operation. I make my dresses over, too, make pockets out of collars and collars out of pockets and things. I think I'm on the clever side about making things do. Like I bought a \$3.00 evening bag, fastened a \$5.00 clip I had to it and it made the most *wonderful* thing—but as I was saying, I've

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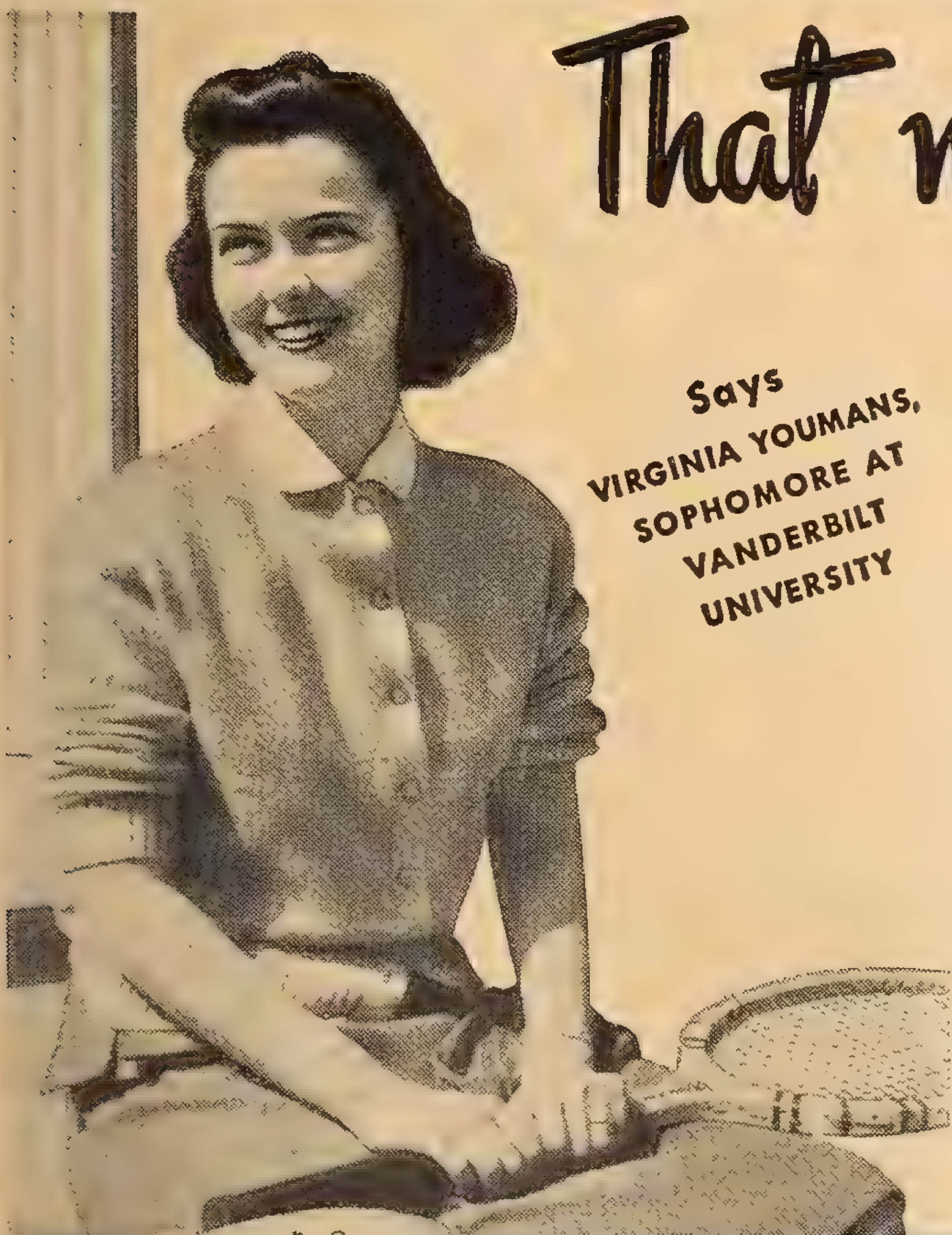
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got a fireplace, a good cook, a good, kind romantic husband. Do you think I'd risk this heaven-on-earth for the chance of being, at thirty-five, one of the big stars I see around town, women with vestiges of a career and not a vestige of happiness? Women who make their lives out of wearing a new gown, a new diamond, a new love affair? Women who try to warm their hands and their hearts at the names in electric lights? Oh, no, oh, no—oh, what kind of a life is that? What pitiful substitutes for happiness are those?

"I haven't," Joan added, "a single piece of real jewelry except the pearls my husband gave me when we were married, and my engagement ring. Brian is always wanting to buy me jewels. I beg him not to, I don't want them. What for, when you can buy a hunk for two dollars, just as attractive as the real thing?" (Well, I thought, casting my mind's jaundiced eye over the diamonds of Marlene, the emeralds of Colbert, the star sapphires of Lombard, this is certainly "different"—and no gilt swimming pools, either, rippling in the Aherne back-yard; just a little collapsible projector, too, that sits up on a chair when the young Ahernes run their "home-movies"—why, Fontaine didn't even suggest that her bridegroom build her a mansion but just moved into his house and, with the exception of her own room, didn't do it over, either).

"Are you about to tell me," I said, then, "that you are going to retire? After 'Jane Eyre,' perhaps? Because if you are, you're letting me down, and badly. Because that's what they've all told me; for 99 years the stars have been telling me they're going to retire and some of them have *been* retired but none of them, of their own free will and volition—if you tell me you're going to retire," I finished, crossly, "you'll cease to be different, if you care."

This time Joan interrupted. "Keep calm," she laughed, "I'm not going to tell you anything of the sort. I'm NOT going to retire. To say so would be merely to make an extravagant statement which I'd know in my heart I wouldn't go through with, wouldn't want to go through with. For if I retired, what would happen? Well, in about two years I'd begin to let down. I'd go about wearing two-year-old clothes. Brian, meanwhile, would still be acting, which means he'd be working with fascinating women. He'd come home and there

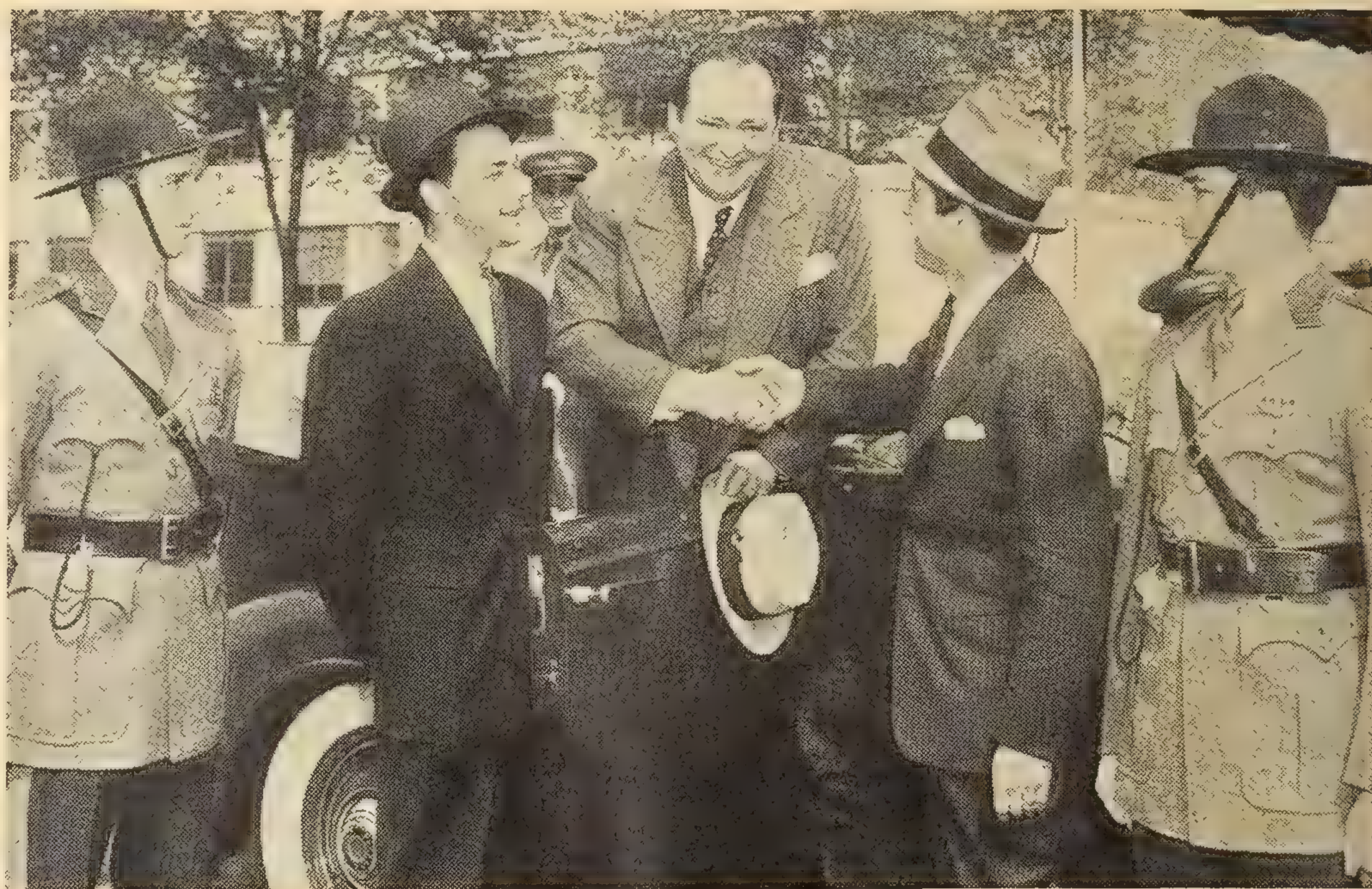
I'd be no make-up on, darning Junior's socks. I know myself. I'm an extremist. So are most of my sex. We go career or we go cosy-sit-by-the-fire, the whole hog, either way. I," said Joan, blessedly sustaining her "difference" (and my story) "shall compromise. I'll break the jinx of the extremist by being moderate in all things. I'll continue to work because I love my work, it fascinates me, it liberates me. But my work won't be my all, just a part of my all.

"I'll continue to work, too, because if I stopped our interests would be divided, Brian's and mine. It's different with us, you see, we're in the same job together. We read scripts together. We discuss them, Brian saying, 'This is a story for you, and this is why'; or I saying, 'Now, this is a part for you.' We read the script of 'Rebecca' together. I had to be good in 'Rebecca' because of Brian! He helped me so much. When we were first married, you know, he told me I could keep on being an actress if I wanted to, but that I'd jolly well better be a *good one*. I will always be so humble with Brian because I know he is so much more gifted than I, I can only ask his advice and his help.

"What we plan to do is buy a ranch one of these days. I want to have four children—one of these days—and when I do, I want to keep them on the ranch in the country. I want to make two or three pictures a year, Brian wants to make the same number. We hope to arrange our schedules so we'll be working at the same time. Between pictures we'll live on our ranch, farm, raise our children, read, talk, play, paint fences, live and love and learn.

"I am *completely* happy," Joan said now, her voice a cross between a child's voice saying its prayers and a woman's voice counting her sacred blessings. "There isn't one thing I want that I haven't got. There isn't one dream I've ever dreamed that hasn't come true. There isn't one prayer I've ever made that hasn't been answered. Why, even Livvy, when she's at our house says, 'Oh, Joany, I really envy you! And that means something, coming from Livvy who is so beautiful and was *Melanie* and all.

"Look at me!" Now, as Joan issued her light command, she was laughing, exultation ringing out, wild bells, in her laughter. "Look at me! Touch me! Make a wish on me! I'm something very rare—the completely, perfectly happy person!"



Edward Arnold is welcomed to the World's Fair of 1940 in New York by Earl Blackwell (left) and Ted Strong, Fair's official hosts to celebrities of screen, stage and radio.

What Is Your Summer Beauty Problem?

Continued from page 69

usually through the use of a cream type of protector. Our faces are really very tough, no matter how delicate we prefer to think them, but upper arms, back, the diaphragm, now so smartly exposed, and thighs are truly often delicate, simply because they are not constantly exposed to the hardening-up process. Therefore, be careful of these areas. They need even more protection than your face, unless you want to be



Ann Rutherford, seen waving a cheery "Hello, there!" to her friends, can't wait to show them her new knitted playsuit. The suit is pink and features a skirt gored with insets of blue, shirred waistline, and bolero.

herded off to bed with a burn when you wanted to enjoy your vacation. It won't be too long, either, before you'll be thinking of glamorous formal clothes for fall, so beware the two-toned back skin effect. In October, it will look like the last leaf, and a very seared one, at that. When possible, remove back straps or any clothing that might leave a mark on your back. Better an all-over tone than a print design, any time. When you get really burned, apply at once a healing preparation. There are those designed especially for sunburn, but lacking these, any aid that you would apply to an ordinary burn should be used. In case of severe sunburn, call a doctor at once. Bad burns can be very serious.

For face protection, I am a strong believer in a more than liberal application of a foundation and plenty of powder. The two give you an excellent barrier against the sun and Hollywood uses this method. If you will apply this protection carefully, you won't look too made-up for play. If it seems to wear down at contact with salt water, apply another coat. Of course, your usual sun oil or cream will work well on

face, too, but somehow I get better results facially the Hollywood way. However, the rest of me would feel a forlorn lamb, indeed, without liberal use of sun cream.

An important thing to remember is that burn on burn is what sometimes scars and leaves marks that take a long time to fade. As burned skin peels, it exposes a new and excessively tender skin. When this skin burns, it is often serious. The smart thing to do is to recover as much as possible from that first burn, if you were careless, and take every precaution with this newer skin. You will need plenty of cream, especially of the night variety, which will help soften and smooth any exposed skin. However, remember that skin can "use" just so much cream and that a light application, just enough to make skin feel slightly creamy or moist, as the type of cream indicates, is sufficient, and that too much cream simply piled upon the skin may help retard its normal functioning. Cream used as I suggest will not encourage blackheads or other annoyances, even on skin inclined to these. However, such skin will benefit more by one of the mildly medicated creams. With the summer skin, the purpose here is to return to the skin surface as much lubrication as possible, because the sun dries it out. Even the young get little squint and expression lines from sun drenched seas, shores and scenery generally. Ann Rutherford, young as she is, is being very sensible on the first page of this story. She is using emollient cream about her eyes. Press or smooth the cream lightly from the inner eye corner to the outer, gently circling the finger at about where Ann has hers placed. Smooth a little cream over the upper lids, too, well up to where the brow begins.

In the way of cream, there is a splendid cleanser made especially for warm weather use. When you apply it, it gives the skin a cool sensation, welcome on a torrid day. A great Hollywood trick is keeping face lotions in the refrigerator. They feel twice as refreshing when cool and the coolness has a slight contracting effect on pores.

Keep make-up fresh and dust-free, advises Perc Westmore. Keep your powder box covered, the tip on your lipstick and always cover your creams immediately after use. Joan Bennett is showing a new and appealing case that comes complete with powder, lipstick and rouge. The case holds your make-up for day compactly; there is no hurrying through a crowded bag to find this and that, and the case may serve on many a casual occasion without benefit of bag. It comes in smart stripe combinations and in solid colors to match your costume. As you can see from her picture in the beginning, Joan is puzzled as to which case to choose for her smart costume. These cases offer not only efficient ways for you but they make lovely little gifts, especially to your hostess for summer week-ends. There are a variety of tones in the make-up, and all are harmonized with each other. Truly, one of the nicest thoughts of the season.

If your hands have become discolored or deeply tanned, change to a dark nail polish. By contrast, your skin will appear lighter. Keep the nail polish in harmony with your lips, basically if not in depth, and if you lacquer your toe-nails, let them match your fingers.

Use your eau de Cologne and dusting powder lavishly. These will keep you feeling fresh and sweet. Change your face powder tone as your skin deepens or takes on a ruddier note. You will probably need less rouge at this season, so don't over-do. Modify eye make-up now. Wear clear, fresh colors, and sail through this trying period of summer on high. What with harvest moons and your conquest of the summer, you can't afford to let down now!

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See Page 5!

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Bette Davis Kicks Glamor in the Pants!

Continued from page 31

more than twenty-six. Thirty was considered as un-glamorous as curlers and a percale kimono. Much better to be twenty-six for ten or twenty years. And there was Bette, the dope, announcing to the whole world that a movie star could be thirty! But strangely enough Bette's fans didn't seem to like her any the less for being thirty. It was a perfectly normal thing to be. Shortly afterwards, several of the Glamor Girls broke down a little and casually admitted that they really weren't twenty-six, they were twenty-nine.

Instead of dressing up in ermines and orchids, Bette makes a habit of underplaying it when it comes to clothes. She is not considered chic in the way of Hollywood, but she is extremely chic in the way of people who have had money all their lives (which Bette hasn't). At a recent committee meeting of one of Ouida Rathbone's famous charity parties all the Glamor Girls, knowing of course that there would be photographers galore, arrived in their latest John Frederics and their newest Irenes and were just too glamorous to do any work. Bette arrived in a simple sports dress, sans hat, and worked herself into a lather. The first time she received the Academy Award she fairly shocked the daylights out of the banquet guests, who had paid ten bucks a plate and were dressed to their teeth, by appearing in a demure, very simple, short print. She is a total loss to the jewelry salesmen of Hollywood, who grow rich and sleek off of the stars, because she quite candidly admits that she loves costume jewelry and can find all she wants on the bargain counters in the Los Angeles department stores.

It has long been accepted in Hollywood that no star needs to get herself all mussed up in a picture. Through floods, fires,

storms, earthquakes, and Indian raids she flits without upsetting a hair of her pretty head, not to mention a pleat of her pretty dress. But Bette changed all that. When she was supposed to look bedraggled in a picture, boy, she looked bedraggled, even if she did resemble one of *Macbeth's* witches. Joan Bennett might come through a jungle or a tornado with every wave in place, but not Bette. When the elements raged, or the emotions surged, Bette was right in there pitching, and in the close-up, my dear, even in the *close-up*, she looked a mess. Though the Glamor Girls criticized her, the fans and critics never did. It is Joan Bennett with her perfect coiffure who gets laughed at on the screen, not Bette Davis.

At the studio she is never fussy, and always gives her fellow workers credit for knowing their business, which is more than most of the Glamor Girls do. She never asks to okay her portrait proofs because she feels that George Hurrell knows much more about portraits and photography than she does—and he does. She never tells Orry-Kelly how she wants her dresses designed for her next picture, because she knows that Orry-Kelly has been an eminent designer for years and knows much more about clothes than she ever will. Because of her wit and intelligence she is quite a favorite of Orry's but even he was surprised out of a year's growth recently when she came in for a fitting on the "All This, and Heaven Too" wardrobe and calmly announced that she liked a certain dress she wore as *Carlotta* in "Juarez" so well that she would like to wear it again in her next picture. No, absolutely no movie star has ever done that before. The idea is to cause the studio as much expense and trouble as possible. Certainly not to make it easy for them. Did you ever hear



Bette Davis and David Lewis, associate producer at Warners, with some of the guests at the party Bette, David and director Anatole Litvak gave the cast of "All This, And Heaven Too," at the Beverly Tropics, to celebrate completion of the film.

of Garbo, or Dietrich, or Shearer wearing anything they have worn before? Why, Marlene in the old Paramount days would let the studio spend thousands of dollars on a dress for her (if there was fur on it it had to be sable, as Miss Dietrich was allergic to imitations) and then five minutes before she was to appear in it before the camera refuse to wear it. Well, really!

The other day I dropped in on Bette, who had just returned from a vacation spent in Honolulu, at her new home out in the un-chic part of the Valley, or rather the wrong side of the tracks in the Valley. After years of renting, this is the first home that Bette (who has always boasted that she didn't want to own anything in Hollywood she couldn't pack in a bag) has bought, but it's such a homey home that she couldn't resist it. She promptly called it River Bottom because it nearly got washed away in California's big flood of several years ago. (If we have another flood don't be a bit surprised to see Bette sailing along merrily in her big four-poster bed on her way to the Pacific.) I was quite startled when I saw a "For Rent" sign on the front porch and wondered if those rumors that she would marry Bob Taplinger, Warner Brothers number one publicity man, were true. But Bette giggled that it was only a gag—she's going in for gags now—and anyhow she's just putting in a swimming pool.

Bette is still keeping up the old tradition of kicking glamor in the pants. As you well know every Glamor Girl has to have herself a boy friend (naturally I mean the unmarried Glamor Girls) to escort her to premièrés, previews, parties and night clubs, as there are always plenty of photographers and columnists around. And every Glamor Girl wants Cary Grant or Jimmy Stewart, top-notch actors, or Jock Whitney or Dan Topping, top-notch millionaire sportsmen. If they can't get the tops they get the best substitutes they can find. But Bette has thrown glamor to the winds again and chosen as her best boy friend—of all people—a press agent! By far the most intelligent men in Hollywood are press agents but they are usually looked down upon with scorn by the glamorous great, possibly because the p.a.'s have made them what they are today, and there is nothing so mortifying as gratitude.

So wouldn't you just know that Bette would chose the well-informed, amusing, likeable Bob Taplinger, press agent de luxe! Ever since he accompanied her, and Mrs. Byron, her secretary-companion, on her Honolulu vacation there has been much speculating about the Davis-Taplinger romance. When I asked her if she expected to marry Bob she didn't say yes and she didn't say no, she just laughed, which is as pretty a way as any of getting out of that. But if I am a judge of *l'amour*, and I think I am, I would say that Bette's in it. I have never seen her look so happy and carefree, and I commented on it. "Yes," she said, "I have never been so happy in all my life. I have discovered that there are other things in this world besides work, work, work. I believe I'm actually frivolous."

And I believe so, too. On the bed beside her was a copy of the script of her new picture "The Letter" (which will give Bette a chance to go dramatic in a big way) but Bette seemed far more interested in a gag she was planning to play on Bob that night than she was in her script. And giggling like a sub-deb at her first prom. Why, Miss Davis, and you the First Lady of the Screen! It just all goes to show what love can do to a serious young actress.

When I asked Bette if she was mobbed in Hawaii (so many of the Glamor Girls



Zasu Pitts abandoned her quavering "oh, dear," and substituted this broad smile when she visited the World's Fair of 1940 in New York. Patrolman Joseph Donaghue (left) and Sergeant Andrew Barabas of the World's Fair Police found Zasu very amusing.

have reported that they were mobbed within an inch of their lives by the enthusiastic Hawaiians) she very frankly (and un-glamorously) admitted that despite the fact that 40,000 sailors and a Shrine Convention were in town at the time that she was there that she went every place without the slightest confusion. "It's the most sincerely cordial place I have ever seen," said Bette. "The nights are indecent, they are so beautiful." Uh-huh, *l'amour* again.

Unlike Ginger Rogers, who was severely criticized for up-staging the people there, and other movie stars, Bette joined in the fun and took in everything from the hula dancers to a luau) where she ate as if she didn't care how many pounds she put on. She fell madly in love with the "holloku" which is an Hawaiian summer dinner dress. Inspired by the mother-hubbards the missionaries used to wear these dresses are now made in the Islands in Samoan prints, and Bette claims they are quite the loveliest things you could wear of a summer evening. As soon as she gets her trunks unpacked Hollywood will be treated, via Ciro's, to a "holloku."

As I left River Bottom I thought once more that it is really little wonder the Glamor Girls don't feel so awfully cozy towards Bette. Because of her they are being forced to take the star dust out of their hair, romp, and act like human beings. Because of Bette the internationally famous shrinking violet, Miss Greta Garbo, has to discard her mystery and laugh out loud. Glamor Girl Number 2, Miss Marlene Dietrich, has to indulge in a saloon brawl and get a bucket of water in her face. Alice Faye has to receive a pie in her puss. But the Glamor Girl who should really dislike Miss Bette is the beautiful and glamorous Hedy Lamarr. If Hedy, with those perfect photogenic features of hers, had burst upon Hollywood several years earlier she would have been nothing short of the toast of the world. With that glamorous beauty she would certainly have been the Queen of Movieland. Yes indeed, Bette Davis definitely cramped Hedy Lamarr's style.

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Meet the Boss!

Continued from page 51

had plenty to feed on," Helene said. "Alice and Tony tried to be sensible and ignore it, but it hurt just the same."

Just how big a part unthinking gossips played in separating them, would be hard to say. But that they didn't make it easier for Alice and Tony is easy to guess. "Of course," Helene went on, "all married couples have occasional misunderstandings, but as Alice used to say to me: 'All Tony and I have to do is walk down the street in serious discussion and right away people say we're going to be divorced.'"

"But they tried not to let it get them down," Helene repeated, "and most of the time they succeeded. They had a lot of fun together, planning for the future. They were like two kids about their new house. It was their first real home together, you know, and Alice was proud as punch when she selected the furniture."

But they had lived in that San Fernando Valley house less than a month when it burned down. Alice was working in "Little Old New York" at the time.

"Her brother and his wife rushed to the studio to break it to her gently," Helene said, "but before they reached her someone blurted out the news. Alice cried like a child."

The accident left her with literally nothing to wear, and no time to shop until she had a day off. In the meantime she borrowed clothes from Helene, her sister-in-law, and the studio wardrobe. Then she went on a shopping spree, starting from scratch. "Alice loves to shop," Helene said, "but that was one time she wasn't enthusiastic. The house meant too much."

It was while they were rebuilding that Alice paid her last visit to Tony in the East, before her divorce action. Helene didn't accompany her that time, but she was along on what must have been a much happier trip for Alice, last year.

"Alice has a combination shyness and natural desire to be left alone—it's her nature," Helene said. "She had to fight them both on that trip. One night we were going out, and Alice phoned down to the desk to make sure the road was clear. The hotel clerk informed her there were about four hundred fans waiting, so we went down in the freight elevator. Some of them were waiting at that exit, too, and our

taxi had an awful time getting through. One of the fans pinched Alice," Helene added, "which didn't help to lessen her fear of crowds any."

But she doesn't get flustered if the crowd is orderly, as she proved on that same trip. "We returned to the hotel about 2:30 one morning to find a mob of small boys waiting," Helene said. "Alice looked them over. 'You ought to be home in bed,' she said. 'Not when you're in town,' said the leader. Alice laughed and told them to line up," Helene continued, "and then signed autographs and talked with them for an hour."

That same shyness is responsible for Alice's being called "high-hat," according to her friend. "She's a little bit ill-at-ease when she meets people for the first time, and they imagine she's aloof," Helene explained. "But anyone who has worked with her can tell you differently. She knows most of the electricians and other set workers on her pictures by name. More than that, she always knows if one of their wives is sick, or whose baby is having a birthday and when. But Alice is overcoming that shyness," Helene went on. "She is certainly more sure of herself than she used to be. However, she hasn't yet realized her pet ambition," she laughed, "which is to be really fearless in a crowd. Every time she has a new experience with one, she takes a pose and says: 'At last, I am a woman of the world.' I like to kid her about that," Helene smiled. "Whenever she's upset or moody, I say: 'Come on, now, where's that woman of the world spirit?'"

That spirit is most noticeably absent when Alice meets other celebrities for the first time. It failed her completely when she was introduced to the late Alice Brady at the start of "In Old Chicago."

"Alice had always admired Miss Brady as an actress," Helene said, "and this made her more shy than usual when they met. But before the picture was completed, she came to admire her equally much as a person."

"Miss Brady spent most of her time in a wheelchair," Helene went on, "and we realized later that she must have been suffering intensely all through production. But she never complained, just pretended it was an injured ankle that kept her confined to the chair."

In spite of Alice's nervousness at the beginning, the two became warm friends. When Alice made one of her numerous trips East to visit Tony, after the picture

This double effect was achieved with mirror-crowned top hats used by flirtatious dancers in a night club sequence in one of the new films. The ladies of the lovely reflections are Ruth Seeley, Lola Jensen and Marjorie Woodworth.





Cute Anne Baxter, who seems to be up to her neck in what appears to be wheat, has a rôle in "The Great Profile," the star of which, needless to add, is John Barrymore.

was completed, Miss Brady sent gifts of candy and champagne to the train.

Speaking of "In Old Chicago," the part Alice played in that was one of her favorites. She likes to play such rôles, parts that she can "sink her teeth in."

"Like most people, Alice wants to throw things occasionally, when she's angry," Helene smiled. "Naturally, she doesn't give in to such temperamental impulses. But when pictures like 'In Old Chicago' or 'Lillian Russell' come along, which give her the chance, she puts plenty of feeling into them. As wouldn't we all!" Helene added: "It's good for the pictures, and it's good for Alice, too."

"She doesn't become angry very often," Helene continued, "and then she doesn't stay that way long. She 'gets it off her chest' at once, and then forgets about it. Alice and I have never had any arguments because we make it a rule to 'talk it out' when we find we are not in agreement. Usually Alice will start such a discussion with: 'I know you would tell me, if the situation were reversed, so—' And we go on from there," Helene explained, "until the matter is straightened out to our mutual satisfaction."

"But one thing Alice does have to put up with in me," Helene continued, "and that is my tardiness. She herself is very punctual, and one day she decided to teach me a lesson. We were going out to dinner together, and I was to call for her. When I drove up, late as usual, her maid met me at the door to tell me she thought Miss Faye had already left. As it happened," Helene went on, "I had caught a glimpse of Alice at her bedroom window as I came up the stairs, so I knew it was a gag. 'All right,' I told the maid, 'sorry I missed her,' and made a dash for my car."

"The maid came running after me," Helene laughed, "to ask me to wait. 'Go back and tell Miss Faye you couldn't catch me,' I whispered, and drove off, making a circle of the block. By the time I returned, Alice was at the door, peering frantically down the street in the direction I'd taken. But it taught me a lesson in punctuality just the same," finished the girl who became her best friend when the star was an unknown, and who is still her best friend now that Alice Faye is listed among the top ten at the box office.

SCREENLAND'S Glamor Guides

Fashions featured on Page 78 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Girdle and brassiere by Real-Form Girdle Co., 358 Fifth Avenue, New York City

M. O'Neil Co., Akron, O.
W. M. Whitney & Co., Albany, N. Y.
Rich's, Inc., Atlanta, Ga.
The Glove Shop, Berkeley, Cal.
Jordan, Marsh Co., Boston, Mass.
Boston Store, Chicago, Ill.
Titcher-Goettinger Co., Dallas, Texas
Wolf & Dessauer Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles, Cal.
Gimbel Bros., Milwaukee, Wis.
L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.
Stern Bros., New York City
Langston Co., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Frock by R. Kolodney & Co., 1410 Broadway, New York City

Davison Paxon, Atlanta, Ga.
Stewart, Baltimore, Md.
D. M. Reid, Bridgeport, Conn.
Chas. Stevens, Chicago, Ill.
G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.
The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
Leverman, Berger & Teitlebaum, Nashville, Tenn.
Buttner's, Plymouth, Mass.
Cherry & Webb Stores, Providence, R. I.
Fall River, New Bedford, Lowell and Lawrence, Mass.
Brighman's, Springfield, Mass.
Goldstein-McGill, Waco, Tex.

Swim suit by Mabs of Hollywood Creations, 1024 Santee Street, Los Angeles, California

M. O'Neil Co., Akron, Ohio
Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati, Ohio
Neiman-Marcus Co., Inc., Dallas, Texas
Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles, Cal.
I. Magnin Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
T. A. Chapman Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Roy H. Bjorkman, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.
Best & Co., Inc., New York City and all Branches
Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney Dry Goods Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Roos Bros., Inc., San Francisco, Cal.

Enna Jettick Shoes by Dunn & McCarthy, Inc., 41-49 Washington St., Auburn, N. Y.

Rich's Inc., Atlanta, Ga.
R. H. White Co., Boston, Mass.
Frederick Loeser & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.
The May Co., Cleveland, Ohio
J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.
G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.
Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles, Cal.
Bloomingdale Bros., Inc., New York City
Hecht Bros., New York City
James McCreery & Co., New York City
Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.
Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Meier & Frank Co., Portland, Oregon
Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo.

(If a store for the above fashions is not listed in your city, write to Marina, Screenland Magazine, Inc., 45 West 45th Street, New York)

KISSES *by* TATTOO

The Kind That Are Never Forgotten!



Men just can't behave when they get close to lips wearing the new TATTOO! It *does* things to them—with a shocking new odor—so delicious, so enticing, so intriguing and *compelling* that when you wear it you are in constant danger of being kissed. The new TATTOO, in nine thrilling shades—live, translucent, the startlingly beautiful colors of South Sea Island flowers. If you aren't afraid to take a dare, go to the nearest cosmetic counter—select the one shade that does the most for you, and be a siren—49¢ is now the price of the regular \$1.00 size TATTOO—the lipstick you *know* will stay on!



ACTUAL SIZE

New deluxe TATTOO



I LOST 42 POUNDS
IN 60 DAYS

NOW! EAT NEW KIND OF
CANDY AND GROW THIN
Safe, Easy Way

You can lose ugly pounds and have a slender, graceful figure. No drugs. No exercising. No weakening diet. You simply follow this easy Ayds Candy Plan. Mrs. C. Miller, Chicago, writes that she lost 42 pounds in 60 days. Feels 100 per cent better since slimmer.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Some lose up to 5 pounds a week. Ayds Candy contains essential vitamins A, B, & D, and nutrients. Satisfies hunger without excess fat or calories. Ayds is backed by a \$1,000.00 Purity guarantee. So it's safe. Just send your name on a postal card and pay postman \$2.00, plus postage, for your first 30-day supply. Money back if you don't get results. Start now to grow thin.

FULLER CO.

Dept. 53, 160 East Illinois St., Chicago, U.S.A.

WANTED

ORIGINAL SONG POEMS any subject, for musical setting. Publication, Radio and Recording service. Don't delay—send us your poem for immediate consideration. RICHARD BROS., 28 Woods Building, Chicago, Ill.

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

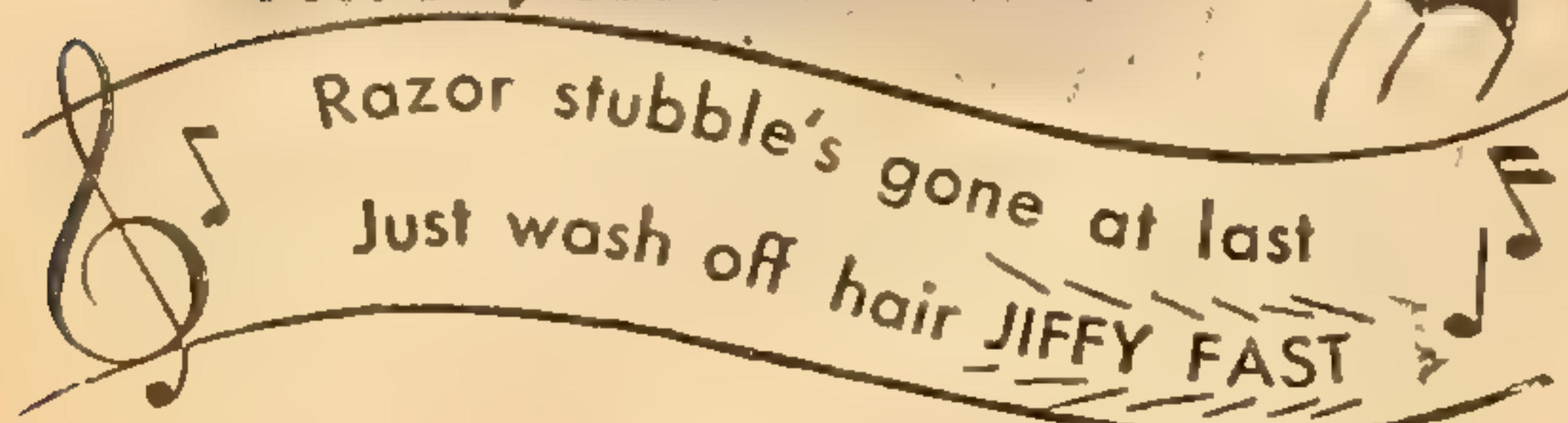
Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

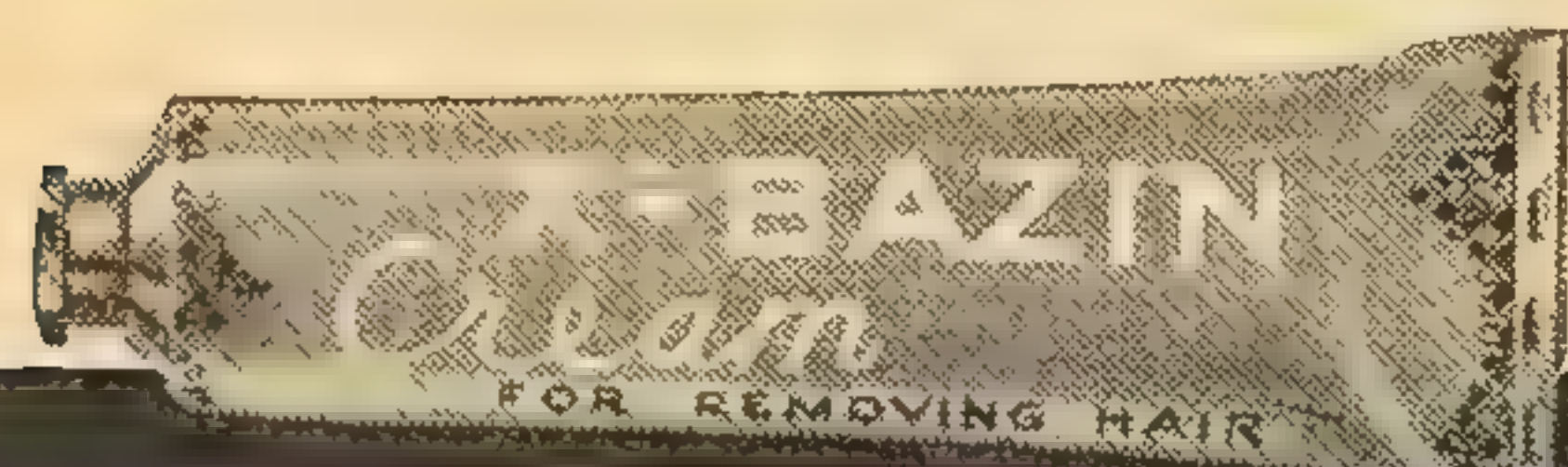
HAIR FREE

IN JUST A FEW MINUTES
THIS Pleasant WAY



A mere few minutes and every bit of disfiguring hair can be off your legs, arms and underarms. And so simple, too! All you do is apply *per-fumed* X-Bazin directly from the tube—leave on for a few minutes—then wash off. Leaves skin daintily smooth. No bother—no razor stubble . . . Not when you use X-Bazin! At department, drug and 10¢ stores.

OVER 12,000,000 TUBES SOLD, IT MUST BE GOOD



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12

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CITY, STATE _____

(Offer Good in U. S. only)

Richard Greene: "I'm Keen about a Camera!"

Continued from page 63

picked up some time ago. I'll hang some of them on the light walls.

"The bar goes over here. I shall get a regular dresser with shelves for the back of the bar, with cupboards at each side that will lock. Then I shall have a plain shelf for the bar, with a swinging door at the side and a place for glasses below. I'll use wooden pegs instead of nails—you can bore holes and cut your pegs from a long stick and the result is quite nice.

"I like color! That's the chief reason I'm interested in my 16 mm. movie outfit—because I can use color. But that is practically a new toy, and I'm no expert with it. To me, the idea of color is the use of color contrast. If you take a scene where everything is green, you might as well take it in black and white, and you might even do better with it that way; but if you take the same scene in the autumn when there's a spray of yellow here, perhaps a purple leaf or a brown bush here, and a stretch of green just fading there, you have something.

"Speaking of color—here's that home owner again! When I bought this house, my bedroom was painted a particularly dull brown. It would give anyone the glooms. So I had it painted white, woodwork and walls, and had only one side papered in this ivy wallpaper." He exhibited the results proudly, pointing out that pelmets were still to go on over the Venetian blinds, over which strips of the ivy paper would be used and green curtains hung.

"The bed, though, I'm especially proud of that bed! I don't know how long I looked for it. It had to be built at last from an antique—those are the original four posters, and this footboard has the original carving on it. The sides had holes in them so that ropes could be laced through as a mattress, so the sides are new."

It was a wide bed that looked big enough to comfortably hold half a dozen.

"It's maple underneath the mahogany stain," Richard told me, "so I can have it restored to light maple, and the stain will give it a deep rich color, so they tell me."

We strolled back to the living room and the little pile of prints.

"I like shooting pictures of animals because they are never self-conscious. It's sort of like skeet shooting—you have to shoot slightly ahead of the clay pigeon if you are to hit it to account for movement, you know. So you encourage an animal to move and try to center your camera where you hope he'll be when you click the shutter. It's discouraging when you find you've centered the flying legs of a horse, though."

The gardener appeared beyond the patio in the oblong of lawn and flowers that is enclosed on three sides by the house, and inquired about grass cutting. He was of the opinion that new grass should be kept long till it gets its strength. Richard was of an equally firm opinion that long grass should be cut. Richard won.

He returned to the chintz chair.

"Playing juveniles gives one no scope for character work. Otherwise a home movie outfit might be valuable to work out special make-ups and study them on yourself afterwards. Do you know, until I was twenty I had never played a juvenile? I always played old men, and I loved it. My first part was a gray-haired butler; my second an old sea dog, captain of a derelict, with a full black beard; next I did a pirate on the Spanish main with a small goatee and a feathered hat, and then I was an old man in a wheel chair. Fun, that!"

Mrs. Kathleen Gerrard, Richard's mother, came in with the cocker-spaniel just then, and laughed when she saw us poring over the strips of film. Mrs. Gerrard is not only the willing victim who poses for endless studies for her son, but she has a camera herself. One of these days she hopes to outdo Richard at his own hobby.

Richard Greene may be keen about his camera, but he must be twice as keen about lovely Virginia Field since she's the only girl he's been dating for a long time. They're shown at a recent preview.



Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

with a final pat to a vase with one hand while the other waved toward the prints. "They are collectors' items, I was most fortunate to get them. I am mad about collecting, but the things must be good. Using the Chinese plates as reflectors for the wall lights was another of my ideas," she pointed out. "I love decorating!"

But Ida's dining room is her real pride and joy. It looks like an old English tavern, with its shining oak floor, specially tiled by the corner fireplace. The heavy oak dining-table was designed and made for the Haywards; there are arm chairs for Louis and Ida at the head and foot of the table; and two long settles on each side for guests. There's a large rack at the tiled end of the room for her collection of pewter mugs. On one side of the fireplace is a wagon wheel mounted on an old sea chest and on the other a small beer keg with tiny mugs.

"This is where we serve our favorite English high teas," said Ida. "That is really our best way of entertaining, and we do it frequently Sunday nights. By day, though, we have what we call lazyman's cheese spreads and iced drinks on the terrace, as we're doing today."

The drinks, served in tall iced pitchers, were orange juice with cherries and slices of orange floating in it; grapefruit juice with tiny green olives; iced beer for the men; and Stone's ginger pop, which turned out to be a beverage something like our ginger ale.

The "cheese spreads" are small open-faced sandwiches, cut in various shapes with a cookie cutter and spread with Pabstette cheese, Kraft's Velveeta, Philadelphia Cream Cheese and an English cheese. Some of the cheeses were colored pink and green with vegetable coloring. On Sunday evenings, the Hayward friends like to gather early. Among them are Billy Bakewell, Natalie Draper, Cesar Romero, Ann Sheridan, Peter Cushing, Ralph Forbes, Heather Angel, Reginald Gardiner and Frances Robinson. They are great discussers and enjoy talking, talking, talking, in groups and in couples. Louis and Ida have a recording machine, on which they record radio rôles in order to study their own inflections and improve on them. The machine looks like a radio microphone and Louis likes to leave it casually open when these discussions are going on, so that at the end of the evening, the guests may be surprised to listen to themselves in the heat of argument.

"Speaking of English high teas," said Ida, thoughtfully, "our favorite dishes include such things as Melton Mowbray pork pies and English sausage rolls—you know the delicious sausage wrapped in pastry and served hot? Pork pies are not good for serving in hot weather, so we substitute English ham and veal pie for the hot dish so necessary to a good high tea."

"We always serve English breakfast tea—Americans don't know how to make tea. It MUST be right. Water boiling—but boiling—before you pour it on the tea."

"We serve cottage loaves; they are made in two layers with a knob on top and taste more like cake than bread. Nobody can get enough of that bread! I wish I could tell you how it's made, but it's a trade secret. We buy it in Laguna."

"Then we have hard-boiled eggs, not stuffed, just plain eggs. Cucumber sandwiches, crisp and cold. Watercress sandwiches. Plenty of scallions—those long green onions—and red radishes. And toast and cheese—every kind of cheese. English

muffins and jam, Banbury tarts and Maids of Honor."

Ida and Louis like to patronize "Bit O' England," a quaint tea-shop in the valley, and from Nannie, its hostess, brought home recipes for the high tea specialties.



Ida Lupino posing with the recording set which she and husband Louis Hayward use to record their radio rôles in order to study and improve their inflections.

ENGLISH HAM AND VEAL PIE

3 lbs. neck or breast of veal
¼ lb. ham
2 hard boiled eggs
Dumplings
Grated rind of 1 lemon
Pinch of ground mace, salt, and pepper
Puff paste

Cut the meat into small square pieces and put into a fireproof dish; season with salt and pepper, cover with cold water and cook gently in oven for two hours.

In the meantime, cut ham in narrow strips and make regular chicken or turkey dressing, roll into balls and fry lightly in hot dripping.

Make pastry and roll out to suitable thickness. Invert pie dish in center and cut around, leaving a ¾-inch margin. Line edge of pie dish with trimmings of pastry. Cover bottom of pie dish with meat and add a few strips of bacon and slices of egg. Sprinkle lightly with mace, pepper, salt, and lemon rind and intersperse with tiny dumplings. Repeat until dish is full. Pile the meat high in the center. Half fill the dish with gravy. Put on pastry cover and moisten and press the edges together. Make a hole in the center of the top, decorate with pastry leaves and brush over with egg. Bake from 45 to 60 minutes in a moderate oven. As soon as the pie is baked, add a little well-seasoned gravy through the hole in the top.

SAUSAGE ROLLS

Use good, spicy well ground pork sausage meat. Put between long strips of puff

An advertisement for Sunburn Mentholatum. It features a woman's face in the upper right corner, smiling and holding a small jar of the product. Below her, the word "Sunburn" is written in a large, stylized, cursive font. To the left of the word, the word "for" is written in a smaller font. Below the word "Sunburn", there is a large, stylized illustration of a woman's legs, one of which is bent and holding a small jar of the product. The background of the advertisement is a light, textured color.

Thousands of sunbathers use Mentholatum because it brings such cooling, soothing relief for sunburn. They are grateful, too, for its help in promoting more rapid healing. Equally effective for chafed skin and prickly heat. In jars or tubes—only 30c.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

An advertisement for Midget Radio. It features a small, rectangular radio with a speaker and a dial. The radio is shown in a close-up shot. To the right of the radio, there is a list of features and benefits. The text is arranged in a column, with some words in bold and some in italics. The background of the advertisement is a light, textured color.

World's Smallest
Pocket Radio
BEAUTIFUL PLASTIC CABINETS
NO TUBES
NO BATTERIES
NO PLUG IN

Midget radio fits your pocket or purse. Weighs only 6 ozs. Small as a cigarette package. Receives stations with clear tone. **PATENTED FIXED RECTIFIER! NO UPKEEP**—only one moving part. **TUBELESS, BATTERY-LESS! NEW PATENTED DESIGN.** MANY OWNERS PLEASED WITH RECEPTION & DISTANCE OBTAINED with this novel radio. **ONE YEAR GUARANTEE!**

Sent ready to listen with instructions and tiny phone for use in homes, offices, hotels, in bed, etc. **SIMPLE TO CONNECT—NO ELECTRICITY NEEDED!**

SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman only \$2.99 plus postage & charges on arrival or send \$2.99 (Check, M. O., Cash) and yours will be sent post-paid. A most unusual value. **ORDER NOW!**

MIDGET RADIO CO., Dept. SC-8, Kearney, Nebr.

Muddy Skin Blemishes Blackheads Blotches

HOMELY SURFACE PIMPLES

To the thousands of folks suffering from surface pimples, acne, muddy complexion, skin eruptions, etc., we will send FREE booklet of a simple method of treating the skin. A noted dermatologist's private method. No harmful medicine, skin peel, diet, etc. Something different. Send to Dr. W. D. Tracy Co., 1637 A9, New Haven, Conn.

MUSIC COMPOSED TO POEMS

Send poem for consideration. Rhyming pamphlet free. **Phonograph electrical transcriptions made, \$7.00** from your word and music manuscript. Any subject considered, Love, Home, Sacred, Swing.

KEENAN'S MUSIC SERVICE
Box 2140, Dept. SC Bridgeport, Conn.

NEURITIS Relieve Pain In Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in a few minutes or your money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for trustworthy NURITO on this guarantee.



Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr and Frank Morgan, perched on the rail from left to right, are the five big star names which the new film, "Boom Town," has to boast about, besides such supporting players as Minna Gombell, Marian Martin, Lionel Atwill and Sara Haden. It's an actionful story about oil men and the women they love. With this combination of story and cast it can't miss.

pastry which has been rolled out, brush over with beaten egg and mark off with back of knife and bake for 25 minutes. Serve by cutting off into two-inch strips, or wider if desired.

Sometimes Ida serves cinnamon buns instead of muffins so she gave SCREENLAND the recipe for those, too.

CINNAMON BUNS

Dissolve

- 1 or 2 *Fleischmann's* yeast cakes and
- 2 tablespoons sugar in
- 2 cups of lukewarm milk and add
- 3 cups *Swansdown* flour

Beat until perfectly smooth. Let rise in a warm place until double in bulk.

Then add

- 2 tablespoons sugar, creamed with
- 4 tablespoons *Crisco*
- 1 teaspoon salt and
- 2 tablespoons honey

Slowly add enough flour to make a moderate stiff dough. Knead. Let rise. Roll to $\frac{1}{3}$ -inch thickness. Brush with butter, sprinkle with mixture of

$\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 cup brown sugar

1 teaspoon cinnamon

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup currants

$\frac{1}{4}$ cups raisins.

Roll as for jelly-roll and cut in two-inch lengths. Arrange, cut side down, in pie pans lined with a mixture of

1 cup brown sugar and

2 tablespoons melted butter

Bake in a moderate oven (400°) about 20 minutes.

MUFFINS

2 cups flour

4 teaspoons *Royal* baking powder

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar

$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt

1 egg

1 cup milk

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt twice and then add the sugar. Mix the egg, milk and butter together and then combine with dry ingredients. Fill oiled muffin tins two-thirds full. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

These muffins can be varied by adding one of the following suggestions:

Apple—add 1 cup finely chopped fresh apple to the sifted ingredients

Cheese—add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese

Jelly—drop $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon jelly on each muffin when placed in the oven

Orange—put spoonful marmalade on top, or add 1 cup diced orange to the sifted ingredients

BANBURY TARTS

For a family dessert, use a buttered pie dish. Peel and core some juicy apples and line the dish with them. Then make a layer of mixed peel (orange and lemon) and currants which have been cut finely and sprinkled with cinnamon and ginger. Pour a little warm butter over it. Alternate layers of apples and peel to fill the dish and then pour over it a cup of boiling water mixed with a cup of sugar. Cover with a short crust and bake in a hot oven for 45 minutes. Remove and cover with warm milk and sprinkle with sugar, returning to fire to brown.

However, these are usually made up as tarts or turnovers.

MAIDS OF HONOR

Puff Pastry

4 oz. sugar

2 oz. almonds

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. *Swansdown* flour

2 yolks of eggs

2 tablespoons cream

1 tablespoon orange flower water

Blanch and dry almonds and pound with sugar until fine. Add yolks of eggs, one at a time. Mix in flour, cream and orange flower water.

Then line 8 or 9 small tablet molds with paste and fill with almond mixture and bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes.

PUFF PASTRY

1 lb. flour

1 lb. butter

1 tablespoon lemon juice

$\frac{1}{3}$ pint water

Wash and squeeze butter in cold water. Dry well in floured cloth and shape into square about the size of slice of sandwich bread. Keep in a cool place while paste is being prepared. Sift flour onto marble slab or board and make a well in the center. Put in lemon juice and add water gradually until a smooth paste is formed. The condition of the butter determines the consistency. When the butter is soft, the paste must be equally soft. Knead the paste into a smooth ball; then roll it out into a strip a little wider than and better than twice the size of its length. Place the butter on one-half the paste and fold the other half over, enclosing the butter entirely and press the edges together. Keep in cold place 15 minutes. Then roll it out three times its original length, but keeping the width the same, and fold exactly in three. Turn paste around so that the folded edges are on the right and left; then roll again and fold again and put aside for 15 minutes. Follow this same procedure, over and over again, until paste has been rolled out 6 times. The rolling should be done as evenly as possible and the paste kept in a long, narrow shape which when folded forms a square. When the paste has had its 6th roll it is ready to use. It should be baked in a hot oven and the door of the oven never opened until paste has partially baked—from 8 to 10 minutes.

The hammering of workmen, which had been keeping up a steady thunder during our confab, grew louder, and Ida put her hands over her ears. "We're building a playroom," she explained. "Will they ever be done? Day after day, we endure this—this noise, this dirt, this horror! But it will be beautiful when it is finished, and then you must come and see how I plan to decorate—oh, this breakfast room—it nauseates me! It is going to be completely done over."

She glanced with a shudder around the cheerful room with its ivory woodwork and cool green walls. "I shall have the woodwork dark and the walls papered in deep green wallpaper, solid color, and the pads on the chairs will be bright yellow. You shall see when you come again!"



*The most beautiful
fingernails in the world!*

DURA-GLOSS

Ship ahoy, mates—aye, captains too!—did you ever see such bewitchingly beautiful fingernails anywhere—on land or sea or in the air? A striking new beauty that you've never known—your own fingernails can have it with Dura-Gloss, the nail polish that has swept America because it's *different, better!* For Dura-Gloss goes on more evenly, keeps its gem-hard, glass-smooth lustre longer, resists chipping *longer!* Your fingernails—the most beautiful in the world! Go to any cosmetic counter today—no, it's *not a dollar*, as you might expect,—but *10 cents!*—so buy—enjoy Dura-Gloss.

The New and Better Nail Polish by LORR

*Choose your color by the
Fingernail Cap*

Look for the life-like fingernail bottle cap—colored with the actual polish! No guess-work: you get the color you want!

10¢

Lorr Laboratories
Paterson, N. J.
Founded by E. T. Reynolds



LUCKIES' FINER TOBACCO MEANS LESS NICOTINE

Authoritative tests reveal that Luckies' finer tobaccos contain less nicotine than any other leading brand!

Here's the natural result of buying finer, selected cigarette tobacco for Lucky Strike. The average nicotine content of Luckies, for over two years, has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands*—less than any one of them.

This fact is proven by authoritative tests and confirmed, from time to time, by independent laboratories.

You see, each year we exhaustively analyze tobaccos before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is rich and mellow, yet mild and low in nicotine content—then buy it up.

The result—a cigarette of finer, rich and mellow tobaccos with a naturally lower nicotine content. Have you tried a Lucky lately?

With men who know tobacco best—it's *LUCKIES 2 TO 1*



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***NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS**

From January 1938 through March 1940, Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.02 parts per hundred—averaging 9.82% less nicotine content than Brand A; 21.09% less than Brand B; 15.48% less than Brand C; 3.81% less than Brand D.